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The SMART SET

*A Magazine of
Cleverness*



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Vol. XL

JUNE, 1913

No. 2

THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF
CLEVERNESS

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT, *Editor*

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THE JULY SMART SET

THE July number of THE SMART SET will be another expression of the new idea of the magazine. It will contain a large variety of the very best material which was available during its composition. In many ways it is the most solid and sincere of all THE SMART SET's issues under its new régime.

August Strindberg's powerful one-act play, "Simoom," will be one of the important features of this issue. It is done into English by Edwin Björkman, Strindberg's official translator. "Simoom" is one of the most uncanny and terrible bits of dramatic art that Strindberg has ever written. Even though you don't ordinarily care for printed plays, this one will interest you.

The novelette for July is an unusual romance laid in the wilds of Australia. There are but two characters—a man and a woman; yet the reactions of their primitive emotions of love and fear, upon the primeval environment, make for tremendous drama.

One of Arthur Schnitzler's best short stories, "The Dead Are Silent," is in the July issue. It deals with the eternal triangle, but in so subtle and powerful a way that the best of the American and English "triangle" stories pale beside it.

Harris Merton Lyon's "The Man with the Broken Fingers," the July "curtain raiser," is one of the strongest stories in modern English literature. It will not be easily forgotten.

The next story in George Bronson-Howard's "Pages from the Book of Broadway" series is entitled "The Best Seller," and like his other stories deals truthfully and vividly with the facts of life.

Albert Payson Terhune contributes a story which is both pitiful and humorous. It is called "The Girl Who Couldn't Go Wrong," and throws a new light on a particular phase of life which at present is occupying the story writers.

Helen Davies's new story of New England is called "Life's Futility." It is a

stronger piece of work than "A Tragedy of Errors," and ranks with Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome."

Floyd Dell contributes a satirical study on the hypocrisies which exist between mothers and daughters. It is a story which both mothers and daughters would do well to read.

Paul Choiseul has written a very human and appealing story, "Score One for the Devil," which centers round the paternal instinct.

The psychology of the turkey trot—its fascination, its sex appeal and its associations—is incorporated in an unusual story by Daniel Carson Goodman, the author of "Unclothed." The story is called "Turkey Trot."

A fictional phantasy by Richard Le Gallienne, called "The Runaway Handkerchief," is in that writer's very best vein.

The second article in H. L. Mencken's series, "The American," deals with American morality. Beneath all of the surface satire of this essay is a serious, scholarly criticism. All phases of American morals are brilliantly dealt with.

In accordance with his annual custom, George Jean Nathan will devote his dramatic department to a survey of the season's ten best plays, and the ten best unstarred actors and actresses. He will give also his ideas of the best dramatic speech, the most bromidic speech, the worst dramatic scene, the ten worst plays, the ten best musical shows and the best "curtain line" of the dramatic year of 1912-13.

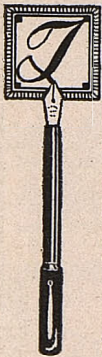
There will be other striking features in the July SMART SET. The best poetry available will be printed, including a long narrative poem called "The Harvest Hand," by Harry Kemp. This is one of the first poems of its kind that any magazine in American has thought it "policy" to print.

Owen Hatteras is on hand in July with the best modern, civilized humor.



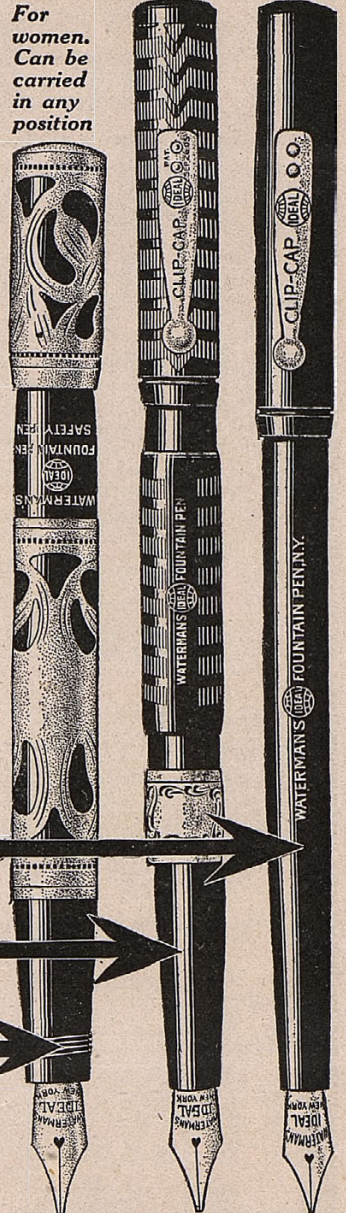
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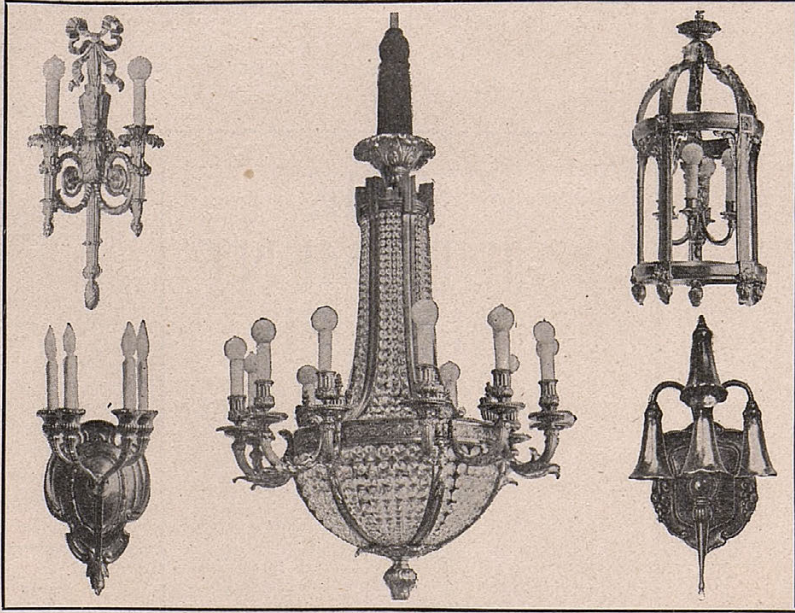
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THE SMART SET

The Magazine For Minds That Are Not Primitive

WHITE SILK TIGHTS

By Paul Choiseul

IN the Belleport Opera House, a converted log-wagon factory, the curtain went up at eight o'clock on a beach scene. The chill Louisiana rain was still falling steadily outside. An undoubted belle of the beach in white silk tights, who was Winnie Tenaflly on the program, Winnie Stockwell in a family Bible in Connecticut and Winnie Balmer on the marriage records of New Jersey, sat on the stage shading her eyes with her hand so that she could see the ship on the back drop some six feet away. She turned and counted the audience—there was fourteen of it—and again shaded her eyes upon this real painted ship upon a painted sea.

The comedian, written on the program as Will Kew, which was correct, in green tights, ran out from among the green trees of the Belleport Opera House beach, stumped his toe on purpose, and grabbing it up in his hands, tried to kiss it. The audience looked at him with the hard suspicion of a company of setting hens. He sat down on the beach by the side of the belle. The piano and violin were now playing the prelude to her "Bounding Billows" song. The audience saw her plump shoulders begin to shake.

"Brace up," the comedian whispered hoarsely.

"If I don't laugh, Will, I'll scream,"

she whispered back with reckless loudness. "It's all over. Looking at that ship finished it. There's eight dollars in the house and twenty dollars expenses. Listen to the rain. And you want me to sing 'Over the Bounding Billows.'"

She exploded in laughter. The sad remnants of the Victor Comedy Company orchestra played the prelude over and over again, trying to drown the waves of hysterical sounds that came from the swaying belle. After a while the music stopped, but the belle kept swinging from side to side as if to relieve herself also by motion.

The curtain fell at a sign from the comedian, who instantly appeared before it, his thin face preternaturally solemn, and apologized to the audience.

The next day the remaining members of the Victor Comedy Company began two campaigns—one through the mails to get money for railway fare out of town, another to make current expenses. After a month of frenzied visits to the post office, of music lessons to Belleport's beauty, of prestidigitating lessons to Belleport's chivalry, of dancing lessons to both, of parlor performances and instruction in histrionics for all ages—Will Kew got a letter. It came one Monday afternoon. That night he offered its contents to Winnie

Tenaflly, saying that he could write to still another friend.

The next day she walked with him up the red hill toward the railway station.

"Well, what *are* you going to do, then?" he asked peevishly.

"I don't know—yet. You see, I am twice as deep in debt here as the rest of you because of Emma, bless her. I'm no good on the stage, Will. I've suspected that ever since I began it. When I had to do something—"

"When Ben deserted you," he interrupted.

"When I had to do something," she went on calmly, ignoring his anger, "I turned toward the stage because Ben's friends at the boarding house there in Fifty-eighth Street, in New York, you know, had all been actors; and so I got an easy start because of him. But it's not for me, Will. What I want now is a cheap place to stand while I look around, and this town will do as well as any for that. I've got to start all over again, Will, somehow—unless Ben comes back. I'm trying to reach him by mail and through the *Mirror*."

"Oh, Ben!" he said disgustedly. "How long since he left you?"

"I won't talk to you if you say things against my husband. I haven't seen him since Emma was three years old—two years ago now."

"Winnie," he said after a while, "you could get a divorce in this State on the ground of desertion."

"I know it."

He laid hold of her arm, looking at her anxiously with his solemn blue eyes.

"No," she went on slowly, as if answering a question. "No; I will wait for Ben. He will come back to me. There's good in Ben."

"Maybe, but it's not in the shape of honesty and loyalty. It's—"

"Let's talk about something else. Where are you going, Will? Straight back to Times Square, I suppose."

"I don't know—exactly."

The eastbound train rumbled in, the thin, sheep-faced little man climbed aboard, the black-haired, eager-faced woman waved her handkerchief at him; and when the train had turned the bend

around behind Oakwood Cemetery she walked down the red hill again, her gray eyes misting.

The next week Will Kew came back to Belleport, back to Mrs. Bickels's boarding house. Only Winnie Tenaflly and Emma were left there. He said he had been visiting a relative in St. Louis.

"But what in the world are you doing back here, Will?" Winnie asked, wide-eyed, at the dinner table. "You should be on Broadway now shaking hands and telling how the Victor Comedy Company set the South on fire."

"I rather like this town," he said, with exaggerated seriousness.

"Liar!" she whispered, lest Mrs. Bickels, over at the family private table, should hear her.

In three years Winnie Tenaflly drifted through futile classes in elocution, dancing, singing, china painting, plain and fancy sewing, to the proprietorship of Belleport's only laundry, with regular printed lists showing the astounding number of things that people wear, and disclaiming all responsibility "in case of fire." She occupied the five-room cottage on Opelousas Street, across from Bender's marble yard. At first she was the laundry, but it prospered, and there came a time when three negro women were the machinery, with herself as directing manager. It was an efficient laundry; the printed lists said: "Bundles left before 9 A. M. will be returned same day, small extra charge."

On a morning in April she walked out on the tiny front porch and hung on its hooks over the sidewalk the little boarding saying, "Hand Laundry, Winnie Tenaflly." It was necessary to take in the sign at night, for the chivalry of Belleport, as well as the beauty of it, never forgot that she had been seen in white silk tights; so that it was vaguely felt that attempts at liberties with her and her possessions were but venial offenses at most. If the sign were left out of nights some gay cavaliers were likely to take it down and sport with it in the Palace Saloon, around in Walnut Street, where they had once painted out her name and written in its stead on the sign, "White Silk Tights."

The tense, plump, vigorous little woman breathed her lungs gratefully full of the damp, sweet, early morning odor that came from the peach and pear and apple trees in the gardens set close around the town. Across the street, returning from his habitual seven o'clock trip to the post office at the head of Opelousas Street, was Will Kew, on the way back to his combined racket store and bachelor quarters. She waved her hand at him, and he came, stepping daintily, like a cat, through the deep sand topped with a delicate brown crust made by the morning dew.

"Hello, hand laundry!" he called, his preternaturally solemn face not changing.

"Hello, racket store!" she replied, smiling.

"Any news from up yonder?" He waved his hand toward the north, looking at her with a quick, furtive glance as she turned away her eyes.

"No; no news. But I've still got the advertisement in the *Mirror*. I am thinking about putting a personal in the New York *Herald* next month. That goes everywhere."

"No news for me, then?" he asked, gazing at her with wistful appeal.

"Oh, Will—" Her open face was full of pain.

"So long, hand laundry," he said quietly.

"So long, Will."

Having watched the drooping figure until it turned the corner into Walnut Street, she walked back into the front room, which was office and ironing room. On the table lay that traveling gentleman's laundry from Room 49 over at the Hotel Lafayette. It had come in the night before and must be returned by six that evening. She would count and list the clothes, so that the machinery could set to work on them as soon as they came in.

As she turned over the pieces her eye suddenly caught and hung on the laundry mark—"b66." It went ploughing through her mind, opening up and rejoining old paths of association. She snatched up a pajama coat and pressed it to her breast, breathing "Ben!" in a

blazing whisper. All at once it occurred to her that "b66" might have been used a million times by steam laundries, and she threw the garment on the floor.

She sat down at the table, put her head in her arms and cried. The sun came in through the window and struck across her crinkly black hair. A lethargic fly went crawling about over the back of her neck, desecrating the soft round whiteness with its fuzzy, brindled body. She did not try to stop crying; she turned herself loose recklessly. Her mind ran back ten years to her marriage. She reached out and picked up the purple pajama coat again, her hand clenching it in her lap. The blood raged around in her veins. She leaped up, her face scarlet in a strange shame.

She went over the bundle of laundry piece by piece, scrutinizing them all to see if they needed buttons or mending. Nearly all of them needed something. "Poor old Ben!" she mused. "Nobody has been taking care of him."

Then she laughed at herself bitterly. "What a fool I am!" she thought. "It *can't* be Ben." She looked at the paper in which the laundry had come to see if the hotel had written its owner's name; there was only the room number, as usual. She noticed that the collars were all number sixteens; Ben had worn fifteens—she had often bought such things for him in New York. She tied up the bundle and dropped it on the floor carelessly.

"But he might have gotten stouter," she thought suddenly, almost shouting out of gratitude to her mind for the suggestion.

Stretching away ahead of her until six o'clock was a long desert of time; it seemed longer than all the five years past. She put the negro women on the regular work, taking charge of the special bundle herself.

A dozen times during the morning it seemed that she must drop everything to rush around to the hotel and dash up to Room 49. What should she say? Suppose, that afternoon, she met him in the huge open office that was called a lobby! Why, she would quietly ask him to a private room, of course, and have it out

with him. But most likely at six o'clock he would be down in the dining room eating. Then she would go a few minutes before six.

She made up several speeches while she washed the clothes, discarding one after another as being too humble, not severe enough. After all, he had treated her and Emma in a dastardly manner. Now she was as angry over it as Will Kew had ever been. She was the accuser now, not the defender; and she felt keenly how right old Will had always been. Mild as he was, he had used a considerable number of epithets about Ben, and she had felt trembling on his tongue many that he was too tender to say to her. They all burned on hers now. Yes, she would make Ben feel his meanness before she went back to him.

"But maybe it isn't Ben at all," it suddenly ran through her mind. She laughed nervously. "Of course it isn't. It *couldn't* be Ben." She laughed aloud. "I am *such* a fool."

"Listen to de mistis laughin' wif herself," she heard one of the negroes saying. "She's kinder 'culiar this day, I'm tellin' you."

By eleven o'clock the special order was washed and almost dry through desperate wringing. Then it went to the drying room, which was the kitchen, and Winnie Tenaflly hurried out to the front room and sat in a chair watching through the window the sidewalk across the street. Almost all this street's sidewalk traffic passes along the north side; she was on the dead south side, where rents are cheap.

When the time came in the afternoon to iron the clothes of Room 49 she did not hesitate about doing it herself. The pungent odor of the hot cloth under the irons was pleasant in her nostrils. The touch of the collars that went around his neck—Ben's? Oh, no—thrilled her. The touch of the more intimate clothes that knew his body seemed intensely immodest to her. Strange old fires rekindled in her, and she impatiently clicked her tongue in the woman's abbreviation of "Tut, tut."

Then there were the buttons to sew on and the little rents to patch up. He

would never notice them, they were so unimportant; but surely no woman was now looking out for him, for she would have noticed them. There was happiness in that. Sitting by the front window, watching the sidewalk across the street, the woman set joyously to work, handling each garment with the tremulous tenderness due to precious things.

"Look at me, Ben! I am thirty-two years old!" So she would speak to him. "Middle age is not far away from me, and you have been away five years. I have never loved but one man, Ben, and five years are lost. Five years, Ben, five years!"

She gazed out through the open window in the western side of the house. The afternoon sun lay hot on the murmuring young poplar trees in front of the post office. The wind drifting across the fruit trees in the town's gardens came staggering with the fiery, fleeting sweetness offered by the blossoms to the radiant master of their short season. From across the street, in Bender's marble yard, came the "clink-clink-clink" of a stone cutter chiseling smooth beauty out of rough ugliness. Monotonously the negro women thumped the padded boards with their hot sad-irons.

"Have you ever thought of your daughter?" She would ask him that, not angrily, but very quietly, that he might be forced to realize the worst of his offense. "What is Emma here? Why, the daughter of a dingy little town's washerwoman. Oh, I couldn't do anything else. Heaven knows, I tried all the genteel things that destitute ladies try. The people know me as washerwoman; they remember me as one who wore white silk tights. In the democracy of childhood that makes no difference. In the snobbery of young ladyhood it would—"

Emma, coming in from school, was grabbed up in arms, books and all, and pressed into the deep bosom until she cried out: "You hurt me, mother." She put away her schoolbooks and sat in a little rocking chair by her mother with a picture book that was charmingly unlike a lesson book. From time to time

Winnie Tenaflly reached out her hand, touched the curly yellow hair and went on sewing again.

Finally, with all her stopping and staring out of the window and touching Emma to get the blessed feel of her, she came to the end of that dear work with needle and thread. The shirts were folded and pinned and patted. The socks were turned wrong side out so that it would be easier to put them on. The matted tassels on the pajama drawstrings were unraveled and straightened out neatly. The inner bands of the collars were kneaded so that the tie would slip smoothly through. At five o'clock the bundle lay on the table, addressed, "Hotel Lafayette, Room 49." The negro women were getting ready to go home for the day.

Winnie Tenaflly led Emma back to the bathtub. One of the negro women called out to her: "Mus' I take dis bundle to de hotel, Mis' Tenaflly?" She stood up straight, holding her breath, undecided. "Mus' I 'liver dis laundry?" called the voice a little more loudly. "Never mind, Anne, thank you; I'll attend to it this time." And she fell to scrubbing Emma vigorously.

They were both dressed a few minutes before six o'clock. "Are we going somewhere, mother?" asked Emma.

"You sit right here until I come back," said Winnie Tenaflly. "I'm going to run over to the hotel with the bundle. I'll be back soon."

"You're awful dressed up, mother," commended Emma warmly. "I never did see all those clothes before. They came out of the big yellow trunk, didn't they, mother? You're sweller than Rosengeldt's milliner."

In the hotel office Winnie Tenaflly, finding the clerk busy, walked hurriedly up the stairs. It seemed that her legs would give out before she reached the fourth floor, but she braced herself by declaring over and over again: "Nonsense, it isn't Ben." To shame her weakness she clicked her tongue to say, "Tut, tut." Down one hallway she went searching; the dim, black numbers on the doors ran only to forty-six. Coming back, she rushed down the

other, and here, at the far end, was Room 49. Someone was moving around inside. Leaning against the doorjamb, she patted at her quivering mouth. A footstep sounded in the other hall—she knocked.

"Come in," said a voice inside.

He did not turn immediately when she entered; he was arranging something in a case on the bed. Closing the door softly, Winnie Tenaflly stepped forward and laid the bundle on the little square table in the center of the room, catching hold of the chair near it. What was it she was going to say about Emma and herself? All the speeches that she had rehearsed went raging through her mind in a stampede. He turned.

"Here are your clothes, Ben." The littleness of her voice astounded her, and she gripped the chair harder.

He looked at her closely, stepped toward her, stopped suddenly.

"It is you, Winnie?"

"I'm so glad to see you, Ben."

She moved toward him, and they met, and the world swung around her in an exquisite rosy fire. But he only held her hand weakly, his eyes looking down.

Dropping it, he sank into the chair, and leaning forward covered his face with his hands. She sat on the side of the bed and looked at him. "He *has* grown stouter," she found herself saying in her mind, thinking of the number sixteen collars, and surprised at herself that she thought of that. "He is getting older, too. He has no mustache now. The dandruff is spoiling his coat collar."

"I guess I'm pretty rotten, Winnie," he said hoarsely, seeming to moan.

"How are you, Ben?" she asked. "Have you been well?"

"I thought you would be better off without me," he went on effortfully, not answering her question. "I went to England, France, Russia, India, all over Europe and Asia, selling safety razors. I've been back six months. You see the razors in the case there. I'm no good, Winnie, and I thought you would be better off without me."

She noticed that his clothes were as

fine as ever, and was angry with herself for noticing that.

"You did not tell us good-bye, Ben." She did not smile.

"Emma? Where is Emma? How is Emma, Winnie?"

His voice was breaking, and she walked over to him and laid her hand tenderly on his shoulder.

"Poor old Ben!"

"Where is Emma?" he asked fearfully. "Winnie, tell me where she is."

"She's at home. Come and see her now. No, I must first tell her about you. Will you come at seven o'clock?"

"Must I wait?"

"It will be better. I am going now, Ben. Will you come at seven o'clock? Ask for the hand laundry. It's just around the corner. Anybody will tell you."

"I will find it."

"I am going now, Ben."

But he did not look up, and she backed out of the door and hurried breathless down the stairs, out of the hotel and around the corner to the house in front of which hung the sign saying, "Hand Laundry, Winnie Tenafly."

A few minutes after seven she opened the door to his knock. He came in, smoking a cigar.

"May I smoke here, Winnie?"

"Do, Ben."

The front room had been cleared of ironing boards and other laundry paraphernalia. The blue rug from Emma's room and the green one from her mother's relieved the bare floor. The lamp with the tasseled red shade stood on the center table. Emma sat primly in one of the three rocking chairs, her curly yellow hair shining in the light, her short white skirt stiff and rustling, her plump little legs held down straight so that they rested squarely on the floor.

"Don't you know me, Em?" asked Ben Balmer fearfully, standing before her.

"No, sir."

"Why, this is your papa, Em," broke in Winnie Tenafly anxiously. "I have been telling you about him."

"Oh, is it?" And as if following in-

structions, Emma rose; Balmer stooped and kissed the unresisting child. She sat down again.

"It's no wonder, I guess," he said gloomily, sitting down and puffing his cigar.

"Come," spoke up Winnie Tenafly briskly. "Now we'll have dinner."

Balmer recovered his spirits at dinner. He talked rapidly along about Europe and Asia, Emma venturing to ask him a question now and then. After dinner, in the front room, he continued the colorful account of his travels in foreign lands. The eager-faced, gray-eyed woman, her hands lying restlessly in her lap, rocked back and forth beaming upon him.

After a while Emma's eyelids began sliding down over her brown eyes, lifting up more and more slowly and effortfully, falling quickly again. Her head wobbled from side to side.

"She's trying so hard to keep awake, bless her soul," said Balmer tenderly. Rising, he impulsively tried to take her up in his arms to carry her to her room.

"Good Lord, Winnie, she's too heavy for me," he whispered in shocked surprise. "In five years she will be as tall as I am."

He laughed, not easily, and Winnie Tenafly, lifting the sleeper in her arms, carried her through her own room and into the small bedroom adjoining.

"It's easy when you are used to it," she said at the bedside, smiling up into his face.

Balmer stood watching the mother put Emma away for the night. As he turned to go out of the room, she stopped him.

"Oh, daddy," she cried, mimicking a child's pleading voice, "aren't you doin' to tiss me dood night?"

Stooping, she kissed the parted lips, and he pressed a kiss on top of hers.

Passing back through her own room ahead of him, she hesitated a moment.

"Haven't I got a pretty room, Ben? The frogs over yonder by the bayou sing me to sleep every night."

"It is a pretty room."

"How do you suppose I knew you were at the hotel, Ben? I usually send

the laundry bundles back by one of the negro women. Why, I saw your old laundry mark, 'b66,' on all your clothes, your pajamas and everything."

"Did you, Winnie? And you remembered that?" He looked at her sharply.

In the front room again they sat down, and she talked rapidly about what she had been doing in the five years since he had seen her, not quarreling about the past, not asking about the future. Time enough for that later. Several people crossed the street to her sidewalk; she heard them laugh. Getting up impatiently, she pulled the shades down over the two street windows.

The clock in the post office tower struck eleven. The leisurely rattling of old Ben Harris's cab—Belleport's only cab—went up Opelousas Street, on the way to the Sand Hill section to get a passenger for the eleven forty. Balmer talked desultorily, running his hand back over his thin, whitish hair, crossing and recrossing his legs restlessly, licking his lips as if his mouth was dry.

"I feel as bashful as if I were a boy courting again," he said, smiling heavily.

"Do you, Ben?"

One of the pumps fell off her silk-shod foot, and he leaped to pick it up. Kneeling, he slipped it back on.

The light went out in the front room, and the frogs seemed to move up closer from the wet swamps below.

At four in the morning the bolt in the outside door slid back gratingly.

"I'll come back between eight and nine," he whispered. "Then we'll have a long talk about the future."

"Kiss me, Ben." Her hair fell all about him. He patted her back, and groaning lifted his arms from about her.

"Get back to bed, Winnie; you'll catch cold," he said tenderly.

"Can't you come at seven and have breakfast, Ben?"

"I'll try."

The door opened upon the black street and he faded into it. She stood straining her eyes to catch the very last of him in the thick, damp murk.

Going back to the dark bedroom, she fumbled on her shoes and stockings, got

into a heavy flannel overdress and tiptoed back into the front room. Sliding up a window shade, she sat in a straight chair and looked out into the chill, wet blackness of the early morning. She shivered, but she did not notice that. Stretching away ahead of her was a road splendidly rich, maybe not with money, surely not with money, but with Ben. And she was so hungry for that. She hummed a gay little tune and tapped her foot on the floor, keeping time. The night watchman down at the cotton oil mill below the town set off its big, shrieking whistle to waken its little army of toilers from their sweet night dreams to the realities of their day.

A gray powder of light was sifting through the blackness outside. Old Ben Harris's cab, a dingy, disreputable shadow, slipped down the street and around to the hotel to see if there were any passengers for the five thirty train. The English sparrows under the eaves chattered and quarreled among themselves delightfully. The woman at the window smiled to hear them. The sun sneaked down the street with a pale, cold light. Over by the post office the red and white tombstones in Bender's marble yard came out from the gloom. A shift of the wind dragged it across the swamp lands down by the bayou and brought up the clinging, sticky odor of the black mud and rotting weeds. The five thirty circled the town, climbed the grade beyond the tank and roared off into the distance, its roar dying slowly into a sinister whisper among the brooding pines. The whistle down at the old mill shrieked its second and last call to the toilers to get up and face their day.

After a while old Shively, the town's night watchman, passed down Opelousas Street on his way home. He stopped and looked searchingly at the unshaded window. Remembering that her hair was down, the woman leaped up and hurried into her room, where she completed her everyday toilet and went into the kitchen to prepare for breakfast. Ben was coming back for breakfast.

Ben liked his eggs shirred, so she buttered a little pan and set the eggs beside it to be cracked and put into the oven

when he came. He always wanted his things freshly cooked; it would take only a minute or so to cook the eggs if the oven was hot. She put in a stick of oak wood. And he liked his toast crisp and brown from the fire, and his coffee must be hot and strong. She recollected, smiling, how often he had cursed the boarding house in Fifty-eighth Street for its tough, soggy toast and its weak, tepid coffee. So she cut the bread and ground the coffee and set them aside until Ben should come back to her.

When the table had been laid and Emma dressed, they both went into the front room and waited. Winnie Tenaflly could not wait long this morning. Putting on her stiff hat, she walked into Opelousas Street.

"Papa's coming back to breakfast," she told Emma. "Now you go and put a fresh stick of that oak wood into the stove to keep the fire going good, dear."

In the hotel office a negro woman was on her knees scrubbing the wet, slippery floor. The clerk was ornately writing at the head of a new page in the register the name of a new day—April 4.

"Will you please call Mr. Balmer?" said Winnie Tenaflly. "He's in forty-nine, I believe."

"He *was*, Mrs. Tenaflly. He left on the five thirty."

"Oh!" She leaned heavily against the counter. Her eye caught sight of a pin in the crack of the counter, and she desperately clawed at the shining object with her finger nails, thankful that she could occupy her hands with something trivial.

"Didn't he pay for his laundry?" asked the clerk finally.

"Yes, he paid."

And she went back to the five-room cottage and hung out on its hooks the sign saying, "Hand Laundry, Winnie Tenaflly."

Early on a morning in May, while the English sparrows were cheeping under the eaves, some of the voices new and very small, the tense, pale woman came into the front room, picked up the sign

in the corner and started to the door to hang it on its hooks. Suddenly she dropped it to the floor and sank into the nearest chair, sitting up straight, holding her breath, all her senses strained, waiting in anguish for her mind to make sure of a suspicion.

All at once she melted into a heap, slid to the floor, and resting her head on the chair cried—and planned furiously.

"Nobody will believe I have a husband," she thought. "They only know that I once wore white silk tights. I *can't* move again. God, God, I can't make a new fight now!"

Presently she got to her feet and drooped out on the porch and hung on its hooks the sign saying, "Hand Laundry, Winnie Tenaflly." Across the street, returning from his habitual seven o'clock visit to the post office, was Will Kew, on the way back to his combined racket store and bachelor quarters. The tense, pale woman straightened up and waved her hand at him gaily. He came, stepping daintily.

"Hello, hand laundry!" he said, his solemn blue eyes watching her anxiously.

"Hello, racket store!" she answered, smiling radiantly, all her white teeth flashing at him. He stood on the porch beside her now, holding to one of its tiny posts to support himself.

"Any news—since he left?"

"No, Will."

"Any news for me then?"

"You may see that lawyer about the divorce, Will. Get it quick, Will—quick, quick, quick! Now come on in to breakfast, won't you? If you will I'll make you some waffles. Waffles! What do you think of that, you old bachelor, you? Listen to those English sparrows cutting up, Will. Aren't they sweet? Don't you dare look at my hair, Will. It is all mussed up, for I didn't expect to meet company out here. Come."

His eyes plunged to the bottom of hers, and he walked in, his lips set in a smile.

She named the baby Will, and he was wild with pride. He was a good actor.

AN ENGLISH SAINT

By Frank Harris

MR. LAWRENCE had brought tailoring to an art: he had reconciled contradictions; his clothes fitted the individual, yet preserved a distinctive class-fashion and dignity. His own manners were of similar elegance: he met everyone politely from whom he had anything to gain, and yet by subtle gradations of deference proclaimed differences of position. In excellent harmony with his surroundings, he had made money easily and saved a considerable sum; he had no vices so-called, save vanity, and had placed all his hopes in his only son Gerald. He had got Gerald into Harrow, had hoped for years to make an officer of him; the boy's handsome face and figure he thought would be best set off by gold-laced uniform and a mess jacket. But a certain delicacy of constitution, which appeared to have grown with the lad's growth, defeated his hope, and nothing was left for Gerald, in his father's opinion, but the Church; to be a gentleman was the goal of Mr. Lawrence's ambition. He was ashamed of the shop—"a cut above it" he felt—and would have sought another career for himself had he had the necessary education. He was determined that his son should enjoy all possible advantages of teaching and training.

At first Gerald did not seem to profit by his opportunities. He learned with difficulty, his memory was weak, and his mind flaccid. His father consoled himself with the fact that the boy was growing too fast. "There's no hurry for a year or two," he used to say to himself. So he kept his son at home in his large villa on Putney Hill, and fed him up as a preparation for Oxford. The youth

took all that was done for him as a matter of course. He was content to go to Oxford, which seemed to him more aristocratic than Cambridge. He had been taught by bitter experience at the preparatory school that the shop in Bond Street was something to be put behind one and forgotten; and at Harrow his pallor and frailty, something wistful and unearthly in his large eyes, had won sympathy and blunted the malice of boyish curiosity.

Gerald had inherited his father's qualities of docility and good humor; but his father's tough resolution to get rich and get on was transmuted in him into a desire to please rather than to rise. His extraordinary beauty made this ambition appear amiable. Gerald was tall and slight, and his face had the refined regularity of an ascetic Hermes. His father, while proud of his own good features and silver hair, had always regretted a tendency to stoutness and high color, and his boy's slim figure and pallor appealed to him intensely. "It gives him an air," he said to himself.

Gerald had a good deal of difficulty in getting into Lincoln. His father preferred that college to any other: the name had a stately quietude about it which pleased him, and everybody knew that the Master was a famous scholar, whose mere approval conferred dignity. But though the entrance examination is not supposed to be difficult, it proved almost insurmountable to Gerald. Still, thanks to the clever coaching of an eminent, but poor, scholar, who consented to stay at Putney with them for six months, the difficulty was at length overcome, and Gerald entered Lincoln.

The rooms allotted to him there had

formerly been inhabited by a sporting nobleman whose tastes wavered between the photos of Gaiety chorus girls and colored prints of renowned pugilists. Gerald had to take over the furniture, and, with his usual acquiescence, he occupied the rooms without disturbing either the rosy biceps of Tom Belcher and Jim Mace or the black legs of the reigning beauties.

Gerald settled down in Oxford easily and quickly. He rather liked rules, and kept them without difficulty; he was never late even for morning chapel. His distinguished appearance and ingratiating manners won him numbers of acquaintances; everyone wanted to know him, and before his first term was at an end he was friendly with nine men out of ten in the college, and on good terms with half the 'varsity. Yet there were a few bitter drops in his cup. Young Lord Woodstock had shown himself very friendly for a little while and then drawn away coldly. Luke Rattison, too, the Master, had made much of him at first; asked him to lunch and dinner and then left him severely alone. "An amiable idiot" was the bitter-tongued judge's harsh verdict. On the whole, Gerald's first term at Lincoln was rather a success in spite of Lord Woodstock's defection and the Master's disdain.

When he returned home his father was delighted with him; told him he had let it be known in business circles that he wanted to sell the shop, adding that when he got the price he wanted for it the boy should have the income of a bishop to spend as he liked. Gerald was suitably grateful, though he scarcely realized the abyss that lies between poverty and riches. He had always had what he wanted, and his desires had never been sharpened by denial.

Watching him closely his father noticed that his son had taken a liking to fancy waistcoats and colored ties; he wondered if the boy had fallen in love; and, to tell the truth, there was a barmaid at a village inn on the river above Oxford who had half captivated the youth's fancy. But luckily, or unluckily, Gerald was destined to fall into more skillful hands. Early in his second

term he met someone who stopped his drifting and brought him to new bearings. He had been walking along the towing path, watching the boats on the river, when he was hailed by Lord Woodstock. He went across to him eagerly (Gerald seldom bore malice), and was presented to a Mrs. Leighton.

"I want you to take Mrs. Leighton home," said Lord Woodstock. "It's going to rain, I'm sure, and you've an umbrella. I am due to go out in the 'night.'"

Gerald Lawrence bowed, accepting the trust. He had a sort of vision of a lady about middle height, with steady brown eyes, and a smile that caught his breath. Mrs. Leighton lived about half a mile on the other side of Oxford and on their way through the High he realized that she seemed to know a good deal about him, though he did not understand that most of her conversation was directed to the increasing of her knowledge. The truth is Mrs. Leighton had been struck with the extraordinary beauty of his face, and had managed to get Lord Woodstock to introduce her without arousing that sharp young gentleman's suspicions.

Mrs. Leighton usually succeeded in whatever she undertook. She was a woman of thirty odd who admitted to twenty-seven or twenty-eight. She had been married very young to an Indian judge some twenty years her senior. He had caught dysentery and died, and had left his widow very well provided for. A house and some three acres of ground on the outskirts of Oxford formed part of his legacy to her. Mrs. Leighton had settled down at Oxford, meaning to occupy her leisure with flirtations if she could get nothing more serious. She had already had two or three little affairs; the one with Woodstock had left a smart of disappointment. She had begun to realize that the extreme youth which appealed to her so intensely had corresponding drawbacks and shortcomings. The fever of it ran high, but it was all embarrassing idealism, adoration even, and mad, unreasoning jealousy, or else it had no enduring continuance. Besides, Mrs. Leighton was

intelligent and loved power even more than pleasure; she desired above everything to play a part in life. The sight of Gerald Lawrence made her catch her breath with admiration; she realized with a thrill that she had never imagined anyone so handsome or with such distinction. Struck with his expression, she had asked Lord Woodstock: "Who is the priest?" and had added something about not caring for willowy men to allay possible jealousy. But now on her way home she realized with a certain apprehension that Gerald's mere appearance had moved her mind and body. The frail pallor of his face stirred her pity, and the great eyes set her throbbing. "Violet eyes," she said to herself; "who would have guessed that eyes could thrill?"

From that day on life assumed a new purpose for Gerald Lawrence. On parting Mrs. Leighton had said to him, "I hope you will come and see me soon." He replied that he'd be happy; but that was not enough for her.

"When, then?" she rejoined, laughing. "You know we women like to prepare a little; we hate to be taken unawares. Come to lunch—what day?"

Gerald hesitated; should he say to-morrow? Instead, he questioned: "This week, may I?"

"Of course," she replied. "Today is Tuesday; shall we say Friday at one thirty?"

And on the Friday he appeared. The house made an extraordinary impression on him; there seemed to him to be pictures everywhere; he had been accustomed to wealth and comfort, but not to refinement and beauty. He was astonished by the profusion of flowers and books and papers, by a sense of lettered and artistic understanding. Mrs. Leighton soon set him at ease and drew him out to talk about himself. After lunch they went into the drawing-room to take coffee, and he informed her that he thought of going into the Church. She encouraged him, and when he went on to confess how the Master and Lord Woodstock had treated him, she salved his hurt vanity and made light of the

implied criticism. "The Master," she said, "is a pedantic old bear, and Woodstock was jealous of your good looks."

Gerald had never enjoyed himself so much. He went away promising to come again on the following Monday. Mrs. Leighton found words for her impression: "Innocent," she said to herself, "and a little *gauche*, but"—and she thought of his eyes and fine features and white skin—"but sure to make a sensation as a curate—an unholy sensation," and she smiled comprehendingly.

In a little while the pair became familiar. Gerald used to drop in to tea and sit at Mrs. Leighton's feet. While in that position one day she flattered him outrageously, for she wanted to correct his somewhat pronounced taste for light waistcoats and gaudy ties.

"All your clothes," she said, "should be dark and quiet. You must really begin, Gerald, to see how fine your face is. If you were a woman you would have known it long ago, and tried to live up to it. A woman always lives up to her face if it is pretty. That's why pretty women are so much nicer than ugly ones. With your face a woman would be simply angelic. The Church is the very place for you."

"I'm glad you like me," he replied, shyly taking her hand. She drew him to her a little and gave him her lips.

"You must have seen I like you, Gerald," she said.

"And I like you," he replied, vaguely aware of the challenge; "who could help liking you? It is more than liking"—but he omitted to prove his words.

Vaguely disappointed, she went on flattering him. "Through vanity to the heart," was her unconscious thought.

As they stood together one day at the door of the drawing-room, she said:

"I don't like to let you go, Gerald;" and as he bent down to her she slipped her arms round his neck.

"You never kiss me," she said in a childish whisper, pouting.

He kissed her. "You know I will if you like," he answered.

"If I like!" she repeated, chilled and hurt. "Don't you want to?"

"Of course I do," was the reply; but

the kissing seemed rather to embarrass him.

She laughed aloud to change the current of feeling, and accompanied him to the door. But she had learned her lesson. "He's not like a young man," she said to herself; "there is no passion in him . . . he's merely decorative," she added a little bitterly. But Gerald meant much to her, and in spite of herself she took a lively and continuous interest in him. She was ambitious for him, and gave point and meaning to his vague aspirations by playing on his vanity.

"You will have a great success in the pulpit," she said to him once; "you must be a prince of the Church." The mere words flushed him with pleasure.

"I shouldn't know what to say," he objected.

"That will come," she insisted; "you must read the right books and get into the spirit of the thing;" and there and then made up her mind to advise and encourage him. He was very docile, very amenable to such silken guidance.

In subtler ways, too, she managed to mould and develop him. With a little trouble she got herself invited by the Master's wife, and chaperoned by that emphatic lady, took afternoon tea once in Gerald's rooms. The results of the visit were far-reaching. She was even more horrified by the prints of pugilists than by the photographs of the actresses. She soon induced Gerald to get rid of them all, to pack them all away with the fancy waistcoats and flaming ties.

Before long she had persuaded him to buy a French *prie-dieu* of the fourteenth century and a Byzantine crucifix of the sixth with an angular figure on it in ivory of an astonishingly emaciated Christ. It was Mrs. Leighton who taught Gerald the esthetic value of austerity; she stripped his rooms of ornament and even of comfort till their bareness began to affect him. All the while she was assiduous to encourage in him the vanity of his personal distinction.

"I love your honey-colored hair," she said to him one day, "but I wish it were silver. It would suit you so much better. You will be adorable at fifty. You

must let it grow longer, Gerald, not too long, but long enough to be singular. Singularity is the next best thing to beauty. . ."

"Do you really think me good-looking?" he asked nervously, eager for more sweet.

"Good-looking," she replied gravely, "isn't the word. If you ever are as good as your looks, you'll convert the world. You have only to live up to your face, Gerald, and women will go on their knees to you."

One evening at dinner Gerald had rather a trying time which gave her a great opportunity. Luke Rattison was the host, and he seemed to take an unholy delight in asking Gerald questions and forcing him to display his mental poverty. Again and again Gerald fell into the trap; again and again Mrs. Leighton sailed in to the rescue gallantly; she was thankful when dinner was over, though she held her own to the end.

"To be as clever as you," she said to her host when rising, "is really a sort of disease," and to Mrs. Rattison, in the drawing-room, she remarked: "All high art consists in concealing art, they say; I suppose learning's different." Mrs. Leighton believed in revenging herself on her enemy.

But afterward she took Gerald seriously to task.

"Why talk?" she said. "Why let yourself be made a fool of?"

"What was I to do?" asked Gerald. "I had to try to answer his stupid questions."

"No, no, you hadn't," she said quickly. "Why not have smiled at him in an abstracted kind of way and refused to be drawn out? The less you say the better," she added out of her disappointment. "No one can know what's in you if you don't talk. It's a great deal easier to look wise than to talk wisely. Besides, my dear Gerald, it is your role to say nothing. When you have beauty to speak for you, why talk? Silence alone is magnetic."

The dinner had frightened her thoroughly and she set herself at once to strengthen her *protégé's* weak points.

She read the Gospels with him and made him learn some of the great phrases by heart, and begged him to use them in and out of season.

"You have no idea how effective they are," she said; "they never seem out of place in a man who is going to be a clergyman, and they always call up childish associations in all of us and high emotions. We all thrill to them. . . ."

"How clever you are, Amy!" he sighed. "If only I had half your brains!"

She pouted and shrugged her shoulders; she was beginning to think that less than half would profit him, but out of loyalty to her affection she put the thought away.

All this while Gerald was not merely passive. Very early in their acquaintance he realized that Mrs. Leighton's advice was excellent. He noticed that since he had taken to dress as she wished, everyone showed greater eagerness to know him, everyone made up to him. A little while after his rooms were swept and garnished, a senior student of Christ Church, who had visited him, declared that there was no man in the college so interesting, no rooms so characteristic. A little later, too, Gerald conquered the flippant unconcern of Lord Woodstock, who came up to his rooms by chance and was astonished beyond measure at the change in them. He fell in love with the Welsh dresser and the old oak refectory table; but the *prie-dieu* and the great Byzantine cross pleased him still more. Gerald explained the change cleverly. "You see, I took over Lord S——'s rooms, and I didn't like to alter them at once; it would have looked—" and he stopped.

"Some of the fellows call you the 'Saint,'" Woodstock exclaimed, "and I half believe you deserve it. You don't go on the river now, do you?"

"No," said Gerald, recalling at once Mrs. Leighton's advice, and adding in an undertone as if to himself something about "my Master's business," and then flushed with doubt of his own daring.

The quotation and flush were not lost on Lord Woodstock. He instantly became serious:

"You must not mind my chaff, old fellow. At the very first, you know, I took to you, and first thoughts are always best, I'm beginning to believe. You must not take my ragging seriously. I chaff a bit, but there's no harm in me, at least so the dear old mater says."

Gerald just nodded, smiling a little. He was wise enough not to say anything more, and Lord Woodstock went away genuinely impressed.

Gerald began to see that an undreamed-of success was possible to him, and his vanity was on fire to realize it. Mrs. Leighton had put a new spirit into him; set an ideal before him which he felt he might reach, and which brought him honor and satisfaction at every step. He began resolutely to try to model himself on her favorite St. Francis, and very soon his progress became astonishing. He had learnt to smoke, as most young men do, but he had never cared for it very much. The truth was, any little excess of any sort shook his weakness at once; an extra cigar or an hour or so spent in a smoke-laden atmosphere made him dizzy and unwell. Mrs. Leighton advised him to drop it. "Saints shouldn't smoke," she said; and he gave up the practice and felt better for it. Renunciation is a pleasure to the weak. One day at lunch, too, with Mrs. Leighton, he noticed that the coffee and liqueur had flushed his face. He asked her whether she had remarked it.

"Since you ask me, Gerald," she confessed, "I must say I have, and I don't like it in you. It does not matter much," she went on smilingly, "but you ought not to care for any worldly pleasures; you ought not to look hot and healthy. If you were robust or strong you would lose half your distinctive character. You appeal to the pity in one, and pity is the most direct approach to the heart. You should be very pale and hold yourself aloof. Your face is saintly, you must really resolve to grow worthy of it."

He was willing enough to accept the hint; he left off using coffee and liqueurs and a little later began to deny himself meat as well; his vanity ruled him, and whatever increased the spiritual beauty

of his face was easy to him. Mrs. Leighton helped him dexterously: she gradually elaborated a rule of conduct, founded on abstemiousness, with the sole object of etherealizing his expression, and her advice did not stop at externals.

"If people talk commonplaces to you, don't answer them," she counseled. "Take no part in worldly conversation. The heavenly world is your kingdom."

On this road they made discovery on discovery, though Mrs. Leighton was nearly always the quicker to draw the true lesson from every incident. A lady of great position had been talking to Gerald in Mrs. Leighton's drawing-room. She had been completely won, partly by his appearance, partly by the thoughtful reticence of his attitude; she was just asking him to come down to C—— to dine and stay the night when he rose smiling, shook his head and moved away.

Lady L—— did not know whether to be angry or not, but when she saw that Gerald had not left her for anyone else, but was simply staring out of the window, she decided that the rebuff was due to some mistake of her own, or some unimagined greatness in him, and accordingly she made it her business to tell Mrs. Leighton how much she admired him, and to beg her to intercede so that the "Saint" might honor her with a visit.

"I'm afraid," Mrs. Leighton answered, "that Mr. Lawrence will not go—he hates visiting;" but she hastened to add: "He always says he should like to live in a desert, for the spirit has need of solitude."

The great lady was even more impressed; and afterward Mrs. Leighton told Gerald of the astonishing success of his rudeness and what she had said in excuse.

"Never be afraid of being rude," she said. "Women know their own unworth, and admire everyone who treats them with disdain. Don't be afraid of standing aloof. It is familiarity which cheapens. You are very tall: make everyone look up to you, dear. I told her you were like a monk of the Thebaid: your spirit had need of solitude."

Gerald's success soon began to sur-

prise even his mentor. Someone, probably Lord Woodstock, insisted on calling him the "Saint," and the name "caught on." It became the fashion for the best men to spend half an hour nearly every day in the "Saint's" rooms or in his company. Gerald talked less and less, but the asceticism of the rooms and the Old World furniture appealed to all the finer spirits much in the same way as his own personal distinction and reserve appealed to them. He was learning wisdom, too, and when a man once asked him his opinion on some knotty point, he answered:

"I have no opinions." The phrase met with such success that it made him think about it and set him on to find out and elaborate the hidden significance of it.

"I have no opinions," he said a little later; "I have only feelings, and to transplant feelings into words is to make them common, deprive them of color."

His mind grew under the discipline; every step upward widened his horizon, forced him to further thought. The books he read helped him, too, as they help weak minds. He read the Gospels over and over again, steeped himself in them and in the "Imitation." He learned by heart hymns of Herbert, Keble and Faber. The very fact that his mind had no furniture of its own left the chambers of it empty and prepared for the Christian equipment. His weakness of constitution made meekness and gentleness very easy to him. Every assertion of what one might call his femininity of nature pleased him and delighted his friends. Once a man was a little rude to him.

"Forgive me," said Gerald, "I must have offended you unconsciously; I'm sorry." The man stammered apologies, and afterward took pains to be deferential.

The habit of silence, too, which Gerald cultivated, and which had grown on him, brought its own reward. He began to notice very soon that what other people said and did made a much deeper impression on him when he was merely listening. His own reticence enabled him to understand other people better,

to comprehend them more clearly, and as they felt no self-assertion in him, their own egotism expanded in his company, and he got to know them astonishingly well. He was observant, if not far-seeing.

Every step forward in the new path brought him encouragement and honor. His sayings began to be repeated in the college. No one ever knew who first attributed wisdom to him, but the attribution was successful. Young men in particular were inclined to accord both virtue and power to a man of such extraordinary personal distinction, and still more extraordinary reserve. Excusing himself once for having "sporting his oak," Gerald flowered into the phrase learned unconsciously from Mrs. Leighton, "The soul grows in solitude." The word spread through Oxford as perfume spreads through a room. Gerald was continually profiting by the fact that he was in intimate harmony with his surroundings.

A sort of legend began to form itself about him in his own college. The Master's wife, of course, knew many undergraduates, and the Gerald legend soon came to her ears. Her little mind had been made up about him, and for some time she did not trouble her husband with the ridiculous rumors. But when the elder fellows and students began to talk in the same way her feminine curiosity was excited, and she spoke to the Master.

"I want to invite that Gerald Lawrence to our garden party," she said. "You know they call him the 'Saint' now, and some even say he's clever."

"What!" exclaimed her husband. "That nullity! It's impossible. There are many undergraduates who have microscopically small minds, but that man has no mind at all—a magnificent head and nothing in it. He forces me to believe there is truth in the German saying:

*"Grosse Stirn
Wenig Gehirn."*

"Everyone can't be mistaken," replied his wife tartly, "and Lawrence has hundreds of admirers. Let's ask him to our garden party, but without that

woman, that Mrs. Leighton—she's a cat."

The Master was indifferent.

"As you like," he said; "one more or less in the garden makes no difference; but Lawrence is a round nought, and never will be anything more."

The invitation surprised Gerald a little, and luckily for him he took it to Mrs. Leighton. When she read it she clapped her hands.

"A proof of your success, Gerald," she cried, "a double proof. She asks you and she doesn't ask me. I stuck up for you last time; she therefore revenges herself by not asking me. Yet she is compelled by your reputation to ask you. She has not done it willingly. You must refuse, but how? Can't we think of something that will whet her curiosity! Let's compose a letter together. But first of all let's have lunch: thoughts only come to me with the coffee."

"Eating drives my thoughts away," said Gerald meditatively.

After lunch Mrs. Leighton rose to the occasion:

"Dear Mrs. Rattison," she began, "I dare not accept your kind invitation." ("The truth," she said to herself as she wrote, "the truth's always original.") "Now how can I tell her the faults of her own house?" she mused, and scrawled two or three lines hastily, then ran her pen through what she had written. "No; that won't do," she said, "won't do at all. It's rude and not witty. Ah! I've got it. I'll blot all that out. This is the letter, Gerald." And she read aloud:

"DEAR MRS. RATTISON:

I dare not accept your invitation. Your garden is charming; but I'm a little frightened of gardeners. They divide all creation into flowers and weeds, and I'm only a weed. You will forgive me, won't you—and let me come and drink tea with you some afternoon?

"Yours in all service,

"GERALD LAWRENCE."

"That last sentence is a masterpiece," cried Mrs. Leighton, "for it divides them and gets the woman on your side. She'll begin to admit her husband's faults and take your side against him, and that new ending's good. It's only a woman who could write like that," and she sighed.

"I think it very clever of you, Amy,"

said Gerald while stooping over her to sign. As he drew himself up again he put his left hand on her shoulder, and, being pleased with her success and his praise, she looked up at him. The invitation in her regard affected him: he bent and kissed her forehead. She drew his lips down to hers. When he stood up again she felt he was a little rigid and aloof.

"He has no passion in him," she said to herself afterward, "not a spark; yet he tempts one. Why?"

She consoled herself easily. It was a distinction now to be seen with Gerald Lawrence. Everyone stared at them when they passed in the street. She could read envy in the sneers of the older women, and admiration in the girls' eyes. Everyone remarked him. "It's like going about with a great personage," she said to herself. Moreover, his beauty always kept its fascination for her. "They say beauty's only skin deep," she used to say, "but ugliness goes to the bone."

Gerald's letter had a success. Mrs. Rattison brought it to the Master, who pursed his lips over it.

"H'm, h'm! Rather rude."

"It's very clever," said Mrs. Rattison. "I wonder if he wrote it himself or whether that cat helped him?" She determined to leave the letter unanswered.

But the rising tide of Gerald's reputation forced her hand. Mrs. Rattison resolved not to fail again; she wrote inviting Gerald to dinner, and giving him a couple of weeks' notice; she assured him, with a touch of irony, that he should be treated like a flower. At the same time she wrote to Mrs. Leighton asking her as well.

This move brought about a long talk between the two confederates.

"If you feel strong enough," said Mrs. Leighton, "we'll accept, but this time you must make no mistake. If the Master tries to draw you out, profess ignorance; if he dares to poke fun at you, smile at him kindly and don't answer him: forgive him—that's it," she exclaimed—"forgive him, and so bring him into *your* domain; don't go into his on any account."

The words came from her heart, and Gerald at once felt their force and had a presentiment of their efficacy. He knew that he had grown wiser since he had last dined at Mrs. Rattison's and he determined now to bring the Master into his domain if possible.

The dinner was a memorable one, epoch-making indeed in Gerald's spiritual life. One or two of the fellows were very deferential to him, and tried to draw him out. Mrs. Rattison spoke of him as the "Saint" to his face; he only smiled, shaking his head in gentle deprecation.

This byplay passed unnoticed by the Master. He talked on in his usual way, picking up one topic after another and making each in turn his own, with a certain robust commonsense buttressed by an extraordinary reading. Gerald scarcely spoke at all, and because the Master talked too much, Gerald became a sort of second center of gravity, radiating a higher influence.

Toward the end of the dinner the Master got on one of his favorite topics, the Roman Church and its influence.

"Its discipline and elaborate hierarchy," he said, "afford proof positive of the furious opposition which the Christian doctrine encountered. The Church has the organization of an army; it's an instrument forged in ten thousand conflicts, a tremendous weapon: the Pope is merely general-in-chief."

At the first pause in the little lecture, one of the fellows who had heard a great deal of such talk turned to Gerald:

"What do you think, Lawrence—do you agree with the Master?"

"I know nothing about it," said Gerald, "but I listen with delight."

"It is a plain proposition," said the Master pompously, "and incontrovertible, I think. Christianity owes its success to the militant organization of the Roman Church; without that it must have perished."

Every face was turned to Gerald; everyone expected of him some new word, or rather everyone felt that the time had come for him to give expression to their inarticulate disagreement with the Master's shallow and preten-

tious dogmatism. Suddenly Gerald, thinking of St. Francis, found the word expected of him; his long habit of silence allowed him time to prepare it.

"I distrust organizations," he began: "the spirit's more than the body."

He paused. "'Forgive them, for they know not what they do' has not yet been organized, or there would be no prisons," he added.

The Master stared; his natural acuteness, his memory of great thoughts, just enabled him to see that what Gerald said was true, and he admitted to himself reluctantly, "A new truth."

"That view," he retorted gruffly, "is the view a saint would take. I hear they call you a 'Saint,'" he barked at Gerald not unkindly.

Gerald looked at him completely at a loss. The Master's acquiescence had confounded him, but his usual habit of mind came to his aid:

"I'm sorry," he said, "so sorry," looking full at his tormentor as he spoke. The unexpected submission was the *coup-de-grâce*; everyone felt that Gerald had won; and with a little thrill he, too, inferred from the looks of those about him that his victory was conclusive, and he improved it during the rest of the evening by his silence and deferent courtesy. As he handed Mrs. Leighton into her brougham, she exclaimed:

"Come to see me, tomorrow: you've triumphed, dear! I'm so glad, so glad!"

From that evening Gerald began to see his way clearly. Next day Mrs. Leighton confirmed him in his opinion.

"You did not merely conquer—you wiped the floor with him!" she cried. "He's a great burly, commonplace person, and you towered above him. I do not know how you got the words!" she exclaimed. "But they were the very words needed, an inspiration. To forgive ignorance is unthinkable to Luke Rattison. I'm glad Lord Woodstock was at the dinner. What you said had a tremendous effect on him, and he has a great influence in Oxford. Till last night he doubted you. He told me so himself once, and I could not defend you or he'd have suspected there was something between us. Now he believes in

you. It's strange how everyone likes to go on his knees before someone else. We women wallow, but men are nearly as bad. Woodstock told me last night that you were the best influence in the university. The thing he liked Oxford best for was that he had met you."

"You think he's important?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "He's much abler than anyone imagines. He'll come to great place and power yet, and he'll not be afraid of helping you—the really able man never is afraid to back his opinion."

A little later his fellow students began to go out of their way to show their admiration for Gerald. At first they used to send him flowers, and occasionally books. Then comparative strangers took to sending him pictures, thirteenth century saints in wood from convents in France, triptychs from Italy and South Germany. The son of the British ambassador in Russia sent him a Russian primitive of the fourteenth century, a panel picture, that might have been of the school of Cimabue. The heads of six saints were painted on a gilded background round the figure of the Saviour. Each head was cunningly differentiated by the artist who had yet naively put the name on one side of it, and on the other an appropriate text. The picture was a remarkable mixture of artistic power and saintly piety. The youth despatched it to Gerald with a letter hoping that he would accept it as a token of his gratitude; he would be very proud, he said, to imagine it hanging between the two windows in Gerald's sitting room, and there Gerald placed it. But oftener the gifts were anonymous. Curiously enough, ever since the dinner, Mrs. Leighton herself had got into the habit of deferring a little to Gerald. Success impresses even the keen-sighted.

The praise and admiration which hung about Gerald did not smooth his way through the schools. He was a wretched scholar; even the childish Greek of the New Testament was difficult to him. But he was helped through by his acquaintance with the English text. The other subjects were even harder to

master. The catechism, articles, and rubrics of the Church were utterly beyond him. Often he could scarcely understand them, and he was never able to recall or use them. But he had grown cleverer in the knowledge of such phrases as appealed to his temperament, and the examiners were not so pedantic or so oblivious of public opinion as to plow the "Saint" for ignorance of the letter: Gerald scraped through with a "pass" degree.

Long before the end of his time at Oxford he was asked to read lessons in this or that church, and these readings increased his reputation enormously. With his vanity went a good deal of the actor's temperament, and this induced him to seek singularity at all costs. As soon as he began to read in public he found that his voice was weak and almost toneless; he determined at once to make a merit of his failing, a distinction of his defect. Other people talked, or spoke, or ranted in the pulpit; he alone used a slow, unaccented, monotonous delivery which seemed to lend each word peculiar significance. Perhaps in any other man this custom would have palled; but there was about Gerald the magic of personality, and his pale face, lighted up by the great eyes, was so singularly beautiful that it seemed of itself to add weight and interest to the simplest words. One thing was certain—no one could deny the originality of the method of reading, or mistake his effects for those of any other man.

All Gerald's shortcomings of mind, no less than his gifts, including even his nickname, the "Saint," seemed to lead him back to the old Catholic Church. He loved, as we have said, all observances and rules like a woman loves corsets, and perhaps for similar reasons; he felt grateful for their support, and was profoundly influenced by their decorative value. Almost insensibly he began to refer everything to the Early Church and early Christian practice.

St. Francis d'Assisi, as we have seen, was his special pattern, and the three vows of the saint were often in his mind. Curiously enough the first custom he took up of the medieval Church had an

enduring effect on his life. Inspired by Mrs. Leighton with the necessity of keeping his distinctive pallor, he had begun to practise partial fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays; he soon found that such abstinence not only increased the spirituality of his expression, but also quickened his intellect in the most unexpected way. While the body was empty he seemed to understand more clearly everything he read. His thoughts, indeed, ran quicker than the text. After an hour or so, it is true, he felt tired, and his mind began to dance about and beat time instead of moving forward. But at first, while fresh, he was conscious of a peculiar lucidity and ease of mental vision. The fact so encouraged him that he gradually changed from partial fasting to a complete fast, and contented himself on such days with an occasional cup of tea. The consequences were important. His face grew even more refined and impressive, his skin became almost transparent. The features sharpened, the eyes seemed larger as the face grew thinner. There could be no doubt that the spirituality of his appearance was intensified. His intellect, too, expanded rapidly; his reading became more and more fruitful to him. The chambers of his mind were gradually being furnished in the style of the Middle Ages, and when he was moved, his speech took on the quaint simplicity and childlike directness of medieval teachers; he began to be impregnated with the finest perfume, so to speak, of the Christian spirit.

In all his after-life he regarded the habit of self-denial, which began by leaving off smoking and drinking, and culminated in regular and long fasting, as his initiation into the spiritual life. His first complete fast he always regarded as his "conversion," so to speak, to the Christian faith.

The habit of fasting was a blessing to him in many ways, but he gradually became conscious that it had one unexpected and peculiar drawback. He had never been troubled, as stronger youths are troubled, with sensuous desires which spring into being almost without cause, and make every waking hour a tempta-

tion and a plague, while breaking in on sleep even with the irresistible seduction of dreams. But fasting excited the animal nature in Gerald; threatened life put forth all its reproductive vigor, and at first he was completely at a loss whether to fight the new foe or yield. His training in self-denial taught him to resist, and during the day he found it easy to change the current of his thoughts or sensations by long walks. But at night he was powerless. He began to suffer from insomnia. He fought the dreams by reading and by increasing his walks in the daytime, so that the tired body might fall into dreamless slumber. The long walks and sleeplessness combined reacted on his appearance and increased his attractiveness. He grew stronger, too, as he grew thinner. It was Mrs. Leighton's idea that he should go to a fancy dress ball at a house near Oxford dressed as a Franciscan. His appearance was a sort of event. The monk's dress suited him peculiarly, set off the refined spirituality of his face, so that everyone was struck by it. From that night on Oxford counted him among its illustrations.

Shortly before he "went down" he received a letter offering him a vicarage in Surrey, with an income of six hundred pounds a year, as soon as he was ordained. He took the letter to Mrs. Leighton, and she soon discovered that the man in whose gift the advowson lay was a friend and political supporter of Lord Woodstock, who had left Oxford the term before. It was probable that he had instigated the offer. Gerald, however, told Mrs. Leighton that he had resolved to go to the East End of London for a couple of years, at least, before taking any cure of souls, and she approved of his intention. He therefore wrote thanking his would-be benefactor, and telling him of his purpose. The gentleman replied that he quite understood, but would nevertheless keep the living open for Mr. Lawrence.

In fact, just as people sent him gifts to adorn his rooms, so his path upward in life was made plain for him; everyone seemed eager to put their cloaks down to help him over the muddy places—an-

other proof of how intensely his peculiar gifts and graces appealed to his contemporaries.

The relations between Gerald and Mrs. Leighton during the Oxford time had become very intimate without ever going beyond the limits of platonic friendship. She made up her mind very soon that he was not passionate; and she took such an interest in his success and mental growth, and had so many motherly fears for his health, that this somewhat unnatural relation managed to subsist. So long as Lord Woodstock was at Oxford and came from time to time to see her, she was fairly content, but after he had left, and Gerald had gone to the East End, Mrs. Leighton soon found life in Oxford intolerable. The absence of Gerald had revealed to her her own loneliness in an extraordinary way. In a week solitude became a sort of disease to her. She did not know what to do with herself, and could hardly find energy enough to get up and dress or order meals, the eating of which was a plague and weariness. She missed the walks and talks with Gerald, and above all she missed the someone to think of and make plans for; her life was without a purpose. She put her house in the hands of an agent to sell, and determined that when it was sold she would move to London. The house quickly found a purchaser, and she soon discovered a house in Wilton Place, near Albert Gate, that would suit her. In a few months she transferred her belongings and her own charming personality to London, where she would be near Gerald, and where, too, Woodstock would be able to come to see her from time to time. She would be much more likely, she said to herself, to meet someone who would marry her in London than in Oxford.

She nestled down cozily in Wilton Place before the decorations were finished. She simply had to have Gerald come and see her. She had written him letters every day, and heralded her first free evening in London by a long telegram telling him to come and dine with her at eight o'clock.

They had been parted only a few short months, and yet as soon as he entered

the room she was conscious of a change in him—a surprising change. She felt at once that some unknown influence had come between them. Her heart contracted violently as under a painful grasp. What had happened? Could he have fallen in love? She put the thought out of her mind. It was impossible, she decided. But he had changed, he was more virile; the clasp of his hand was stronger, he moved more lightly. "What can it be? *Who* can it be?" she asked herself, resolved to find out.

The truth was as simple as the truth usually is. Although Gerald had learned a great deal at Oxford, when he came to London he was still hardly more than a boy. His vanity and Mrs. Leighton's teaching had given him an ideal in life; but it was London and its temptations which first discovered his individual soul. He had had success after success at Oxford, now he was brought to defeat on defeat. At first he had been stunned by London, and had immersed himself in the work and visiting of the Toynbee Settlement; but fasting and loneliness brought the sensual thoughts, thoughts which had now grown stronger and would not be subdued. When the impulses of the body threatened to conquer, he got into the habit of going to stay with his father on Putney Hill, thinking that the change might help him in the conflict. And at first it seemed to help him. But the table at Putney Hill was very generous, and his father, alarmed by his pallor and fragility, insisted on his taking wine and feeding up. The result on his hardened body accustomed to ascetic living was immediate: sensual imaginings ruled him, he began to be obsessed by them; in vain he fought; the Nessus shirt clung stinging; all he could do was to betake himself to the East End again and read, visit and pray so assiduously as to leave no time for thought. In this condition temptation was irresistible.

The men at the Settlement had got up a concert, and among others the Sisters Weldon had been engaged to dance and sing. They were local celebrities, a pair of girls about twenty who had made a

reputation in Hackney and the neighborhood. They were motherless orphans, very pretty and clever, and everyone took an interest in them. Doris, the elder, was perhaps the prettier of the two according to the conventional standard, but Chrissie was a finer performer and a more self-willed and stronger nature. When they came out and danced before him in their short skirts, Gerald, who was on the platform and could have touched them, felt as if he must choke. The elder girl he thought pretty, very pretty even; but the younger, the dark sister, as he called her to himself, took possession of him body and soul. She danced, he saw, with infinitely more expression than her sister, and her figure was more attractive. He could not help studying it as she swayed and curtsied before him. When they stopped, and the storm of clapping subsided, Gerald turned to his neighbor with a question, but found he could not speak without betraying emotion; his mouth was parched as with fever. He looked down and studied his card, and when he found that the sisters were to appear again he drew a long breath of relief.

He never knew what happened till they came on again and passed him going down to the footlights. This time they were both dressed like soldiers, something like Hungarian hussars, in close-fitting, dark blue breeches, high boots and spurs, and short scarlet jackets which set off the shapely roundness of the younger girl's hips. Gerald felt his face flushing in spite of himself. He was a little annoyed and frightened lest others seeing her should fall in love with her, for he could not help admiring her mutinous dark face, her gay vivacity, her lovely form. Her sister merely danced, but brave little Chrissie threw abandon into her steps and a hint of passion; every movement of her body to him was provocative. To save his life he could not help absorbing and studying every contour of the swaying figure. It was the first time he had ever noticed the subtle, hesitating line of a woman's torso, and he gave himself up to the enchantment.

This dance of the Weldons closed the program for the evening. With the other men of the Settlement Gerald passed behind the scenes and was introduced to the artists in order to congratulate and thank them. As the sisters prepared to go the courage of despair came to Gerald, and he told the elder sister he should like to call on them. She noticed that while he spoke he looked at Chrissie, but she was flattered by the attention and asked him to come the next day, and so the fateful acquaintance began.

They lived, he found, in a couple of rooms in Mare Street, Hackney; the thoroughfare was noisy and vulgar, relentless in its sordid squalor. The sitting room shocked Gerald; it all seemed common, ugly, he said to himself, but Chrissie shone in the mean room as a diamond shines on black paper. She treated him as he had never been treated before, with perfect frankness. Evidently she had neither admiration for him nor fear of him. When he refused the cake and bread and butter she took an extra mouthful of cake herself and said: "You don't know what you're missing," and laughed saucily. The careless words seemed to Gerald extraordinarily significant.

"Perhaps I don't know what I'm missing," he said; "I'll take some cake, if you please," and he did.

His desire to please made him tactful; he talked about their dancing. The elder sister, Doris, admitted that they were trying to get an engagement at the Palace Theater. Chrissie declared, with her mouth full, that she was going tomorrow to see old Norton, and that it would be hard lines if he did not engage them!

"Hard lines, indeed!" thought Gerald, with a pang of fear for the rivalry of unseen competitors.

All this while he was wondering how he could get to know the sisters better, become intimate with them as he had become intimate with Mrs. Leighton. He could have touched Mrs. Leighton, he felt, if he had wanted to; but he had never wanted to. Now every movement of Chrissie Weldon made him want to put his hands on her. After they had

finished tea she sat in a chair opposite him and crossed her legs; the blood began to beat in his temples. A thought came to him:

"How are you going to the Palace?" he asked.

"On these, of course," she replied, thrusting forward her little feet. "Shanks' mare, eh, Doris?"

"Suppose I get a carriage and drive you there, and afterward take you round the park?"

"Oh, glory, glory!" cried Chrissie, springing to her feet. "A landau with two horses, eh? Fancy, Doris, we'll be going like queens," and she seized her sister and danced her round and round.

Suddenly she stopped, pouting. "I forgot; I've only my old hat, and it's shabby, shabby!"

"Why not buy a new one?" suggested clever Gerald.

She looked at him eagerly. He pleased her, and had begun to interest her. But the elder sister broke in at once:

"We don't accept presents from gentlemen," she said primly, "although we think it very kind of you, Mr. Lawrence, all the same, and we'll accept your offer of the carriage with pleasure."

He felt depressed, wondered vaguely where middle class morality began and where it ended. But nothing could subdue Chrissie's high spirits for long. The thought of the carriage intoxicated her, and again she flung her arms round her sister and whirled her round the room, singing:

"A carriage and pair in London town, in London town, in London town,

Only to earn an honest brown, an honest brown, an honest brown,"

while laughing over her shoulder coquettishly at Gerald.

Next day they had their drive. Doris made him wait with the carriage at the corner of a neighboring street, where they would not be known, and all through Hackney they drove with the carriage closed, but as soon as they got out of their own neighborhood the carriage was thrown open and the girls gave themselves over to the rare enjoyment.

At the Palace, too, they succeeded in getting an engagement. Chrissie's spirits were irresistible. She came out of the theater like a little mad thing, with flushed face and sparkling dark eyes, excited, as she said, to "the limit," and away they drove through the parks like grand ladies. Toward sunset Gerald proposed dinner, and swept away all opposition, and they had dinner together in the only place he knew—the East Room of the Criterion, where, however, the appointments and service were good enough to strike the sisters dumb with admiration. Driving home they both thanked him again and again. When he put them down near Mare Street, Gerald lifted Chrissie from the carriage in his arms—an unforgettable sensation.

He dismissed the carriage hastily; he wanted to be alone with his thoughts. He seemed to walk on air. Life had taken on a new color for him, a new significance. His heart was beating as it had never beaten before; his blood all rhythmic—she was the loveliest creature in the world, the gayest, the sweetest, the most enchanting, the most desirable. He must win her, he felt, or lose the pearl of life.

After that long, first day the intimacy with Chrissie grew by leaps and bounds. Gerald could never remember the ebbing and flowing of the tide of passion that seemed to reach flood in an hour, and swept him away like a straw; but the moments of it were epochs in his life. One such moment occurred just before the first appearance of the sisters on the stage of the Palace Theater. The manager had been taken by their dancing in soldiers' dress and had ordered them new tights of the same sort, only more striking in color, and, of course, better made. When Gerald called one afternoon he found Chrissie alone. The girls had been trying on Chrissie's new costume; and Doris had had to run out for a few minutes to buy some tape. Chrissie talked to him through the half-open door.

"Do come in here," he pleaded; "I can't see you, and I want to."

She shook her head. "Doris wouldn't like it. You must wait."

"Please," he persisted, "do let me just see you. You are so beautiful. I'm sure the dress is perfect. Do come out."

The mischievous laughing face appeared at the half-open door. "You must wait," she repeated, as if undecided. He went to the door and pushed it nearly open.

"Come in," he begged; "Chrissie, come in," and she yielded to his desire.

The traitor dress clothed her like a skin. Again his mouth parched and his temples beat as they did the first night he watched her on the stage. As he didn't speak, she grew a little piqued:

"You don't like it?" she asked a little anxiously, turning round as if to show it all to him.

The movement threw the line of her waist and the bold curve of the hips into relief: she was adorable; his hands went out of themselves; he caught her and drew her to him passionately. She turned her head over her shoulder and repeated archly:

"You don't like it?"

His hands came up from her waist to her breast, and he bent down to her face:

"Of course, I like it," and he kissed her red lips: "who could help liking it? Chrissie, I love you, dear! Do you care for me?"

"Now, would I let you kiss me if I didn't?" she pouted. "You are too sweet to us. But tell me: do you like the dress?"

"It's charming," he said. "You do care, then, a little for me?"

She turned to him and put her arms round his neck like a child, and drew his head down and kissed him as innocently as a child kisses on the lips.

"I do like you," she said. "You're so kind, and I like your height and big eyes; but," she added gravely, "you must get stronger, you know. Doris thinks you're consumptive. You're not, are you?"

"No, no," he laughed. "I never was so well in my life, nor so strong." He stooped down and put his arms round her hips, and lifted her from the ground. She crowed with delight: "Oh, oh, oh!"

"You must put me down," she laughed delightedly. "If Doris came in she

would be very cross. Quick—quick!" and she wriggled in his arms.

That fleeting instant and its poignant emotion remained with Gerald all his life. At any moment he could close his eyes and see again the mutinous gay, laughing face, the silky dark ringlets of hair, and the saucy challenging eyes, and could feel the round firmness of the limbs he was holding against him. His hands and body bore the imprint of her form; it seemed to him as if the outline had been burned into his flesh.

He let her slide down slowly, for he was loth to part from her. As soon as she touched ground she shook herself to put her clothes straight, and ran laughing from the room.

He did all he could to get her to come out again; he even threatened to come in and fetch her. She cried out in mock alarm:

"No, no; you mustn't."

He knew the fear was only put on, and was about to go in when Doris opened the sitting room door.

Why was it, he wondered later, that such magic moments in life are so fleeting-transitory?

The next incident that counted with Gerald was of a very different nature; it occurred on the first appearance of the sisters at the Palace Theater. A week before that event Mrs. Leighton came up to London, and everything was changed for him. Mrs. Leighton, contrary to her custom, was very exigent. She pressed him to come with her to choose furniture and curtains and a dozen other things; she insisted on being introduced to his father and invited him to lunch and dine with her. Gerald thought it strange that the two should strike up a friendship; for his father, though distinguished-looking, dropped his "h's" very often and always showed in his speech that he belonged rather to the lower than to the upper middle class. These little failings grated on Gerald sometimes, in spite of his love for his father; but Mrs. Leighton never seemed to notice them. She managed to engross Gerald so completely, what with luncheons and dinners and visits to

Putney, that he could not spend half as much time with Chrissie as he desired. This annoyed him, and he began to show a certain coldness to Mrs. Leighton.

He did not know that his little impatiences were revealing his secret to that observant lady just as clearly as if he had told her the whole truth. He did his best not to betray himself, for he felt instinctively that Mrs. Leighton would not like the sisters, and would dislike Chrissie in particular, and he cared for Chrissie so intensely that he could not bear the idea of her being criticized or looked at coldly. Accordingly he kept his love to himself, and reproached himself daily for not tearing himself free from Mrs. Leighton's importunities.

If he had only known it, no tactics could have served him better with Chrissie. He had brought an atmosphere of pleasure, and ease, and enjoyment into her life, and thrown over it the magic of love as well; but it all seemed so easy and natural to her that at first she rather underrated his devotion. But now that he stayed away for whole days, Chrissie missed him, as she complained to her sister, "at every hand's turn." She even began to fear that she might lose him altogether. She could not help dreading lest some of the ladies in the park might get him. She thought about him every hour, wondering where he was, what he was doing, why he stayed away, and when he would be back. Love's arrow's barbed, and the more it's disturbed the deeper it pierces. In a fortnight Chrissie's affection was intensified to love. Her time from eleven to four was taken up by rehearsals; but the evenings when Gerald stayed away were cruelly dull and empty. Gerald's days, too, were all filled by Mrs. Leighton, and he had continually to struggle to get free in the evening. But still the lovers met very often, and with every meeting their affection seemed to put forth fresh flowers.

By this time Mrs. Leighton knew that Gerald was in love with a singer; knew, too, that she would appear at the Palace Theater on the Monday night. On Tuesday or Wednesday the week before,

Chrissie had given Gerald a playbill in which the sisters were announced to appear. He had crumpled it up and thrust it into his pocket, but somehow or other Mrs. Leighton had got hold of it, and as soon as she saw "The Sisters Weldon," she felt that one of them had come between her and Gerald. She took a box on the grand tier for the Monday evening. As soon as she entered the box she saw Gerald in the front row of the stalls. When the sisters came on she picked out the younger sister, Chrissie, at once. "A vulgar, common little thing," she said to herself, "light-hearted, light-footed—light in every way. What fools men are! What fools!"

She hardly looked at Gerald; yet she knew that his glasses were glued to his eyes. She knew, too, that after the theater he would take "the little gutter sparrow" home. She felt certain that the sisters lived somewhere in the East End. A storm of clapping broke in upon her thoughts; the sisters were being recalled again and again; they had "caught on" the very first night. Mrs. Leighton was rather glad of their success; perhaps they would need Gerald less now.

When the sisters came on again in obedience to the demands of the house, she noticed that the younger sister exchanged glances with Gerald and danced for him—"at him," she said to herself viciously. Evidently the girl had been nervous at first; but now, having gained self-possession, was dancing for the man she loved. In spite of herself Mrs. Leighton felt Chrissie's charm, her sauciness, her exquisite girlish figure, the attraction of her childish passionate appeal; but the feeling made her cold with hate and resolution.

"We shall see, my girl," she said to herself, "who will win," and she closed her opera-glasses and went home.

When the sisters' second turn was over, Gerald went round to the stage door to wait for them. He had hired a carriage to take them home. The commissioner told him they would be out in a few minutes. He nodded and waited, promising himself some amusement in the sights of the strange place.

Suddenly he became aware that he had formidable rivals. There was a young, slim, good-looking fellow, whom he took to be an officer, who sent in two bouquets to the sisters, together with a card on which he had written a request that they would have supper with him. Gerald grew white with anger at the cool assumption of the man and the airy self-confidence of his manner. But he could not help admiring the young fellow when he took out half a sovereign and gave it to the commissioner, with the request that he hand the bouquets to the elder sister and the note to the younger.

A few minutes later Gerald was face to face with another aspirant, a stout, overdressed Jew of about forty, to whom the commissioner was very polite. He wanted to know if the stage manager was in, and when the commissioner said he was, he laughed loudly.

"I'll go and see him, Williams," he said. "I want to know those Weldons—that's their name, isn't it? Eh? I'll just go in and see 'em."

To Gerald's rage he pushed through the stage door as if the place belonged to him.

The moments of waiting seemed to age Gerald; in five minutes he was whirled through a thousand emotions, and had made a hundred resolutions.

"If they speak to that cad, I'll never speak to them again," he vowed to himself. The next moment he wanted to choke the "foul brute," or beat his fat face into a pulp. The soldier, too, who whistled there nonchalantly, came in for a share of Gerald's rage and contempt. He hated him as much as he loathed the vulgarian. He determined to go away and leave Chrissie to her friends. Perhaps she had already given them some encouragement; perhaps even she had already smiled on the fat man. His very soul sickened at the thought of any connection between them; she seemed to him dirtied by the man's desire. He would go away and leave them, and he turned toward the street.

Just at that moment the swinging door was thrown open and the sisters came out, Chrissie first, as usual, carrying the officer's bouquet, as Gerald noticed at

once. In a second the officer had come forward, and taking off his hat had begun to speak. Gerald suddenly felt that he, too, ought to have sent Chrissie a bouquet, and he was disgusted with himself for not thinking of it sooner. His anger with Chrissie had fled at the mere sight of her.

"My name's Vincent," said the officer. "I see you have my flowers, Miss Weldon. I do hope it's a sign that you and your sister will forgive the informality of the introduction and be my guests tonight at the Savoy?"

"Oh, thank you," said Chrissie prettily, "but we cannot come," and she passed straight on to Gerald.

"I saw you in front," she said to him, and in a whisper added: "I danced for you, sir!"

No one could resist her; yet Gerald heard himself answer in a strange, hard voice:

"Why did you speak to him?"

He noticed that the young fellow was talking to Doris. Even Doris was smiling at him, though she, too, refused his invitation.

The next moment Gerald had the sisters in the carriage and was driving away, the officer taking off his hat in gay salute, which filled the cup of Gerald's ill-humor to the brim.

"What's the matter, dear?" cried Chrissie.

"Nothing," replied Gerald angrily; "but why did you speak to him?"

"How could I help it?" said Chrissie laughing, pleased with his manifest jealousy. "I had his flowers in my hand, and he was quite polite."

"Polite," repeated Gerald bitterly. "Did you see the old fat Jew?"

"The stage manager introduced Mr. Graham to us," she replied proudly. "He's a stockbroker and the chief shareholder in the theater; even Doris was polite to him, weren't you, Doris?"

"I didn't want to go to supper with him," replied Doris, "but I thought we had better."

Gerald felt strangled. Was this what his love had brought him, this unworthy competition, this vile rivalry? He saw, as with second sight, that the "guinea

pig," as he called him, was a more formidable competitor even than the good-looking young officer.

"Are all women venal?" he asked himself bitterly, for both the girls spoke of Graham with awed respect.

"He's very rich," said Chrissie.

"And knows everyone," echoed Doris.

"Their very souls," he thought to himself, "are servile to riches and success."

But in a few minutes the reaction came. He would give Chrissie up to none of them. Why should he? He had good looks as well as the officer, and money to spend as freely as the City man. He triumphed to himself. Why should he not win? Why should he not take them to supper? At once, without asking, he put his head out of the window and told the coachman to drive to the Savoy.

"I'm going to take you to the Savoy to supper," he said.

"You dear!" cried Chrissie, clapping his face with her hands.

"Chrissie, Chrissie," cried Doris reprovingly. "It's very kind of you, Mr. Lawrence," she added; "but we're not dressed for the Savoy."

"Any dress will do," he said in his ignorance (the officer had said the Savoy), and overbore their opposition. But when the sisters entered the restaurant and saw the girls and ladies elegantly gowned crowding into the supper-room, both Doris and Chrissie shrank back declaring that it was impossible for them to go in; but he insisted, and carried the matter off with a high hand. When they were seated, however, he was annoyed to find that dress does make a difference to women, for both the girls were ill at ease.

"Why should you not let me give you frocks?" he said, as soon as he realized their discomfort. "Eat your supper and drink your champagne, and tomorrow you shall have two white evening gowns, and we'll come again. After all," he added, glancing round, "you're the two prettiest girls in the room."

And, indeed, the little dark dresses and unwonted hats seemed to set off the charm of the girls' youthful beauty.

Many of the men as they passed out looked down at them with frank admiration. It seemed to Gerald as if the world were in a conspiracy to put him in a secondary place.

"But, after all," he said to himself, "I know Chrissie does care for me, and it will be my own fault if anyone else gets her," and he redoubled his attentions.

While driving back he managed to take Chrissie's hand in the dark; it nestled into his all the way home, and gave him renewed courage and joy. With this support he wrung from Doris a half-promise that they would accept evening dresses from him. When they got inside the house, Chrissie made some excuse to turn back in the passage and speak to him at the street door. She gave him her lips at once. "Good night, dear," she said. "It's been a treat," and she sighed contentedly.

When alone with his thoughts and able to analyze his impressions and emotions, Gerald realized that the poetry of his love, the idyllic beauty of it, had vanished with the sense of combat. Chrissie was no longer angelic; she had become a little dancer, and he had to win her and keep her. His love had been transmuted by jealousy into passion, just as loneliness and disquieting doubts had deepened Chrissie's affection into love.

After leaving the theater Mrs. Leighton sat down and thought the matter over. "I need help," she confessed to herself. Her instinct had been right, she felt, in getting to know Gerald's father. She could reckon on the old man now, and use him. Early next morning she drove out to Putney, and while walking in the garden confided to old Mr. Lawrence all she knew about Gerald's "unhappy entanglement." She thought it her duty to tell him, she said. He must never let Gerald know where he had learned it. He must go to the Palace Theater to see for himself. She drew a shocking caricature of Chrissie as "a vulgar, little dancing girl," who showed her "body more than half naked on the stage." Her appeal to the old man's prudery was decisive; in an hour she had worked him up to a

passionate resolution. By lunchtime she had assured herself that he knew just what he ought to say to Gerald.

The result was much what she anticipated. Stuttering with indignation, Mr. Lawrence went off to see Gerald next morning. He told him he was mad, that he must think of his career, and of decency, and so forth in the customary strain, and then returned to tell Mrs. Leighton all that he had said, leaving out the fact that he had asked Gerald why he didn't marry Mrs. Leighton, who was a lady of position and wealth, and beautiful to boot.

The suggestion startled Gerald as much as it angered him. He had never thought of such a thing, he said; besides, Mrs. Leighton was too old. But his father's unsparing condemnation of Chrissie had had a certain effect on him. The old man's scorn for the girl who could show off her figure in tights really lit unworthy jealous suspicions in Gerald which bore evil fruits later. He was compact of English prejudices; he began to doubt the girl's purity, which was as obvious as sunlight, because of the way she danced and dressed.

A few hours after his father had given Mrs. Leighton his version of the lecture he had administered to his son, Gerald betook himself to Wilton Place, too, for sympathy and advice. Mrs. Leighton began by soothing and flattering him. Of course, true love was beautiful, she said, the ideal; but he had a great career before him, and he should consider his father's feelings. Gerald ought to be a prince of the Church; princes only married common girls when they were born princes, but when they had to make themselves princes they could not afford to marry beneath them, and so forth.

"Don't you see, Chrissie's a miracle?" he asked glowering; "there's no one like her."

Mrs. Leighton admitted that she was very pretty, but added that he really must not idealize her out of all likeness to humanity; she was illiterate, of course, and vain, glad to accept anyone's attentions—both sisters were of the lower middle class. She saw at once that she was on the right track. "Do

you really care for her, really?" she asked.

He nodded, his face rigid with pain.

"Your father thinks you'll take her to Paris," she remarked casually, playing her trump boldly. Gerald, she felt, would soon tire of Chrissie in Paris.

He started to his feet. "Oh! He—you—"

She faced him bravely. "It would be the best thing you could do." (He glared at her.) "Why should you quarrel with me, because I'd give you everything you want in life; I'd give you the moon if I could," and then she found the supreme word: "If you don't take her, Gerald, someone else will."

It struck him to the very heart. Yes, if he didn't take her Graham would, and Doris would not help her to resist; *she* certainly was lower middle class, prim at once and servile. And Chrissie, sweet though she was, was vain. What should he do?

His jealousy of Graham discolored the world for him; "someone else" rankled.

He left Mrs. Leighton in a whirl of jealousy, desire and wounded vanity.

Was he really making an angel, as she had said, of a little dancing girl; trying to see a London sparrow as a bird of paradise? How her words stung! They stung, he reflected, because of the truth in them. The picture of greasy, bald-headed Graham, like some obscene bird of prey, kept thrusting itself before his mind.

He could not rest in the Settlement. He went off to Mare Street to take them out. They were not in. The landlady confided to him that a gentleman had taken them out for the evening.

"What was he like?" Gerald asked, smiling to conceal his misery and rage.

"Oh, he was quite a gentleman—a foreign gentleman, I thought, a little elderly, but—he had brought fur wraps for both of them, real sable, Russian sable, Russian sable . . ." The landlady was voluble in the giver's praise. Gerald's heart throbbed; it was Graham. He turned from the door thanking her. But he was called back. In her eagerness to help, the landlady called out to him that she had heard the gentle-

man say they would take supper at the Savoy.

Gerald went to the Savoy, and there they were in the restaurant. He waited about for more than an hour to see them come out: Chrissie, flushed with excitement, talking sixteen to the dozen, as usual. His heart sank. As they reached the door he saw Graham put his hand on her bare arm to keep her back and let Doris go out first, and then he saw him, on the pretext of arranging her fur, touch her bare neck with his hand. Chrissie did not thrust him back, or shrink from his touch; she smiled at him, in fact, as she passed out.

Gerald was lost in jealous rage, dazed in agonies of doubt and fear. He was brought to himself by the porter tapping him on the arm:

"We must close, sir, if you please."

The restaurant was shrouded, dark; only the lights over the desk threw uncertain gleams; the carriages had all rolled away. He went out into the empty street.

All through the night he stormed; but as hour after hour went on, one thing became clear to him—he would have her; he would not leave her to that foul beast, that old Jew satyr. He would take her away at once. He must make no mistake. He would go first to Mrs. Leighton and ask her advice. He was at her house by eight o'clock in the morning, and she saw him at half past in her *peignoir*, and was all sympathy.

"You poor boy," she cried as she caught sight of him, "how ill you look!"

In spite of himself he told her everything—his doubts of Chrissie, his suspicions, everything—he raved to her, and then broke down and cried like a child with his head on her knees, sobbing hysterically. He alarmed her; she feared for his reason; she had never before understood how weak he was. There was nothing for it, she felt, but to give the child his toy. With this purpose she spoke, encouraging him. Of course, Chrissie loved him, but she was shallow and vain. He must be always with her, never leave her alone; he must take her to the theater and back again, to dinner and to supper. If the other

gave them furs, Gerald must give them dresses and hats. If the other recommended them to stage managers, Gerald should take the stage managers out to supper with them.

She concluded: "If Graham gets them a rise in salary, you must give them bracelets and brooches. Play the man," she cried at him finally, "and not the mouse."

Before she had half finished, all the man in him had responded to her. He kissed her hands and caught her to him, and kissed her face, and hurried off to carry out her instructions, and to tread the primrose path to his desire.

In twenty-four hours he had reason to congratulate himself. In a week he had won Chrissie so that she had no thought or wish beyond him. The dresses he gave her and the jewels, forced even Doris to agree with the landlady that he was madly in love; but still he could not induce Chrissie to take the irrevocable step and leave London. He wanted to get her away from Graham and his vile attentions; but to Chrissie leaving London meant leaving Doris and success on the stage. The girl's loyalty to her sister was invincible. He went again to Mrs. Leighton. Her advice was veiled, but decisive.

"Win her," she said, "and the girl will follow you."

"But how? What do you mean?" he asked. "Do help me!"

Mrs. Leighton looked at him. Could any man be so inconceivably ignorant.

"Take her for a long drive," she said at length, "up the river, or out to Hampstead, or to Richmond. Take a private room in some hotel—the Star and Garter if you like—and lunch and dine together; make up your mind you are sure to win her." With feminine malice she added: "She's only waiting to be persuaded."

Gerald went from her in a fever, resolute but still self-deceiving; he would not look facts in the face. But still, there could be no harm, he said to himself, in taking Chrissie out, and he engaged a private room and induced Chrissie to come with him alone.

They lunched together—he in a fever

of excitement, Chrissie a little subdued and not quite at ease, but intensely happy. There was something thrilling to both of them in being alone together. He took delight in helping her to this and that, and then the joy of jumping up and kissing her while the waiter was out of the room; and afterward, when the waiter had cleared away and left them, she kissed him, too, bravely, again and again, and Gerald took his love in his arms and they sat together for hours, almost without speaking, shut off from the world in the divine intimacy of passion. Gradually the dusky shadows crept in and filled the room and hid them from sight or sound, they two together, mouth on mouth, till the girl, too, gave herself wholly to love, and the dark eyes fluttered and lost themselves. . . .

A week later they were in Paris.

Although she expected the news, Mrs. Leighton took it badly; she spent the day given over to all the torments of jealousy: she cried with rage, and dried her tears in hot contempt of her rival; she burned and throbbed with desire, and cooled to frigid resolve and hate; at dinner she could not eat, complaining still of headache—it was heartache she felt, pain that gripped her heart and almost choked her. That he should prefer that vulgar, shallow little slut to her; that he was kissing her now and happy with her! Good God! . . .

Next morning she went off to find Doris, determined to win her as she had won Gerald's father. "With the two highest trumps in my hand," she thought, "I can do as I like."

She found Doris horrified and indignant, but she soon calmed her down, persuading her gradually that nothing need get about—"No one need know if we don't tell."

In a few days she had overcome all Doris's suspiciousness. She was not in a hurry. There was time enough. Gerald should have his honeymoon. She would not be surprised, she said to herself, if the honeymoon was quite long enough for him. She knew men pretty well, and her understanding of Gerald was uncanny. Meanwhile she had Doris

to lunch and Doris to dinner, and bit by bit won the girl's complete confidence. When she told Doris she was much prettier than her sister, and must make a really sensible marriage with a good, steady man, Doris felt that at last she had met a real friend. Doris quickly came to admire Mrs. Leighton as a sort of model, for the two had a good deal in common. Mrs. Leighton knew the very moment when Doris turned from doubt of her to admiration, and then it was an easy matter to persuade her that it was her duty to go to Paris and put an end to the scandal by getting her sister to leave Gerald. By this time, too, Mrs. Leighton had worked up old Mr. Lawrence to go with her and help to bring the runaways to reason. Naturally she kept Mr. Lawrence and Doris steadily apart. It would never do to let them know each other, she felt; they were both of the same class, and like might recognize like. Besides, by keeping them apart she could use Doris as a whip to old Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Lawrence as a bogey with which to frighten Doris. She really played her game with considerable ingenuity, served by jealous feminine instinct and by an unveiled understanding of both the physical and spiritual sides of the problem.

In a month, as Mrs. Leighton had foreseen, Gerald's passion had died of satiety; long before the month had come to an end, indeed, his physical weakness and Chrissie's natural tenderness had brought him almost to illness, his worn-out nerves vibrating between exhaustion and exasperation. In this state every little common phrase of Chrissie's jarred on him, her childishness seemed silly, her longings for her sister sentimental drivel. He soon felt that Mrs. Leighton had read the girl aright: she was shallow and ill-regulated—all in extremes.

The truth was, his physical weakness rendered him incapable of making any allowance for Chrissie after the first few days, and he had no idea how lonely and disconsolate, how homesick and heart-sick, she became in the foreign capital. Chrissie was hardly more than a child—a gregarious, ingenuous, vain, charm-

ing little creature who lived on praise and hopes of pleasure. When her sister didn't want to talk, she talked to the landlady or to the servant; there was constant companionship for her in Hackney. Here in Paris there was no one to talk to, no one to admire her, nothing on earth to do. In three days she began to be bored, and every effort she made to win Gerald seemed to result in failure. After the first week he hardly wanted to speak to her; she had no understanding of him at all; she was hurt, and then indignant. She began to notice his faults and became increasingly dissatisfied: he was always polite, but he did nothing but read and read, and whenever they went out he took her to churches and picture galleries and museums where she could only see old frumps and fogies. She was like a young bird used to sunshine and gay, quick flirts of flight and snatches of song, thrust to solitary quiet in a gloomy cage; for to her the vast hotel was a cage or a prison. If that was love she hated it. All the little differences of sex and temperament brought her to tears. Gerald seemed to get tired of her petting and caressing and loving; she could only believe he was getting tired of her. When she thought of a new way of amusing him by coming behind him in a new dress and blindfolding him, he got cross and cold, and never noticed the dress. From the beginning she had regretted yielding to him without marriage, and every day she regretted it more; it seemed wrong to her to be living with him. She hadn't wanted to leave her sister, and now she wanted to see her more and more till she ached with the longing.

One afternoon Doris walked into her bedroom, and Chrissie threw herself into her arms and burst into inarticulate sobbings of regret and relief. For over an hour Doris could do nothing but kiss and comfort her: everything would come right, everything; she must be sure of that. She would not leave her again . . . for Chrissie seemed heartbroken, and clung to her as if afraid. She never even noticed Gerald's absence, never knew that he had gone to call on Mrs.

Leighton in answer to a telegram; Doris was everything to her.

Doris's rage against Gerald, which unconsciously had a tincture of sex jealousy in it, grew to cold hatred as she realized how unhappy her little sister had been. She had always been a little envious of Chrissie, for Chrissie had outshone her as a dancer by dint of a little more courage in displaying her feelings, and now she realized with a certain satisfaction that it was this thoughtless courage which had brought Chrissie to grief. But the recognition of her own superiority of nature only made her more pitiful to her little sister. So she comforted Chrissie, assured her that everything would be all right; she mustn't worry—everything would be arranged.

"He's not been unkind to you, has he?" she asked.

"No," sobbed Chrissie, "not exactly unkind, but men are so different from what I thought, so different. He's all the time reading and teaching me, and I don't want to be improved. He didn't want me to write to you till I could write without making mistakes, as if that mattered. He's nice, but he's a fool." "Prig" was probably the word she would have used if she had known it. Her little vanity had resented the teacher's attitude which Gerald assumed all too easily. Her resentment seemed inexplicable even to herself; for at bottom she was loyal.

"He's good, you know," she explained, "and I think, perhaps, he loves me in his way; but men are so different from us, so different," and she clung to her sister in an April storm of smiling and sobbing—heart at ease, at last, in that custom of affection which means so much to women. While comforting her sister, Doris did not lose sight of her mission.

"You must leave him, Chrissie," she said at length; "it's wrong to live like this without being married."

"He'll marry me," replied Chrissie in astonishment, drawing away; "he said he would."

"How can he without money?" replied Doris, coached by Mrs. Leighton. "His father is furious, and won't

give him a penny unless he leaves you."

"But he can't leave me," cried Chrissie, horror-stricken; "he promised, and where could I go? I could never show my face again. Oh!" and she blanched with a thousand fears.

"We'll make it all right, dear," comforted Doris; "no one need ever know, and I'll never leave you again, and you must never leave me, you naughty, naughty, little sis to run away and never say a word."

"He wouldn't let me tell you. I wanted to," cried Chrissie, always repentant on this score. "I really wanted to; you must believe me."

And Doris did believe her, and soon managed to find out that there was no new reason why her sister should not leave Gerald. As soon as she was assured of this, she immediately adopted Mrs. Leighton's view that five pounds a week for life was a very good substitute indeed for a man who would always be ashamed of one, and who had been unkind even on the honeymoon. Besides, Mrs. Leighton was right. Chrissie was too young to be married; the elder sister should marry first.

Doris returned to Mrs. Leighton to tell her that Gerald had "behaved shameful" to Chrissie and that if she could have her sister to herself for a day or two, she'd get Chrissie reconciled to leaving him. Mrs. Leighton must keep Gerald away for a little while.

Gerald found Mrs. Leighton in an attitude of resigned sorrow; she even blamed him a little.

"You've hurt your father, Gerald," she said, "and I think you ought to be kind to him."

In some confusion, for he was not prepared for this condemnation from his confederate, Gerald promised to be nice, but—

Mrs. Leighton left the room, and his father came to him. Mr. Lawrence had been well schooled; he acted the heavy father to the life. "Enough of this fooling," was about all he could find to say. "You've had your fling, and now it's all over. You look shocking bad, Gerald," he added in his natural kindly way.

"I'm going to marry Chrissie," said Gerald with quiet firmness.

"You're mad; you'd never be such a fool," roared the old man, his real opinions breaking through the veneer of custom. "What can the girl do for you?" And then, bethinking himself of the argument supplied to him: "If you do marry her, you'll not get a penny of my money, I can tell you. I won't be a party to such folly. You must be a softie to talk such nonsense. I've no patience with you."

Mrs. Leighton had to appear to prevent them quarreling, but his father's angry outburst had its effect on Gerald. Mrs. Leighton managed to persuade him not to go back to his hotel that night. "You'll only meet Doris," she said, "and she's furious with you. There'll be a scene if you two meet."

But, in spite of Gerald's hatred of a scene, he utterly refused to leave Paris without first seeing Chrissie and getting his dismissal from her own lips.

"If Chrissie doesn't want me, I'll do whatever you like," was his final word.

Underneath his disillusion and weakness there was a small fount of passionate tenderness. If Chrissie was, indeed, tired of him, he'd go; otherwise nothing would induce him to leave her. His father might do what he pleased with his money. Mrs. Leighton was astonished at his obstinacy. 'Twas Doris saved the situation. She told Mrs. Leighton that in another twenty-four hours she'd answer for Chrissie, and she got the time she wanted.

The pair met in the presence of Mrs. Leighton and Doris.

"Do you want to leave me, Chrissie?" cried Gerald, holding out his hands to her.

"What can I do?" she replied. "Your father won't give you anything, and he hates me and you—you—" and she burst into tears and fell into her sister's arms.

"Don't you think you've done her enough harm?" barked Doris savagely, and in despair Gerald obeyed Mrs. Leighton's gesture and left the room.

"He never even kissed me," wept Chrissie.

"We're well rid of him," snapped Doris viciously; "he cares for no one much, not even for himself."

And so Mrs. Leighton had her way, and took a very sulky, hurt and subdued Gerald back to London with his father, while the sisters Weldon drifted out again into their own world under improved conditions. For despite what romantic authors may say, such wounds as Chrissie's heal quickly in healthy flesh.

But though Mrs. Leighton had got her way, she was far too clever to try to reap the reward at once. Besides she was a little annoyed and hurt with Gerald for the struggle he had cost her and the trouble he had put her to. She shut herself up in her house in Wilton Place, and gave out that she was not well enough to receive. But the separation was short. Gerald was more unable than ever to endure loneliness; he needed sympathy and praise; in fact, he missed Mrs. Leighton now from morning till night; he simply could not do without her. And she could not resist his importunity.

For a long time he seemed emptied of ambition, the spring of life broken in him. Mrs. Leighton soon noticed the listlessness, but hoped to bring him back quickly to his old self. For some months, however, her hopes were in vain, and the reason lay beyond her fathoming. The truth is, whenever he got a little strength, thoughts of Chrissie came to him; tender memories of their life together in Paris—that life which had seemed so full of disappointments at the time, but which now had become charming and beautiful to him in retrospect. All the little disagreements and pains dropped out of his mind, and he only remembered the exquisite moments of joy and tenderness. At such times his whole being was given over to love of Chrissie, and to regret that he had ever left her. Since she had faded out of his life, he realized that no one would ever delight him as she had delighted him. Existence seemed dull and futile, stale to loathing. In vain he fasted; in vain he read for twelve or fourteen hours a day; he could only tire himself; and as soon as he was rested, the memory of Chrissie

came back to him to torment him, and to make of all the best moments of his life one passionate regret. During the day he could at least struggle with the obsession, or even forget it over a book, or in talk; but at night he was defenceless, and memories of her child love and pretty caresses broke his sleep. As he was unable to banish the vivid dreams by any effort of will, he held himself guiltless in regard to them, and, with the casuistry of desire, soon went further. He accustomed himself to think of Chrissie just before going to sleep, a habit which he soon found made dreaming of her almost a certainty. The self-indulgence soon began to tell on his health, and so, as time went on, he did not get stronger, but weaker. His father could not make out what was the matter with him; he lost all patience with his moping as he called it.

Mrs. Leighton, with her feminine intuition, had a clearer idea of Gerald's suffering and the necessary remedy.

One day Mr. Lawrence had been complaining that Gerald seemed to be growing weaker, and Mrs. Leighton told him plainly that Gerald was killing himself, and that there was only one way to save him. He understood her, and begged her to take Gerald in hand without delay. A little while after they were engaged, and Mrs. Leighton set herself to fight the memory of Chrissie as she had fought and beaten Chrissie herself. But she found the memory and aura of the girl formidable antagonists. Still she struggled on with tenacity and ability.

She got Gerald ordained as a priest with great ceremony. She arranged an invitation for him to preach his first sermon in one of the most important London churches, and she took care that the church should be filled with a very select audience. She advised him about his sermon, and made him rehearse it again and again to her till every effect was perfect. His first appearance in London as a preacher was a social event. He had brought with him from Oxford a great reputation, and the couple of years in which people had lost sight of him only added to their eagerness to see

whether he had fulfilled his youthful promise.

In the interval, too, Lord Woodstock had become a prominent politician, and already a good many Conservatives looked upon him as the coming leader of the party. Woodstock's high opinion of the "Saint" was of itself sufficient to have filled the church, but there were other influences at work.

Gerald was what is called "High Church." In all cases of doubt he turned to the practices of the early Christians, and accordingly was supported by his militant section of the Church.

He chose his text from the Epistle of Paul to the Philippians. He read the sentences out in the toneless, impressive way already described: "*The enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction . . . whose God is their belly . . . who mind earthly things . . .*"

Again and again he repeated the text: "*The enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction . . . whose God is their belly . . . who mind earthly things . . .*"

The most original thing in the sermon was the way he dwelt on the necessity of fasting, and the benefits to be derived from it. Fasting, he said, had gradually grown into a rule and become a part of the discipline of the Catholic Church. Why? Because of the virtue in it: because of its good effects. . . .

The earthly custom was to pamper the appetite; the Christian rule was abstinence. He declared that those who had not undergone the discipline were incapable of the highest thought—they were enemies of perfection. Perfect health, he asserted, could only be found by fasting regularly. It was one of the means to perfectness. . . .

This contradiction between the earthly custom and the heavenly rule offered an easy test of the truth of the Christian doctrine. No doctor would ever tell you to fast. He would tell you to eat and drink moderately. That was the Pagan idea of virtue—Aristotle's idea. The wise of this world would regard fasting as an extreme, as they regarded gluttony as an extreme; virtue was in moderation. This was as far as the wisdom of the world went, but the wis-

dom of the Cross went further—it went to an extreme, it promised a more perfect health to those who denied themselves and fasted.

The sermon was an unexpected success even among men who cared little for the spirituality of the preacher's appearance. Was fasting, indeed, a means of perfection, they wondered. It was a new idea to them.

Though Mrs. Leighton took care that Gerald should hear all the praise his sermon called forth, his success did not inspire the preacher as she had hoped. He soon dropped back into listless regret, into a sort of melancholy brooding. Mrs. Leighton realized that something would have to be done at once—she married him. . . .

At first the experiment seemed to be an utter failure. Gerald got worse instead of better; he began to cough, and alarmed her about his health. She took him to the Riviera without result. The gaiety and distractions of Nice and Monte Carlo only left him more and more listless and tired. After a great deal of thought she resolved to take him to the Holy Land.

It says much for her unselfishness and real kindness of nature that she passed two years with him in Palestine and the Near East without complaining of the many hardships, or even regretting London society, and at length she had her reward, such as it was.

In the course of the first winter spent in Palestine, Gerald began to get interested in the spirit of Christianity. The creed had something in it which suited his nature; its lessons of humility and loving sympathy appealed to him, just as the self-renunciations of the Church had appealed to him. He encouraged himself in the belief that he, too, had been "called and chosen."

While living in Jerusalem, and visiting Bethlehem and Capernaum and Gennesaret and all the other sacred places, and steeping himself in the Epistles, Gerald began to feel the stirrings of a new ambition: might not he, too, "conquer through his own weakness," as St. Paul had done?

After he had exhausted the Holy

Land, he determined to follow the journeyings of St. Paul in a small sailing ship; he even stopped at all the places where the great Apostle had stopped, and thus, after many experiences, came in springtime by way of Naples to Rome.

His spiritual history all the while was intimately affected by his bodily health. As ambition awoke in him and his life grew more attractive, he dreamed less, and as the spiritual ideal grew stronger, the image of Chrissie gradually dwindled away. For the first couple of years of married life his relations with his wife had been platonic. He now began to be troubled about his behavior to her; perhaps he had done wrong.

In the great church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, outside the walls of Rome, he was vouchsafed new spiritual guidance, and underwent what he always afterward regarded as his "consecration."

To him the place was sacred; the very road beyond the walls was the road trodden by the indomitable missionary—"persecuted but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed." He walked along it as he imagined the two Apostles had walked together; he stopped where tradition says they stopped, and in the great church at eventide he knelt and prayed. Suddenly he realized that the past was past, that he must begin a new life. The vision of "what is perfect" overpowered him, and the relief he felt in the new decision was evidence to him of heavenly interposition and leading.

He went back to his wife in the hotel, and took her in his arms and kissed her: "'I was blind, and now I see,' dear," he said to her, and she was content to take it at that.

When they returned to England Gerald felt his path straight before him; the taproots of his success would be his own personal experiences. The passion which had almost wrecked his life, which had brought him to misery, he would preach against, as St. Paul had preached against it. Fasting had given him new ideas and renewed health, had taught him that renunciation was a step to perfection.

In the brutal materialism and mawkish sentimentality of London his preaching had an extraordinary effect. His

knowledge of the Holy Land helped him to vivify every sermon. He was made a canon of Westminster, and only preached three or four times a year.

Ten years later he was made a bishop and Woodstock brought half a dozen of his colleagues, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, to hear his first sermon.

Ever since his return to England Gerald had led a life of persistent self-denial. He had aged twenty years in the last ten, and at thirty-six was already an old man. His hair was silver-white; the flame of life burned low in him; his self-denying asceticism had brought him to the edge of things where one looks into the void and shudders at the ghostly air. All this spiritualized his appearance and intensified the power of his preaching.

The great abbey was full of distinguished people; such an audience had rarely been brought together. As usual, Gerald had prepared every word. He had chosen his text with extreme care.

He had taken it from St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. "*If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities.*"

The Archbishop, a stout, healthy prelate and man of the world, had a good-natured contempt for Gerald, and had come to the service in a spirit of utter disbelief in his saintliness; but he could not prevent a thrill of emotion and wonderment as Gerald rose in the pulpit and looked out over the congregation. His silver hair, refined, thin features and great eyes had their accustomed effect: his voice was so toneless that it had no individuality, it seemed superhuman, so to speak, in its impersonal monotony:

"*If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities*"—again and again Gerald let the text sink in.

The long pauses were partly due to physical weakness, partly to the fact that on this day of days he was resolved to follow the example of Paul himself, and to glory in the confession of his own shortcomings. He told how he used to eat and drink and mind earthly things, and how fasting had led him to the upward path. He told, too, with many

breaks in his utterance, of the temptations of passion, the humiliations it entailed, its bitter disappointments; he spoke with a dying fall in his voice of its transitoriness, its fleeting summer, its haunting remorse; the only consolation was that it pointed to higher things, as shadows all point to the sun.

The latter part of the sermon had no sequence in it. Gerald had yielded to his emotion while controlling its expression, and the effort had exhausted him. In the hush of reverent sympathy fragments of loved texts fell from his lips. He desired, he said, to look not at "*the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.*"

After another pause, the slow words fell one by one on the breathless silence: "*I will very gladly spend and be spent for you,*" and then the voice died away and the preacher's head drooped forward on the desk—he had fainted.

The effect on the audience was extraordinary; women sobbed aloud, and men unused to weeping had to sniff and cough.

They carried Gerald to the sacristy. The Archbishop and Woodstock stood about while his wife tended him. As soon as he was able to sit up he was full of apologies.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I am afraid I should not have attempted it; my weakness is too great."

They encouraged him, but his eyes closed in another syncope. At his wife's suggestion the two went away leaving him to her.

"I think I was right," said Woodstock to the Archbishop, "to speak of Gerald Lawrence as a saint."

The Archbishop sniffed; though there was not much thought in him there was a considerable knowledge of life and a very rank scepticism:

"Humph! H'm!" he grunted. "His spirituality seemed to me to be of fasting and not of faith; but I dare say he's a good man;" and then, thinking of Gerald's pathetic attempt to smile in the sacristy, he added: "Perhaps he's as near a saint as we're likely to see."

SONGS OF SUMMER

By Bliss Carman

MORTAL, mortal, have you seen,
In the scented summer night,
Great Astarte, clad in green
With a veil of mystic light,
Passing on her silent way,
Pale and lovelier than day?

Mortal, mortal, have you heard,
On an odorous summer eve,
Rumors of an unknown word
Bidding sorrow not to grieve—
Echoes of a silver voice
Bidding every heart rejoice?

Mortal, mortal, come with me,
When the moon is rising large,
Through the wood, or from the sea,
Or by some river's whispering marge.
There, entranced, you shall behold
Beauty's self that grows not old.

Mortal, when the slim new moon
Hangs above the western hill,
When the year comes round to June
And the leafy world is still,
Then, enraptured, you shall hear
Secrets for a poet's ear.

II

THE hilltop trees are bowing
Under the coming of storm,
The low gray clouds are trailing
Like squadrons that sweep and form,
With their ammunition of rain.

Then the trumpeter wind gives signal
To unlimber the viewless guns;
The cattle huddle together;
Indoors the farmer runs;
As the first shot lashes the pane.

THE SMART SET

They charge through the quiet orchard;
One pear tree is snapped like a wand;
As they cross from the shattered hillside,
And ruffle the blackened pond,
To fall on the headed grain.

III

SHINING, shining children
Of the summer rain,
Racing down the valley,
Sweeping o'er the plain;

Rushing through the forest,
Pelting on the leaves,
Drenching down the meadow
With its standing sheaves;

Robed in royal silver,
Girt with jewels gay,
With a gust of gladness,
You pass upon your way.

IV

Soft is the wind over Grand Pré,
Stirring the heads of the grasses,
Sweet is the breath of the orchards
White with their apple blow.

There at their infinite business
Of measuring time forever,
Murmuring songs of the sea,
The great tides come and go.

Over the dikes and the uplands
Wander the great cloud shadows,
Strange as the passing of sorrow,
Solemn, impalpable, slow.

For spreading her old enchantment
Of tender, ineffable wonder,
Summer is there in the Northland.
How should my heart not know!

SISTERS

By Edna Kenton

THE early train from the East was in; its shrill whistle pierced sharply through the high wailings of the thread factory siren across the creek. Now it had swept on again, with gathering, sullen roar, and ever since Nora had held her mother's place at the window that overlooked most of whatever important happened in Doverton, a big bay window that commanded a view for blocks down four streets. Mrs. Gardner seemed unable to endure the suspense of these final moments of waiting, and busied herself about trifles of orderliness usually overlooked in that careless household. The minutes lengthened into a quarter of an hour as Nora watched, but she turned at last.

"Here comes the last vagabond," she said lightly; there was a nervous catch in her voice.

Her mother, slight, gray-haired, rose from her absurdly conscientious straightening of a rug that the next passing feet would push awry. "Is she?" she murmured breathlessly, and moved like a wind-driven feather into the hall. She paused at the doorway and called over her shoulder: "Mrs. Brown is coming 'cross lots, Nora. Run out and boil her eggs for her!"

Nora's face, thin and sensitive and worn—Mrs. Gardner had been anxious about Nora ever since she came back home on this visit—crinkled into her own mysterious smile of inner amusement. She had the air about her of a person who lived almost entirely the inner life. "Certain sure," she murmured. "Lose first sight of Hy, after all these years, for old Brown and her eggs. That's a Gardner to the last ash of him!"

And yet, at first sight of Hyacinth's gay face and Frenchy figure beside her miner brother Jimmy, dramatically missing an upset as he rounded a perfectly safe corner, Nora turned quickly away, and instead of joining the howling family group at the gate, went out to the kitchen, where Mrs. Brown was shuffling about as aimlessly as if she had not been in the Gardner kitchen every Monday morning for a score of years and did not know where every grain of their staple provender was kept. She was still smiling, but the smile was fixed and determined. "What a fool I am!" she muttered angrily. "*I am glad—I am glad!*"

Nevertheless there had rolled back upon her the torment of that week after she received the home letter telling her that Hyacinth's beautiful voice, that had always made her friends, and whose first training had been provided for at an expense that the Gardners could not have undertaken, was safe from any further danger that poverty and struggle could bring upon it; that for five years, at the hands of an unknown, wealthy patron of the arts, she was to have Paris, the finest masters and all the necessitous luxuries that a great voice demands. Happy Hyacinth, who had never known, and now need never know, what gnawing poverty was, what "being out of a job" meant in a bad season without friends or money or backing; what being "barnstormed" involved, fifteen hundred miles from friends! Nor what it meant, at the end of twelve years of hard, honest, grimly patient toil, to be as far from the goal of high, fine art as at the beginning. Nora could not have taken Hyacinth's good fortune from her,

but knowledge of it had gathered realization of her own hard lot to a perspectiveless focus. She was resolutely glad for Hyacinth today, but her heart was sore and burdened, and she turned involuntarily away from sight and sound of the family ecstasy.

But she deliberately braced herself to the greeting, and in a few moments walked out to the gate.

"You old dear!" she called to the youngest of the sisters, and swept her into a quick, warm embrace, crushing back another leap of that long gathering, now culminated sense of humiliated debasement before Hyacinth and her good fortune. For twelve years, even with all her hard luck, she had been the one daughter of the house whose experience was distinctly of an unknown world. Hyacinth had been only twelve years old when Nora left home for "the road," that mysterious thoroughfare whose more shady byways she had never revealed; and in the unsophisticated home group there had been till now no one to gainsay, forswear or interpret what she had told them of the life she lived. Her luck had been hard, but she had had the poor consolation of being able to keep to herself all that she chose not to reveal; it had helped to delay the undamming of this life-blackening flood of realization and admission of failure and hopelessness. But here before Hyacinth, twelve years younger, only twenty, already of Paris and an unknown world of exquisite art and high hope, Nora's sore heart quivered with the fear of a comprehension of her silences that she could not bear.

"Oh, Nora!" Hyacinth cried, tremulously gay, and they kissed, while Nora struggled with her cheap degrading fear and tried to snatch back the poise that until now had carried her humorously through the empty years. Then, as their eyes met and locked, Nora caught her own breath in sharp surprise, for Hyacinth's eyes, after that one locked look, were shifting, trying desperately to break from Nora's, and a swift and scorching flush flooded her face and throat.

In sheer, involuntary pity for the

younger girl's amazing embarrassment, Nora averted her surprised gaze and, with her old attitude toward her family and her own world unexpectedly restored, leaned back against the old-fashioned picket fence and looked on. Poor old Hy—Nora knew herself what it was to face the old environment, filled with a self-consciousness of life seized and lived for one's self; and how, once within the old circle, all the arguments must be gone through again and again, whatever one's justification outside. Nora's mysterious smile curved her lips; it was she whom Hyacinth had been afraid to face, her comprehension from which Hyacinth shrank.

She gazed appraisingly upon her people as the flurry of talk streamed on, and old Brown came through the front door demanding sight of her "baby." What a family it was, and how happy and carefree! Her father, robust, big, always jolly, was a born wastrel whom fate had laughed at and made superintendent of schools at Doverton, husband of a religious woman and father of nine children who had begun to wander long before their adolescence had passed. For a score of years he had held the superintendency, and would probably hold the office now to his death, for both parties now gave him a courtesy vote, and his ideas of education, twenty years before, had been so far in advance of his times as to bring him now, without changing them, well abreast of modern ideas. He could not have endured a more confined life, and this one gave him the summer months free for camping and wandering. There were two old street cars, of ancient, horse car type, that still stood, ten miles out of town, beside a meandering river. This had been the summer camping ground of the Gardners for years, and he had planned all the remodeling of the interiors, all the beds that let down and the tables that folded up and the amateur pipes through which water from a neighboring spring was pumped into the driver's end of one car that served for the kitchen. Here, in the summers, until too many of them wandered, all their wild tribe had lived.

In those days, Nora had been sorry

for her mother, condemned by her wifehood and motherhood to a lifelong bondage to whims and uncertainties. Looking on her this morning, with the eyes of an eldest daughter who has taken her own life in her hands to live, Nora saw suddenly that her mother had not lacked those inner promptings that had made her at bottom a gipsy with the rest of them, and she felt her whole theory of her parents' life together fall crumbling to the ground. In spite of her mother's church affiliations, in spite of her presidency of the various societies that goad a listless church membership into pseudo-action, and in spite of all her conventional virtues . . .

"Mother's really a born courtesan," thought Nora delightedly. "After all, it's mother as much as father that's to blame for the vagabondage of this family of theirs. It's a double inheritance, a sort of mad insanity for life that's got us all, and it's mother, with her repressions and abandons, more perhaps than father, that's put all these bubbles in our blood. I wish—" She paused in her thought, but, finished, it would have run: "—that daughters could talk honestly with fathers and mothers and not regret it afterward forever!"

She looked at Jimmy, home from his mines, fairly exuding technicalities of ores and soils. Beside Jimmy stood "Stew," adrift from his laboratories but loathesomely accompanied by part of them. Stew was the only concentrator among them, and fancied his mission in life was to find a world substitute for coal. There had been two explosions in the family woodshed since his return, and he still wore a grimy bandage on his test-tube hand. Bob was back from his ship with stories of the Orient, and with Dick was to set out two weeks later for a walk around the world.

There were three others at home; the eight-year-old twins who were precisely like every other Gardner child at that age, and Adelaide, who had never, of all the grown-ups, roamed further than the nearest great city. She was the only one of them who admitted that the larger genius was not hers. But she, too, had her beloved music, her match-

less-toned piano, and her position as teacher in Dover College Conservatory. Of them all, too, she was the daughter frankly devoted to her parents, the stay-at-home daughter who looked after the twins and Mrs. Brown and her father's carelessly worn and spontaneously self-destroying garments. But this domestic Adelaide and Adelaide at the piano were two persons, and by degrees, even before Nora's previous visit home, it had come about that Adelaide had her acknowledged moods of concentration when she lived in her studio for days, with merely flying visits of inspection at home. The Gardners had been reared in liberty and to a fine regard for the privacy of the individual, this in defiance of the close quarters at home, and Nora was glad that Adelaide had achieved this much at least of her own life—her studio was a beautiful place. Nora had her solitude, but she shivered at thought of the grimy, sordid, cheap hotel rooms that environed it.

And finally she looked at Hyacinth, the baby of the family, the beauty of the family, the gloriously gifted one of them all; tall, deep-bosomed, gray-eyed, pale usually, but flushed this morning with excitement, and persistently not looking at Nora . . .

None of them had thought of breakfast until Adelaide called them to it; then the twins, losing interest suddenly in the new sister they hardly remembered, gave the Indian yell their miner brother had taught them and raced madly into the house. The others followed, Nora last of all, smiling her singular, brooding smile. Poor Adelaide, the only responsible one of the madcap family! Even mother had forgot old Brown and breakfast; but the day's work was under way; already the sickish odor of boiling clothes drifted through the windows and mingled with the familiar breakfast smells.

They crowded into their old family places about the old-fashioned oval table that had borne their first breakfasts and was likely to serve the family to the end. "Thank heaven, Hy, you dish the butter again," Adelaide remarked as she pushed the ancient, battered silver butter dish

across to Hyacinth. Nora took charge of the heavy water pitcher over which she had always presided, and filled the group of thick glasses beside it, and their father, booming out his blithe questions, helped the plates casually until Jimmy took over the task and served out mining camp platefuls to the rest of the family.

The meal was late that morning beyond all reason, but they sat there, heedless of time, until the howling noon-day whistles broke through their talk, and they stared, amazed.

"Noon!" Mrs. Gardner uttered. "And poor Mrs. Brown forgotten!"

"It's the first washday then in the family history when she wasn't the guest of honor," said Hyacinth. "Let me get her luncheon, mother; no one else will want to eat before night."

"We'll go over to the studio and have a sing, Hy, as soon as we've fed old Brown," said Adelaide. "Then, with tea there, we can all last through till supper. No, Hy, you go in with father and finish about that Alps tramp, and Nora and I will smash through this job here."

But Hyacinth and her father, instead of going into his study, lounged out to the washtubs and Mrs. Brown in the back yard, and settled down to her wonted entertaining, while Nora and Adelaide brought temporary order out of the eternal confusion that reigned in the Gardner kitchen.

"How do you do it, all this unending raveling, Ad?" asked Nora, as she compared her own awkward hands to Adelaide's capable ones, moving delicately through unpleasant work.

"All an acquired characteristic, to save time and trouble," Adelaide answered lightly. "Say, Nora dear, Hy looks—she's not happy."

"She's not got a care to worry her," said Nora, with a queer sense of defending Hyacinth against prying. "She's had everything done for her all her life—"

"As if any of that matters in the essential crux!" retorted Adelaide. "I'm afraid Hy's got into some mess over there—she's different. I've been watching all morning—and she's not happy."

"You're different, Ad," Nora mused aloud. "You are really. This." She nodded toward the swiftly cleared-up sink and table. "And your poise: you're happy somehow; the only one of us, too, that, to the rest of us, is an object of pity because you're not adventuring. Look at the rest of us vagabonds—it's all I've been able to call us since we've been gathering from the ends of the earth. Even mother—I used to feel sorry for her, tied down to such a crew, but I've got a new angle on father and mother. Do you know, Ad, I think it's mother that's been perfectly crazy over father all her life—that she's as wild inside as the rest of us, but won't ever let it show. Mother will hold to religion till she dies."

Adelaide was silent a bit; then: "That was good of you, Nora, that first night you were back, to let mother infer you went to church every Sunday wherever you were. Even if you did lie, why not?"

Nora laughed. "Poor mommy—*what* she'd say if she knew the sort of living I'd lived these twelve years, playing with any sort of a crowd in any sort of part and place! Last winter was my worst winter, too, Ad. I got as far down the scale as I've ever landed. We played on a beer garden circuit, four a day, any rotten play that could be cut to five people and an hour; in dance halls that were cleared after the last show for ten-cent dances. Respectable enough, but God, I wanted to die some of the time! Not a word to the rest, Ad. I didn't mean to whine. But things seem so splendid for Hy—they have to be; her voice would go in a year if life wasn't right for her. And I'm just as glad as I can be for her—you *know* that. But things have got dead black for me—nothing after all these years of hard, honest work! . . . I'm shutting up now; talking makes it too real; and nothing will ever make me give it up. I'll get my chance. Forget I've ever said this."

"Yes, we're all vagabonds," Adelaide commented cheerfully on Nora's first speech after a few hurried minutes spent in getting Mrs. Brown's noonday

meal out to her. "Cut up those potatoes, Nora, for salad tonight, while I slice the meat loaf for supper. . . . And if I've not wandered far afield, it's been for just two reasons: first, that I'm perfectly crazy about father and mother—I *am* honestly; and second, that I have got my music, Nora, and when I'm at my piano, I don't care for another thing in life. I keep up my work, and some day I'm going abroad to study, too—I've not said that before, but I've got a savings account that's growing, and meantime I'm a happy woman."

"With church Sundays, and playing for mommy's societies, and all," commented Nora.

"And with now and then a Schumann-Heink down here for a concert, and really getting a little bit of her in my studio—It's my studio that's solved my life here, Nora. I really am not home a great deal. I made up my mind that I had to have a part of my life to myself if I stayed on here—and I have," Adelaide finished. "Come on; everything's done. Let's go."

II

THERE had been the "sing," and Hyacinth's voice had awed them all with its beauty and power, as, to Adelaide's perfect accompaniments, she gave them of her best. Then, in the slow-coming twilight, when the boys and the twins drifted away, Hyacinth, to her father and mother and sisters, told the story of Paris, rapidly, gaily, feverishly, with now and then a hiatus that to Nora was like a scream. She herself had told her stories of the road to this same eager, credulous, unsophisticated group, with the same breathless catch when her tripping tongue betrayed her into speech of some matter that the home folk would not understand.

As she lay back in her slim, lazy grace upon Adelaide's great couch, listening to Hyacinth's recital, her comprehension of this younger sister's untold experiences grew. Poor little Hy—she had been having a try at life and had got badly burned: this was the secret of that

scared look in her eyes that morning—she had feared what Nora, experienced in the ways of managers' offices and wise with years of travel "on the road," might read. Whatever the untold story was, there was misery in her eyes that betrayed her lack of any self-justification. Nora's red lip curled a little—she had quite got through calling anything a sin or anybody a sinner. If life had brought her nothing else, it had bestowed the gift of a broader comprehension and sympathy, and she yearned to pass on a little of this to Hyacinth. They had never been close to each other; the difference in their ages was too great, but perhaps this visit might bring them to speech and sisterhood. After all, they were the two in the world, meeting men and women and situations daily that the rest of the family knew nothing of. Nora discounted the boys; what were their problems compared to those of women in this unsettled, strange, yeasty era of change and spiritual revolution?

Hyacinth's story—Nora had lost track of it—had ended, and a gracious silence settled over the lovely room. Mrs. Gardner's voice broke the stillness:

"And Sundays, dearie! Do you still like the English chapel you wrote of, or have you—"

"The English chapel! Oh, it's quaint and delightful. Yes, mommy, there's a Presbyterian—" Then Hyacinth broke into a storm of weeping that brought everyone but Nora to her. "It's only—that it sounded so homey, mommy. I'm silly! It's been so long since I've been home. Don't mind me; but let's get out into the open. It's a dear room, Ad; the most unexpected bit of atmosphere to run across in this backwoods town—" And Hyacinth, herself again, began to chatter her reddened eyes out of mind, and led them all away.

As the days wore on, Nora, yearning whole-heartedly after Hyacinth, came to see that their mutual self-consciousness was to keep them far apart, and finally reluctantly surrendered her to Adelaide, whose heart was surely big enough to accept what her moral code could not perhaps comprehend. "It may open Ad's eyes," Nora mused, with

the same defiant set to her lips that Hyacinth's wore. "We've got to experiment, and like all new experimenters, we're bound to blow ourselves up more or less and get some permanent scars. Perhaps out of it all for the next generation we'll dig a working philosophy. Poor Hy—I wonder when she'll get the nerve to talk to Ad—she's bound to talk to someone or blow up!"

She felt a nervous quiver run through her the next Sunday morning when Hyacinth did not come down to breakfast. She had a blinding headache and had declined church, to her mother's sorrow, for she was to have sung. "Perhaps tonight, mommy, or next Sunday, but my voice is a thread today!"

"You stay at home this morning, Ad," Nora urged cleverly over the breakfast dishes, after Adelaide had come down with Hyacinth's breakfast tray and a grave face. "Surely, I'll play in Sunday school for you, but Hy needs you. She's not happy and—oh, you'll be good to her if she talks things out to you?"

Adelaide's gravity did not lift, and when Nora sauntered in after church, alone, because she had slipped out during the closing prayer, her curious glance at Adelaide turned into an averted one, for Adelaide's face was white and grieved and stern. Hyacinth, it developed, was sleeping, and was not to be disturbed all day. "Poor old dear!" thought Nora pitifully, and wondered why Hyacinth in her agony of remorse must turn to Adelaide, who had never known such remorse. It was too hard on both of them. She sat beside her mother all day, while Adelaide slipped up and down the stairs, watching over Hyacinth, and as Mrs. Gardner talked incessantly of Hyacinth's pallor and languor and headaches, Nora reassured her in savage anger. "Oh!" she would mutter to herself. "If only this ferment and struggle could bring out of itself a generation of mothers and daughters that could *talk* to each other; human beings talking over life as they see it and live it! The trickery of it all, with the veil always held up; the mother never admitting that the daughter she has

borne can have red blood in her veins, and she herself taking her own joys all her life long—" But Nora's lips never unclosed. "Who would understand?" she murmured wearily.

But Hyacinth had talked to Adelaide that morning, a commonplace story of a fierce, sullenly seized love that was always to Hyacinth illicit, and that had ended in complication and silence and, later, lonely weeks of terrifying suspense. Adelaide listened with her arms about her sister, wordless until Hyacinth's wild question repeated itself shrilly:

"Despise you, Hy? No, a thousand times! It's good to talk it all out, isn't it, dear? I'm only sorry for all the pain and terror and trouble. But that's over now—"

She listened patiently as Hyacinth raved against herself in the final extremity of a moralistic remorse that Adelaide, close as she was to a small town's puritanism, could not understand. "I'm nothing but a prostitute, Ad, do you hear? Nothing but a painted thing!" And over and over Adelaide told her that what love granted freely might be many things according to others' terminologies, but it could not be prostitution. Nothing helped, however, and over one bit of consolation attempted Hyacinth forgot her woe in wrath.

"You mean it is right for a girl to face consequences alone? That it's her responsibility and not the man's?"

"I mean," said Adelaide patiently, "that a woman who intends to take love *has* to take and be willing to take its consequences. It's not her fault or any man's fault that nature has laid all the penalties on her, but there they are to be faced—particularly in an affair of this sort, with entanglements that you knew of—"

At that Hyacinth laid herself down again. "It's all theory, Ad! You don't know—how could you? Wait till *you* face such a thing!" And then her flagellating agonies of distorted conscience were upon her again.

It was this state of mind that Adelaide fought patiently for this day and days to come. "You are not—you are not!"

she would say wearily to the girl's wild self-beratings, trying to batter down the *idée fixe*. And again: "You took what you wanted from life—it must mean something good for you, unless you insist upon making it something bad."

III

UPSTAIRS the Gardner house divided itself naturally into three wings. One of these belonged to the boys; the great room all to itself in the southeast corner was father's and mother's, and the southwest corner that made a nest of four rooms was "the girls'." Nora, when she came back on her infrequent visits, always had her old room, the one farthest separated from the others. She had always been the recluse of the family, and on her wearing road tours held close the memory of that rose-papered room, with its battered old furniture, always freshly painted white for each of her visits, and its bookcases filled with the books she had collected somehow out of her meager wage, but for which she had elsewhere no space.

She went upstairs one night, as worn in mind as Hyacinth could ever be, and shut her door and stared about her. Lonely—that was the word! As lonely here, at home, as on the road! She was sick of facing problems alone, even if they were her own; of fighting battles based on hard facts that made hash of theories. But she had been born one of the silent ones, and self-expression never found itself with her in words.

She undressed slowly and spent unwonted time over her hair and the few exercises she always took; then she picked up a book and flung herself on her bed, to read until weariness would make her drop to sleep. She skimmed the pages, lying flat on her stomach, her chin in her hands, until, suddenly, she raised her head, to listen. There was the sound of violent sobbing near her. She sprang up and opened her door; the sounds grew clearer—Hyacinth! She went out into her own little corridor and into the larger one; she tapped at Hyacinth's door—then she pushed it open.

There lay Hyacinth, alone, being rapidly whirled into the vortex of hysteria. True to type, she broke into wilder weeping before her audience—what mattered it now to her whether it was Adelaide or Nora? Perhaps not even her mother, standing there, could have held her back from wild confessions of ingrown, stubborn, proud-fleshed guilt. She sobbed out all of the poor, pitiful, silly tale in gasped sentences, choked phrases, half-uttered words. Then came the reiteration of her mournful plaint, her self-revilings—Nora, sitting on the bed beside her, murmured sympathy and understanding, not knowing that hysteria feeds on such food as that. Suddenly she started; again Hyacinth's door was knocked on and opened, and Adelaide, small, slender, pale, stood outlined in the doorway. Hyacinth's words were a thousand times betrayal to whoever heard them, and it was a summer night, with the windows flung wide open.

"Hyacinth!" She shut the door behind her and came over to the bed, thrusting Nora aside as if she were less than flesh and blood, and caught Hyacinth's shoulder. She spoke her name a second time, a third time; then, as Hyacinth did not respond, she spoke again, with a cold hardness in her voice.

"Hyacinth! Hush—hush; sit up and listen to me—that's right!" For the girl, astonished out of her rhythmic self-drumming, did sit up and stare. "Now listen to me—I've heard you call yourself that rotten name for the last time. I'm sick of hearing it, and of your attitude toward a perfectly commonplace experience. Do you think you're the only girl in a world of women who has dared to take love, coward though you are? Why, look at me; look at me, Hyacinth Gardner! I've loved two men, right here in this town. And I'm glad of it, for every hour of it, with every day that dawns! I won't have marriage—I don't want it, and I don't have to sneak into it to have love. Have I lost my self-respect? Not for an hour! I don't talk it out—why should I break mommy's heart?—but this way I've kept her happy and live my life, too.

I've adventured as I've wanted to, and these men respect me today as much as I respect myself—not that I'd care if they didn't; that would be their littleness and not mine! Perhaps sometime I'll find my mate—perhaps in this last affair I've found him—that's the old human yearning; if I haven't, I'll have found out my mistake out of marriage and not in it, and thank God for that! Now you take another think and get it straight, why you did what you did, and until you've *faced* things and thought them out, keep still."

She stood, looking down at Hyacinth with flaming eyes; her head thrown up, other words still on her lips; Nora she had utterly forgotten. Hyacinth, her tears dried as by hot winds, was sitting on her bed, staring, with parted lips. And as the silence, unexpected, pregnant, swam about them all:

"Why, Adelaide Gardner!" she muttered stupidly.

For another moment Adelaide stood

there; any second might have brought forth other words poised for springing utterance. Then, as suddenly as she began to speak, she put the period to her outburst by turning toward the door, and opening it steadily, shut it after her.

With all her hysteria swept out of her by the shock, Hyacinth held her knees in her arms and stared at the spot where Adelaide seemed still to stand, but Nora, her throat aching, slipped off the bed and found herself in the hall outside and before Adelaide's closed door. She knocked timidly, listening as Adelaide paused in her moving about her room and then began to stir again. A second time Nora knocked, and after another longer pause Adelaide opened her door. Her eyes were still flaming; her head was flung high. Nora stumbled inside and, shutting the door, leaned weakly against it. Tears had gathered in her eyes, but behind them her eyes were shining softly.

"Oh, Ad!" she said huskily.



NOCTURNE

By Edward Heyman Pfeiffer

NIGHT in the city. . . . Grimness everywhere. . . .
The houses sleeping with a troubled frown;
A restless light goes groping here and there,
With silence like a shadow leaning down.

My window is an eye that cannot sleep.
It watches as for someone gone astray. . . .
Across the blackness reeling footsteps creep:
Home, cold and haggard, comes the wanton, day.



A JUDGE is a law student who marks his own examination papers.

THE PERIPATETIC PRINCE

By John Reed

ON the barren Andean steppe, swept by the terrible winds that roar between worlds, a heroic granite statue of Peace—erected between revolutions—marks the meeting place of three republics: San Cristobal, Incana and Montemura. San Cristobal City lies a two-hour journey west, in a cleft of the mountains ten thousand feet above the sea; hanging to the steep banks of the Rio del Real, whose torrential thunder, as it plunges furiously down to the Pacific, makes a booming bass for the never-silent church bells of San Cristobal. Above it Santa Maria lifts its white, unscaled head into a sky always dazzling blue, shutting out the sun from the city in the afternoon. The right bank of the stream is the Indian town; and on the left squats the thick-walled Spanish city, with its narrow, steep streets, its plaza, its cathedral and monastery and twenty-eight churches, much as Pizarro built and left it.

"*Blitzen!*" said the Prince Friedrich Wilhelm Heinrich of Hohenzollern-Stüchau as he alighted from the Trans-Andean Railroad's train of honor. "It is beautiful scenery, yes. But livelier cities have I seen. . . . It is a good place to die in." His tired, dissolute face wore an expression of extreme ennui.

"The air is good here," answered the Baron Marshal von Loewenbrun deferentially, but with a note of satisfaction in his voice. "Your Highness can perhaps rest. The doctor—"

"The doctor!" sneered the Prince. "Didn't the idiot say that it would be dangerous for me to come to such a height? *Hein?* And am I not here in perfect health? *Gott!*—the doctor had the impudence to tell me that drinking

was bad for my heart! . . . That is why I left him there." He jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the coast. The Herr Baron merely shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. And the next moment they were confronted by a group of bowing little brown men, gilded and be-uniformed: *el Presidente*, Ramon Gonzalez; the Admiral of his Navy—which consisted of one tugboat; the Secretary of his Treasury—which was empty; and the Minister of his Foreign Affairs—which were badly balled up. It was, as a matter of fact, largely on account of these foreign affairs that the President and his cabinet were so obsequious and eager. The interminable, elaborate formalities of Spanish courtesy came sonorously from them; the President bowed; the Prince bowed; a brass band in the plaza played simultaneously "*Die Wacht am Rhein*" and "*Viva Libertad*," the national anthem of San Cristobal; cannons were fired and people cheered; an address of welcome was offered. Meanwhile the sun went behind Santa Maria, and the subtle chill of great altitudes crept into the air.

Said the President: "I cannot half convey to His Highness the pleasure he has done me in deigning to honor my poor capital with a visit. And since he has come against the advice of his physician, I and my republic are exalted to be able to charge ourselves with his safety and well-being. . . ."

Prince Friedrich shivered and yawned. His manners were unconventional.

"Herr President," he replied, "your city is magnificent, and your welcome truly touches me. The friendship between two such great nations as the Republic of San Cristobal and the German

Empire is a guarantee of the world's peace. Have you such a thing as a drink of Scotch whiskey?"

Locally, the principality of Hohenzollern-Stüchau is known as "the Emperor's hip pocket." During the youth of Prince Friedrich, life in his father's capital city of Neustadt, as well as in Munich, Dresden and Berlin, was considerably accelerated by that young man. In fact, I may state authoritatively that the Prince had succeeded in doing away with much of the deadly ceremonial of Neustadt court life. Finally, after a stroke of epilepsy and an escapade with La Torella of the Folies, there came an underground hint from the general direction of Berlin that His Highness would be the better for a change of air. And shortly afterward Prince Friedrich was attached to the diplomatic service and ordered on a friendly mission. The sagacious eye of His Imperial Majesty had long dwelt on South America; colonists and consuls reported great unclaimed areas of arable land, boundless rubber forests and deserts underlaid with nitrate. Besides this, a revolution involving the destruction of German property had once made San Cristobal liable for an indemnity—which had never been paid. A show of friendship—a ceremonial visit by a German princeling—well, there was value in a foothold even in San Cristobal. The three republics were intensely jealous of each other. In the shadow of the statue of Peace, they watched each other like cats. Whichever republic secured a visit from the Prince would gain vastly in prestige, if not materially.

Thus the wherefore of Prince Friedrich's presence in San Cristobal against his doctor's orders, and the warmth of his welcome there.

"These papers having been signed," said the Prince dully, "I propose that the evening be given over to mirth and revelry. *Gesundheit!*"

"*Salud!*" responded the President politely, at the same time shuddering as the unaccustomed whiskey seared his throat.

Herr Baron Loewenbrun looked anxious. "If Your Highness would listen to me—"

"You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I would more willingly part with," quoted Friedrich pointedly.

The Baron shrugged and rose. "Very well, Your Highness." He hesitated, cast a despairing glance at the whiskey bottle, at the feet of the Admiral appearing from under the edge of the table, and at the face of the President, seemed about to say something—and went out.

"A song! A song!" bellowed the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"That old fool would put a damper on any party," said the Prince.

"Your Scotch, though not of the first water, so to speak, has sustaining qualities." He poured himself a four-finger tot. "The friendship of two such great nations—*Teufel!* Let us put by the formalities. You know and I know that if your little half-mark republic doesn't behave itself, the German Empire will send a torpedo boat down here and blow you off the map—"

"*Basta!* That is perfectly true," came the Admiral's voice from beneath the table.

"Señor! Your language is inexcusable!" Gonzalez had risen unsteadily to his feet.

"It is. It is," agreed the Prince affably. "Not more so, however, than your Scotch."

"*Carramba!*" cried the President. "Does Your Highness understand that you have insulted my glorious country?"

"It speaks!" The Prince made as if to examine a mechanical marvel.

"*Blitzen!* The truth always insults someone. More Scotch!"

"Then, Señor," said Gonzalez, "you shall give me satisfaction in the *duello!*"

"No, no!" The Minister threw himself between. But too late.

President Gonzalez drew back and slapped the Prince smartly on the cheek with his open hand. Then an astonishing thing happened. His Royal Highness tried to rise, and sank back, staring-eyed. For a moment the red mark on his face stood sharply outlined. Then

it faded suddenly, while a livid grayness spread over his countenance. The arms fell inertly by his side and swung there; and slowly, with convulsive jerks, the whole body stiffened and became rigid. In the awful silence came the voice of the Admiral gently from beneath the table: "Oo, la-la-la . . ."

"*Madre de Dios!*" whispered Gonzalez. In one bound the Minister of Foreign Affairs had reached the Prince. He felt of the pulse, he put his ear to the heart, and raised a face as livid as Friedrich's.

"Dead!"

"A doctor! A doc—" But the Minister had clapped a hand over Gonzalez's mouth. "Fool! Cry out once more and we are lost!" he hissed. "We have charged ourselves with his safety. He is dead. Do you understand? The Prince of Hohenzollern-Stüchau is dead! If he dies in San Cristobal, that will mean the end of the republic!"

"*Basta!* But he is already—"

The Minister tiptoed to the door, which he carefully locked. For the moment he seemed possessed of demoniac energy. Both men were terribly sober. The sweat stood out on their foreheads. Beneath the table, the song of the Admiral was very faint. Gonzalez stirred him with his foot. "Sing!"

"Oo, la-la-la. . . ."

"No man is dead until he is buried!" The words fairly seared.

The President threw out his arms miserably. "Ah, *zull!* I give myself up! My glorious country, for whose liberty so many patriots—"

The Minister gripped his arm until he almost cried out. "Drink! Drink, I tell you. We are weak—this will steady us. Now, let us consider. Prince Friedrich was left drinking with us in this room. It must not be believed that he died here. Think! For God's sake, think! San Cristobal was known to have a grievance against the Empire. The Prince is persuaded to visit this city. He dies here. Imagine what ugly rumors from Incana and Montemura will reach the ears of the Emperor!"

The President responded with a groan.

He saw no light anywhere. "And when the Baron sees him—"

"The Baron will *not* see him!" hissed the other.

"You have a plan?" cried Gonzalez hoarsely.

"The Prince shall die in Incana!" The President looked at him as at one bereft of his wits.

"You are still intoxicated," he said severely.

"Can't you see?" exploded the Minister. "The Prince makes up his mind suddenly that he will travel to Incana. He is known to be extremely impulsive, and somewhat under the influence of liquor. We cannot be suspected. It is well known that we would do anything to persuade the Prince not to go to Incana—"

"Now?" queried the President in incredulous tones. "He shall travel now, at night?"

"Evidently if we wait for morning the Baron will travel also."

"*Carramba!* I believe it can be done!" Gonzalez got up from his seat and excitedly paced the room. "We will send a courier at once to Ventura, and the Prince shall start in one hour. . . . Ah, *amigo*, this is a great service that you have done the republic!" He threw his arms around the Minister and kissed him. "We shall confound our enemies of Incana, and save ourselves for the glory which destiny holds in store. Quick! We will dispatch a messenger to Ventura! In the meantime, no one must know that all is not well!"

The Minister of Foreign Affairs stirred the Admiral with his foot.

"Oo, la-la-la-la-la . . ."

Beyond San Cristobal the railroad does not go. Through that country of scorched and frozen desert, gigantic precipices and mountains that scrape the stars, a boulder-strewn trail too rough for vehicles follows the ancient Indian and llama track upward to the high plateau where looms the statue of Peace at the meeting place of the three republics. A few wandering Indians, driving their llamas down through the starlight on the last stage of their long

journey to San Cristobal, stared amazedly at the cavalcade which wound past them: an escort—ten nondescript cavalrymen, cursing the officer who had driven them from their warm beds—followed by two figures on horseback.

"Are you comfortable, Your Highness? . . . Yes, indeed, you are right. It is indeed freezing at night in these altitudes." The Minister of Foreign Affairs shivered. "Really, are you sure you have no need of the extra *poncho*?" He removed it from the Prince's shoulders and placed it on his own. "Your Highness is most generous."

The Prince rode rather stiffly. His legs stuck out at each side, and his body did not give with the movements of his horse. In fact, a leather cinch thong knotted about each leg and the friendly arm of the Minister of Foreign Affairs were all that held him in the saddle.

"It is the German cavalry style of riding," said a trooper who had traveled.

Above them old Santa Maria glittered frostily on all its leagues and leagues of ice. The great stars, that seemed to hang near in the cold sky, shed a radiance surpassing moonshine. Jinglyingly they wound upward, and the soldiers, looking back occasionally, noticed that the Minister was earnestly addressing the Prince, while the latter's gaze seemed intent upon the stars.

It must have been about two o'clock in the morning when the troop encountered the courier riding back. Almost simultaneously they came in sight of the statue of Peace and saw the escort of the Republic of Incana massed beneath it on the frontier. The Minister of Foreign Affairs opened his knife blade and cut the thongs about the Prince's knees.

He said: "What with the stiffness of the cold and Your Highness's natural rigidity, you will remain erect until the road slopes downhill. Then, I am afraid . . ."

The troopers of Incana were drawn up at attention to one side of the road. Those from San Cristobal stopped, according to etiquette, on their own side of the border, while the Minister rode forward with the Prince. *El Capitan*

Miranda, being of rank too low to be introduced to His Highness, merely stood at rigid salute, while the two rode past.

"*Adios*, Your Highness!" said the Minister cheerfully, at the same time bowing low over his saddle. "I shall execute all your commissions." He gave the Prince's horse a sly cut with his whip. The animal bounded forward. Trumpets brayed. The two escorts saluted, and the Incanians wheeled and set out at a spanking trot on the trail of their illustrious visitor.

Ventura was in an uproar. Upon the arrival of the courier from San Cristobal, the astounding news had been immediately telegraphed to the capital. The President of Incana at once ordered that a suitable escort meet the Prince and bring him to the Ventura Palace. He himself would arrive by fast coach. It had somewhat astonished that executive that the Prince should travel without warning at midnight from one republic to another; but he decided to condone the habits of European royalty, and be humbly thankful for this un hoped-for blessing. A prince at Ventura! The old Spanish families of that ancient and aristocratic city prepared to sit up all night, if necessary, to welcome His Highness.

"*Carrambal*!" said Señor Don Rogero del Segovia, who owned vast silver mine concessions. "If the Republic of Incana can secure the support of Germany, *por Dios* we can assault San Cristobal and secure a port upon the sea!"

It must have been about four o'clock in the morning when the four-horse mountain coach of the President strained galloping up the last rocky ascent and lumbered into Ventura. A great throng of silent people clustered in the plaza gave a few weak cheers. Disaster was in the air.

"*Basta!*" exclaimed the President in some annoyance. "A revolution now would be in the worst possible taste." Hardly had the oak palace courtyard gates clanged shut, when a maniac in disheveled uniform tore at the coach door.

"*Señor Presidente! Señor Presidente!*" cried Captain Miranda hoarsely. "A

terrible thing has happened! The Prince—fell from his horse—dead!”

Morning came tranquilly in San Cristobal, with a peaceful clangor of church bells. Herr Baron Marshal von Loewenbrun lay on his back in his front room of the Hotel de la Paz, while a slatternly servitor, with a brown cigarette drooping from his mouth, arranged his breakfast of chocolate and stale rolls on the table. Through the window the Baron could see the plaza thronged with people awaiting the Prince's rising: a host of peasants and shopkeepers, each with his mantilla'd womenfolk, and behind them a few hundred Indians, dark, immobile, wrapped in the inevitable llama skins.

“Has His Highness risen?” asked the Baron. The man stared coolly at him, shrugging his shoulders. “*No entiendo*,” he answered surlily.

There came a rap at the door. Two frowzy soldiers, with impossibly ancient carbines, entered and stood at each side presenting arms.

“Ah, Señor Baron, I trust you have had an excellent night!” said the President. His face was pale, but cordial.

“Herr President!” said the Baron, rising in his pajamas and clicking his bare heels together. “Excellent! Few beds that I have ever slept in have made such an impression on me. The Prince—His Highness still sleeps?”

“*Carrumbal*!” said Gonzalez with an expression of great surprise. “You do not know? His Highness left word that you were to be notified as soon as you awoke. He did not wish to disturb you.”

“Notified of what?” in a voice tinged with uneasiness born of a lengthy experience.

“*Por Dios*, that he has gone to Ventura!”

“Gone? When? And where is Ventura?”

“Ventura is a city in Incana, about twenty miles from here over the mountains. It was His Highness's fancy at midnight to go at once. He was my guest. All that is mine is His Highness's. . . . High-spirited, you know.

. . . Youth . . .” The President shrugged his shoulders and smiled deprecatingly, in a way which suggested the drinking bout of the night before. “Accordingly, I was obliged to yield to His Highness's demands. The Minister of Foreign Affairs accompanied him to the frontier and delivered His Highness over to the escort awaiting him.”

“His Highness is a fool!” cried the Baron angrily, forgetting for the moment his tact. “The Emperor will be chagrined that I allowed him so to do without escorting—”

“Be not alarmed, Señor Baron,” said the President with an effort. “The roads are safe. There is no danger. However, I may tell you that it grieved me greatly to see His Highness leave me. I used every means in my command to persuade His Highness—”

“Drunken young idiot!” muttered the Baron. Then aloud: “It is not that I fear for brigands, Your Excellency; it is that the Prince is subject to attacks of epilepsy—”

“Ah!” said the President blandly. “And what is that?”

“It is a dangerous illness,” explained the Baron, knitting his brows in annoyance. “The body becomes rigid. The pulse almost stops beating. It is as if the invalid were dead. Since childhood—”

“Man—man!” gasped Gonzalez, gripping his arm. “What are you saying! The Prince—His Highness—is often so attacked?” Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. His eyes were like an insane man's.

“*Gott!* What is the matter, Your Excellency?”

“To horse! To horse! We must catch him!” Tearing himself away from the Baron's grip, Gonzalez plunged down the stairs. The two soldiers stumbled after, and the Baron, after a moment of stupefaction, hurried frantically into his clothes and did likewise. On the plaza a group of cavalry had hastily gathered, putting on coats, tightening cinches, obviously unprepared. The President, white as a sheet, leaned against the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was in turn supported by

the Admiral, still wobbly from the effects of the night before. Beyond them gathered a curious throng of spectators.

"For God's sake, Your Excellency!" said the Baron, who detested being hurried. "Has everybody gone crazy? Is anything the matter with His Highness? Did you not say there was no danger?"

Incapable of speech, Gonzalez waved weakly to the Baron's horse. It was, as usual, the Minister of Foreign Affairs who retained his presence of mind.

"His Highness looked rather—er—unwell," he stammered. "We are afraid. Not for anything would His Excellency have sickness overtake his guest—"

"But why—" insisted the Baron pettishly. Before the words were out of his mouth, the spurred horse of Gonzalez leaped savagely forward. With a shout, the troopers sprang to their saddles and followed in disorder. Someone lashed the Baron's mount.

"*El Príncipe!*" roared the people. "Where is *El Príncipe?*"

"*Carrambal!*" groaned the Minister. "If we don't bring him back we'll have another revolution on our hands." And the cavalcade turned a corner and swept furiously up the dry *arroyo* which was the international road.

Early in the afternoon an Indian llama train about three miles from Ventura was scattered and stampeded by a band of horsemen led by a lunatic cruelly roweling his exhausted mount. Fifteen minutes later the horse of President Gonzalez dropped dead in the plaza before the palace, and Gonzalez himself was beating with bruised fists on the *patio* gates. Then came five troopers, galloping in a bunch; followed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and a stout blond man who reeled in his saddle and said from time to time, "*Wasser! Wasser!*" Another detachment precipitated itself into the plaza, and from a distance rang numberless hoofs on the cobbled street.

"To arms! *Qui vive?* To arms! The enemy!" cried a sentry. A bugle shrilled, and out of the barracks poured the army of Incana.

"Treachery!" cried Captain Miranda to His Excellency the President. The

latter mounted somewhat fearfully to the balcony of the palace. Still the horsemen of San Cristobal irrupted into the square; his own troops, in every stage of undress, loaded their rifles in great haste; beyond, Indians and townspeople, armed with axes or primitive rifles, flowed menacingly into the plaza from every side street. He discerned President Gonzalez beating at his gates, shouting, "Open!"

"Señor Presidente," called the chief executive of Incana sternly, "what does this invasion mean? *Carrambal!* In a time of peace—"

"Where is my Prince?" shouted Gonzalez, shaking his fist at the balcony. "What have you done with my Prince?"

The President turned to Captain Miranda and grew excessively pale. "Withdraw your troops at once from this territory!" he cried, in trembling accents. "*Basta*, your Prince indeed! What manners are these, Señor Presidente of San Cristobal, that demand at the point of the bayonet a guest who enjoys the hospitality of the Republic of Incana?"

Gonzalez breathed a sigh of relief. "Ah, then His Highness is here—and safe? I have come to escort him to San Cristobal. His Highness is in good health?" anxiously.

The other considered for a moment. Then: "His Highness was taken seriously ill upon his arrival this morning." Gonzalez groaned. "*Himmel!*" cried the Baron. "But he quickly recovered," continued the President, "and, in spite of all my persuasions, insisted upon continuing his journey—"

"What!" yelled Gonzalez, leaping into the air.

"At eight o'clock this morning His Highness set out for Bolivar in the Republic of Montemura."

Gonzalez stood quite still, swallowing two or three times. He was incapable of speech. Suddenly he burst into action. The nearest horse happened to be that of an Incanian trooper. Before the latter realized what had occurred, the President had climbed up one side and tumbled him off in the dust. "To Bolivar! To Bolivar!" he cried. The dis-

possessed cavalryman threw up his carbine and fired wildly into the air.

"Horse thief!" cried Captain Miranda.

"*Carramba!* Our President is called horse thief!" A quick burst of firing astounded the Incanians.

"Fire! Kill the insolents!" ordered Miranda. A scattered volley spent itself harmlessly, but the great throng in the plaza set up a cheer and pressed toward their hereditary enemies.

President Gonzalez turned in his saddle with a countenance mottled with rage.

"Scoundrel!" he cried to the President of Incana. "I will deal with you later! I will return with a German army and exterminate these vermin!" Hoofs drummed thunderingly, and they were gone.

Before dawn the President of Incana and Captain Miranda had descended the stairs of the palace, carrying between them the stiff and unresponsive person of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm Heinrich von Hohenzollern-Stüchau. They proceeded stealthily, but there was no need of caution. Everyone was asleep, even the two sentries. The coach that had brought the President still remained in the courtyard; and into this, with infinite difficulty, His Highness was forced. The blinds were then drawn. At sunrise a courier departed at high speed for Bolivar, and before the crowd had begun to gather in the plaza, the escorted coach rumbled out of Ventura. Between Incana and Montemura the road is practicable for wheeled vehicles. At the statue of Peace, Captain Miranda delivered over his charge to the waiting cavalry of Montemura.

"His Highness sleeps," he said. "You will not disturb him."

Five miles beyond the statue the road into Montemura cuts into the side of a hill of loose stones, which continually slip down in small landslides, making the highway a source of danger to travelers and expense to the nation. About halfway around this hill, a trooper suddenly heard a low rumble. "Look out!" he screamed. The lead horse of the coach

sank back on his haunches; the driver strained at the lines, shouting. But too late. Slowly at first, but with increasing speed, the off wheels slid. The coach careened, toppled, and amid a yell of horror, crashed ponderously into the ravine.

"The Prince! The Prince! Where is His Highness?" demanded President Gonzalez, as he pulled his foaming steed to a halt ten miles farther on, in the dark of the evening. The troopers of Montemura were drawn up defensively across the road to face this horde of strange horsemen, pouring up from the south.

"What prince?" asked their captain elaborately.

"What prince! Idiot, were you not escorting Prince Friedrich to Bolivar? He is not here—"

"Ah, yes! The Prince, to be sure! He has decided to continue his journey to San Cristobal—"

"Liar!" Gonzalez raised his whip and cut the other across the cheek.

"*Carramba!* It is a deadly insult! And who are you, dog of a foreigner?"

"*Basta!*" cried the Minister of Foreign Affairs hotly. "He has insulted our President!" Swords flashed, and in two minutes a mass of fighting, snarling men swirled about them. Then suddenly the Montemurans broke and fled, outnumbered. "*Por Dios!*" shouted the officer from the turn of the road. "It is war to the death! Do you understand? San Cristobal shall pay!"

The expedition straggled up the road toward the statue of Peace, looming tremendous in the dark.

"If it be true," said Gonzalez, "and the Prince has indeed returned to San Cristobal—"

The Minister of Foreign Affairs shrugged. "It can very well be true. His Highness is of an impulsiveness extreme—"

"The young devil!" muttered Herr Baron von Loewenbrun. "*Ach, Gott,* what a chase he has led us!"

"Then we have done a good day's work in stirring up these pigs," said the

President. "*Basta!* It constitutes a *casus belli*. . . . And with the friendship of His Imperial Majesty . . . *Carramba!* There is a territory of silver deposits that I would gladly annex from Incana—not to speak of a lake in Montemura."

The Minister shivered. "We approach the meeting place of the three republics," he said. "We had better be on our guard. One does not know what Incana may do. You will remember in the last war—"

As they passed beneath the statue Gonzalez breathed a sigh of relief. "At last we are within our own territory."

"It is well, nevertheless, to keep watch," said the Minister. "Do not forget the mouth of the *arroyo*."

Starlight bathed the road with ineffable light. Santa Maria towered magnificently above. The chill bit through them; but they felt that a brave day's work had been accomplished. The Minister lifted up his voice in song: "Oo, la-la-la-la," but stopped almost immediately. They jogged on contentedly, while President Gonzalez pictured in his mind's eye the Prince, seated at the Presidential buffet in the Hotel de la Paz, consuming Scotch whiskey and radiating benevolence toward San Cristobal.

And then, just at the mouth of the *arroyo*, his horse stopped so suddenly as almost to pitch him over his head.

"What is that?" said the President, chills running up his back.

A horse snorted—another plunged and reared. "An ambushade!" cried one or two troopers, wheeling. But the Pres-

ident was not so easily daunted. He peered into the shadows, discerning there a man, motionless in the middle of the road, who seemed to be leaning against a rock, stiffly, with legs wide apart.

"Who goes there?" cried Gonzalez in a trembling voice. "Answer or I fire! Who goes there?"

"*Madre de Dios!*" said the Minister suddenly, clapping his hand to his head. "Hold—"

But too late. Gonzalez's revolver leaped from its saddle holster; then came a roar that echoed preternaturally among the great rocks. The figure slumped forward to the ground. The troopers stood with ready carbines, awaiting the assault that they were sure would come. With a low moaning sound the Minister had slipped from his saddle and was running toward the body.

"Look out!" cried the President. "It is a trap!"

But the Minister of Foreign Affairs knelt beside the dead man, scratching a match. The flame spurted—the match fell from his fingers; the Minister of Foreign Affairs crumpled up and fell on his face. An unreasoning panic seized Gonzalez. He got slowly off his horse, followed by the Baron. "Fainted!" said the Baron curiously. "I wonder—"

But the President had also lit a match at the dead man's face. He staggered back with a dreadful cry: "The Prince!"

"*Ach, Gott!*" barked the Baron. "You have killed him!"



MRS. GRAMERCY—Do you think she has really reformed her husband?

MRS. PARK—I shouldn't be surprised. She says she doesn't like him half as well now.



BRILLIANT—Said of those who agree with us.

YOUR GODS AND YOU

By Kendrick Scofield

YOU can civilize an Igorot with a Krag. When you do that you almost always leave him dead, and he either stinks up a perfectly good roadway or falls into your water supply and pollutes it. Or you can send the Igorot down to the schools, as they sent Ramon Perez.

Perez was a sergeant. His real name was one of those weird Igorot combinations, and "Perez" was given him down at a padre's school where he learned a smattering of English and good Spanish before he came into the Constabulary. He wanted civilization. Therefore in this tale let him be Perez, although he was said to be the son of a wizened old black chief up in the hills.

I was first lieutenant of the troop. Our first hike took us back in the hills toward Bontoc. Farquhar and I and a squad of Tagalogs under Perez started out to round up a couple of natives who, we had been told, had been swaggering around among their brothers possessed of two nice new army rifles, which is against all the regulations ever laid down.

The village lay thirty-two miles away. Half that distance we climbed steadily over steep roads, nature-gouged out of hill rock. Then we came to the sky line, and began the descent to the Rio Chico, so that it was night when we left a defile, which, even with the moon coming up, lay like a black smirch across the trail, and entered a mountain clearing, with dank verdure, an excellent screen for bolomen, all around it.

The huts of the village were away over on the far side. They were apparently deserted, for we poked into one or two of them without arousing more than

a whine from scrawny dogs leashed within to await fattening for a feast.

How in God's name an Igorot does it I have never known, but a Sioux Indian on the warpath is a brass band compared with the stealth of a Philippine boloman, and in a twinkling we were hemmed in by a shrieking mob of Igorots who hacked at our mounts and hurled their slender spears in biting showers.

We wheeled to ride them down. Everybody had a hard job to protect his own precious life and at the same time account for the three or four butchers who were after each one of us, but I happened to be fighting toward Farquhar when his horse went down, hamstrung, with him beneath it.

The Captain jerked his gun free. He sent six slugs from his forty-four into the howling mob as fast as he could, but got only two of them.

I saw Perez fling his empty revolver full at a black head, and with his carbine leap into the fight from the saddle. With Farquhar pinned down and helpless with an empty weapon, the savages turned on the Igorot sergeant.

Perez flayed up and down. He became crashing death incarnate! Razor-edged bolos rasped showers of sparks as they slid harmlessly from his carbine barrel. He shoved the steel-shod butt full into a grinning mouth, and turned, lithe and quick, to spatter the head of another enemy.

Man, man, if ever an Igorot was worth an honest process of civilization, it was Perez. I can hear the skulls giving under his clubbed gun now sometimes. And remember, these naked, howling savages with their murderous knives were to him brothers of the blood, and

the man he was defending was an alien.

When we got to Perez and Farquhar after the rout, the Igorot was chipped quite considerably where the ends of the long native knives had nipped him. The Captain got off better.

Now, as I say, Perez deserved honest civilization. This is what he received:

After the fight in the hills, Farquhar didn't hold any more aloof from the tall native sergeant than discipline demanded, and, as near as officer and man may be, they were friends. Perez, in his turn, came to regard the Captain as a sort of tutelary deity.

I suppose that the Captain was decent to the Filipino because the Igorot had saved his life, and it also pleased Farquhar to make a sort of pet of him. I reckon he looked on Perez as a sort of faithful watchdog.

I used to hear the commanding officer correcting Perez's English, and then, when I saw the Igorot appear one day off duty in the white linen of civilization, I knew that Farquhar had given him the suit, and was leading him farther than the priests had done on the road to our Western refinement.

I found Perez one day spelling out of a little Bible which I had seen before in the Captain's quarters. It was one of those little limp leather volumes. It was such a volume as a man's mother or his sister or the girl in the white organdie frock back home gives him just before the troopship sails.

About this time Farquhar began to get restless. Sometimes at night he would talk about the boulevards of the Continent and the café life of half a dozen European capitals. Once he said what he'd give for the sight of a pair of white shoulders "like dull satin under the glow of a café scone."

Now when a man who is in the never-never land, as far as white women are concerned, begins thinking of satin shoulders, may Buddha, who resisted the hordes of beautiful devils, give him strength!

Then, too, from a few things he let drop, I fancy he was somebody back home, before the same sort of crash

came to him as has come to so many others and driven them to places from which they can't come back.

The last long talk we had showed me that the silent, sullen natives and the post, squatting blackly under the poison-verdured mountains, and the very fact that life and gaiety and white women were no closer than Manila town, were getting to him deep.

From then on, things happened by days.

The morning after our talk he sent his fist smashing into the face of a Visayan private. That was a bad play for the commander of a native company, when the man had only been guilty of negligence about his kit.

Perez looked at him strangely at the time. I wondered what he was thinking about his idol. I recalled a line of Kipling's: "The silent, sullen peoples will weigh your gods and you."

That afternoon, although almost everybody has the *siesta* habit out there, Farquhar asked me to ride out into the hills with him. I did, and we put the horses hard to it for fifteen or twenty mountain miles before we got back near the post that evening.

Off to the right of us as we turned into a particularly rocky stretch of road was a native house, a little better built than most of them are. It was *nipa*-thatched of course, but the platform in front of it was wider and an effort had been made to train vines around the stilts on which the house stood.

There, in his suit of newly acquired white, Perez lolled. Beside him the most beautiful *mestiza* girl I have ever seen sat singing to the accompaniment of a guitar.

These *mestiza* girls are often beautiful. There's nothing of the ordinary half-breed about them. Most of the time they are the children of the loves of proud Castilian adventurers of old and the straight-limbed daughters of native chiefs, so it was no wonder that Farquhar jerked himself from his slump in the saddle when he saw her.

He didn't say anything. He didn't have to, for I've seen the same look before in the eyes of white men, after

they've spent months without a glimpse of a white woman. Farquhar didn't even recognize Perez openly, but he dropped a little behind me when we came to the turn, and I instinctively knew he looked back.

Barrack inspection rolled around. In a Tagalog private's kit a flask of *vino*, the Tagalog drink, taboo by regulation, was discovered.

Farquhar flew into a rage. He ordered the little brown man confined to barracks for two weeks. I thought at the time that this, too, was pretty heavy punishment.

The next day I saw Farquhar sipping brandy. There is only one brand of poison in the tropics which is worse for an American, and that is any one of the native drinks—*arrak* in India, *tapuy* and *vino* in the Philippines, and ferments of that sort. There's a song that the rookies sing about it:

Her papa dealt in *vino*, which is mineral water
stuff,
Made up of concentrated lye and vitriol in the
rough,
And when you've drunk a quart or two they
write your friends at home,
And fire a volley o'er your grave to show a good
man's gone!

I couldn't say anything because it was only one little drink at the worst. But I know that, when a man has drained every other tropical cup of Lethe, there still remains one other. That other is worse than if the poison of gambling, fighting and women were all distilled into one. That's liquor!

That afternoon, in the short space of twilight which comes in hot countries like a strip of gray lace set between the silk of shimmering sunset and the velvet blanket of night, I saw Farquhar lurch from his quarters out onto the parade ground. He would have fallen but for Perez. The Igorot threw his arm about the Captain and guided him back to his rooms.

But mark this: As Perez pushed his Captain into the door, there was a contemptuous smile on the native's face. He had caught a glimpse of feet of clay in regulation Constabulary boots!

Farquhar was quieter in the morning, but later in the day his jangling

nerves began to tell on him. Twice he growled and cursed at Perez, and then, though the Igorot should have been off duty, he set him a task which was not sergeant's work.

Calling for his horse, the Captain spurred off toward the hills.

Four hours later he rode back. His horse was fresh—too fresh to have done four hours over those mountain roads. His face was flushed, although when he passed me this time I smelt no liquor. Also a little mountain flower, which had been drawn under one of the straps on his blouse, was crushed.

Perez was passing when the Captain rode in. Maybe he saw those little things that I saw. Or maybe—oh, well, you can't tell just what a native does see.

Other days came when Perez was set to tasks which kept him in at times when he should have been off duty, and days came when Farquhar's horse would show no lather after hours of absence from the post. And nearly always those days were coincident.

Now an officer can't go among his men and listen to their gossip, so I had to content myself with juggling the pieces of the puzzle here and there, trying to construct the situation as best I might; I selected three more factors, beyond post routine, and found that they fitted.

After the day on which we discovered Perez's dovecoat I never heard the Captain coaching the Igorot in English. Nor did I ever again see the latter spelling over the little Bible. Still Perez continued to be a model subordinate.

The third thing which struck me was that twice I saw lean, dark hillmen slip through the mountain tangles into the post, and when I saw Perez talking to a big, lithe fellow beyond the post confines at dusk one evening, I knew why the others had come. After that it was plain to me that sitting around and observing wouldn't accomplish much.

Until a blistering hot afternoon, when even the mountain district sweltered and the dank verdure seeped fetidness, no opportunity came, for in the days between either Perez or the Captain was away from the post, and I wanted them

both accounted for. But on this day Perez was on duty and Farquhar kept to barracks, a little the worse for heat and brandy.

One of the Tagalog privates—the troop was made up of Tagalogs, placid Visayans and only one Igorot—brought my horse quietly, and I rode out to the little house on the hills.

The matting shade was half torn from the doorless portal. From one open window a bit of native drapery fluttered drunkenly. I climbed up the ladder to the broad platform and found that inside the place were plentiful signs of hurried departure. Here and there bits of a native woman's apparel littered the floor which was guiltless of dust.

After that my horse had to do hard work over the hills. He must not be too fresh when he reached the post. I was more careful than the Captain.

All that evening I tried to work out an answer to the puzzle, but I was still undecided whether to tell Farquhar of the empty birdcage back in the hills when I turned in late that night.

The guards were changed at midnight. From then on I lay half in a stupor, unable to sleep.

With the first stroke of four o'clock, a carbine barked on the parade ground.

I waited only to grab my gun, and pajama-clad, rushed toward the south

boundary where a light or two flickered. Squads were already breaking out, scouting the jungle edge. The second lieutenant was whipping the command into shape to defend the post, when two men came carrying something that sagged between them and left a dark stain on the hard clay parade ground—a headless something, the work of a silent boloman.

Private Occulto, walking post, had stumbled across a fellow sentry's body, and was about to alarm the garrison, he said, when he caught sight of a black shadow which came from officers' quarters with something round in its arms. Occulto had fired, and looked again. Darkness and the dank vines had wiped out the shadow.

I went straight to the barracks. Perez's equipment complete—even his carbine—was neatly piled on his cot.

Farquhar we found in his quarters. He lay on his bed, a headless horror. Beside him, held open by a smeared bolo, lay a little Bible. It was one of those limp leather volumes such as a man's mother or his sister or the girl back home in the white organdie frock gives him just before the troopship sails.

It was open at the Ten Commandments. One of them was marked. It was that one about coveting thy neighbor's wife.



A SENSE of humor is the hangman of romance.



A NTICIPATION—The foretaste of an imaginary pleasure.



SO long as Truth is naked, people will continue to take liberties with her.

PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT

By Owen Hatteras

LITANY: CANTO V.

From the key of F sharp minor, and from the human foot in the nude; from the New York *Herald*, and from fat women in straight-front corsets; from neuralgia in the eye-ball, and from the International Sunday school lessons; from young lawyers, and from old lawyers; from varicose veins, and from the job of writing this litany; from Pierre Loti, and from people who talk about "technique"; from maternity, eternity and the Germans—also the Irish; from dramatic critics, and from Philadelphia cream cheese; from lady Nietzscheans, and from virgin males—Good Lord, deliver us!



THE STANDARD American pronunciation of foreign proper names:

Bach	Batch
Beethoven	Be-thove-'n
Björnson	Be-jorn-s'n
Carreño	Care-ee-no
Chopin	Shop-'n
Flaubert	Flaw-bert
Goethe	Goat-y
Koch	Coke
La Bohème	Lay Bo-heem
Paderewski	Paddy-roo-ski
Tannhäuser	Tan-how-ser
Tchaikovsky	Shay-cow-sky
Ysaye	I-say
Nietzsche	Nit-ski
Bayreuth	Bay-ruth



PATIENT: the physician's temptation.

LAST RESORTS:

Suicide.
The pawnbroker's.
Marriage.
The poorhouse.
Hope.
Atlantic City.
Vaudeville.
Free Lunch.
Kissing the stenographer.
Hair tonic.
The medical specialist.
Bribes.
Sleep.
A want ad.
Water.
Night school.
The public library.
Key West cigars.
Christian Science.
"The Star-Spangled Banner."
Celibacy.
The fire escape.
A convent.
Henna.
Voting.
Home.



DEMOCRACY is the theory that intelligence is dangerous. It assumes that no idea can be safe until those who can't understand it have approved it. It defines the truth as anything which at least fifty-one men in every hundred believe. Thus it is firmly committed to the doctrines that one bath a week is enough, that "I seen" is the past tense of "I see," and that Friday is an unlucky day.

OSSEOCAPUT—A wearer of union suits—
a lawn sprinkler—a believer in signs—
a bonehead.

SILICAPUT—One who belongs to lodges
—a lover of mankind—a Progressive
—a gravelhead.

FERROCAPUT—One who thinks Dickens a
great novelist—a contributor to foreign
missions—a taxpayer—an iron-
head.

LITHOCAPUT—A leading citizen—one of
nature's noblemen—a Knight of Pythias—
a muleteer—a stonehead.

PLUMBOCAPUT—A Chautauqua lecturer
—an apostle of fair play—a consumer
of medicinal waters—a transcendentalist—
a leadhead.

OBSCENOCAPUT—A vice crusader—a
matador of virtue—a sky pilot—a professional
moralist—a smuthound—a lewdhead.

HYDROCAPUT—a teetotaler—a member
of the Lake Mohawk conference—a
waterhead.

THE object of all morality is to teach
man what to do. The object of all
science is to help him do it. The object
of all art is to make him want to do it.

AMERICAN SYNONYMS FOR CLERGYMAN:

Sky pilot
Devilhound
Fire escape
Hell buster

THE man who is unable to laugh at his
god is a man who does not quite believe
in his god. In the Middle Ages, when
Christians were really Christians, the
burlesque mass flourished, and even
bishops took part in it. Today, with
not enough faith left in Christendom to
make a single martyr, a burlesque mass
would end in a lynching—and Jews and
Protestants would help pull the rope.
Who loosed the loudest yells against
"The Playboy of the Western World"?
The very Irishmen who would consider
it penal servitude to be sent back to
Mayo.

FEMININE FAIRY TALES:

"You are the first . . ."

"These shoes are too large for
me. . . ."

"No. . . ."

THE one thing that may be said in
favor of militant morality is that it is a
self-limiting disease. For a few weeks
or months it may spread and rage,
paling the cheeks, raising the hair, popping
the eyes, but then the system
throws it off. What has become of the
crusade against the Mormons? The
war upon cigarettes? The old jehad
against bare shoulders? The campaign
for a theater censorship? Gone, alas,
and almost forgotten! We grandsons
of the rhesus are incurably sinful, im-
movably resistant to moral infections.
Let the germs of virtue but penetrate to
our veins, and at once the phagocytes of
inherent depravity tackle them, gnawing
their shins, blinding them with
seltzer siphons, planting torpedoes and
banana skins in their path. Great
moralists have shot them into us for ten
thousand years, chaining us to the operating
table, anesthetizing us with the
fumes of brimstone, tapping our arteries
with crowbars and corkscrews, filling us
to the gunwales with moral bacteria,
pious protozoa, chaste spirochaeta—and
yet in this year of grace 1913, for all that
remedial doping, for all that ardent and
ecstatic inoculation, seven of the nine
justices of the Supreme Court of the
United States still chew tobacco!

THE TEN TRIUMPHS of Human Invention:

1. The corkscrew.
2. Infant damnation.
3. The Bismarck herring.
4. The limerick.
5. The electric chair.
6. The union suit.
7. False teeth.
8. The slapstick.
9. Monogamy.
10. Suicide.

POPULAR LITERARY CLAPTRAP:

QUARTIER ROMANCE:

A little old café.
 Paul, unknown artist.
 Clothilde, a model.
"C'est la vie."
 An unwelcome child.
 Paul's fiancée.
 Dark waters beneath Pont Neuf.

SOCIETY FRENCH ROMANCE:

Undulating shoulders.
 Lieutenant Dessault.
 A davenport.
 Valenciennes lace.
 Tubercle bacilli.

How little it takes to make life unbearable! A pebble in the shoe, a roach in the macaroni, a woman's laugh. . . .

FROM persons who know the difference between Bergson and Eucken, but don't know the difference between a Manhattan and a Martini cocktail—Good Lord, deliver us!

AMENDMENTS TO ROGET.

POLYGAMY—The risks of monogamy multiplied by x.

CONVICTION—An opinion supported by sophistry.

PREJUDICE—The same opinion unsupported.

HOPE—A great comfort to married men.

DIVORCE—The renaissance of romance.

PALMIST—One who cannot read the future by the lines of the hand.

MARTYR—One so self-satisfied that he would rather die than question his own superiority—the last word in egoism.

ACTOR—A man who has missed his vocation.

GENTLEMAN—A well-known figure in American mythology.

OPTIMISM—The last resort of the hopeless.

MAN—The sex intermediate between women and tenors.

GEOMETRICAL MARRIAGE RELATIONS.

France. △
 England. <
 United States. ○
 Germany. ⊙
 Russia. |||
 Utah. ▲

WHERE are the heroes and heroines of yesteryear? Where the darlings of the yellowing yellow journals? What of Col. Carl. Browne? Mary Ellen Lease? Dr. Mary Walker? Amos Rusie? Nan Patterson? Get-Rich-Quick Miller? Jake Kilrain? George Fred Williams? Gas Addicks? Maud S? Steve Brodie? What has become of Dr. Cook? Roland Molineux? The unknissed Dowie *filis*? Mormon Roberts? May Yohe? Madeleine Pollard? Arlie Latham? Nancy Hanks? Is Geronimo still alive? Count Boni de Castellane? The Earl of Yarmouth? Richard Achilles Ballinger? J. Adam Bede? Charles J. Bonaparte? Bourke Cockran? General Tom Thumb? Lydia Pinkham? Terry McGovern? Camille Flammarion? Pat Tebeau? William Travers Jerome? Evelyn Nesbit Thaw? Bill Devery? Golden Rule Jones? Potato Patch Pingree? Who knows the last resting place of J. Gordon Cooglar? Jerry Simpson? Peter Jackson? Butcher Weyler? Lotta? Dr. Jameson? Giff Pinchot? Admiral Rodjestvenski? Abe Ruef? Abe Hummel? The Duke of the Abruzzi? The Earl of Dunraven? Pawnee Bill? Lombroso? Charlie Mitchell? Edouard de Rezske? Capt. Webb? Bathhouse John? The Rev. Charles H. Sheldon? Nels Aldrich? Father Kneipp? Mike the Bite? Dr. Schenck? Ignace Jan Paderewski? Captain Dreyfus? Eleanor Cisneros? Theodore Roosevelt? Seth Low? Is Anthony Comstock still among us? Jim Jeffries? Death Valley Scotty? The Mad Mullah? Kerry Mills? William Winter? Jem Mace? Mr. Leslie Carter? Jack McAuliffe? The Harlem Coffee Cooler? Mary McLane? Beefsteak John? Josie Mansfield?

YESTERDAYS

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

DOUARNENEZ in Finisterre!
I passed a purple autumn there,
Where sabots clattered down the street
And lads were lithe and maids were sweet
(We little recked that Time was fleet!)
And life and love were in the air.

In gray and pink the low-roofed town
Right to the harbor mouth ran down;
The church with quaint, decrepit grace
Fronted the ancient marketplace
Where first I saw her flower face:
Jeanne's face, which never learned to frown.

Though life to alien cities brings
My steps, that picture lives and sings:
The girl in medieval dress,
Her head erect, through joy and stress
All dignity and loveliness:
A peasant with the soul of kings.

How I recall that sailor's son,
Pierre, whom all men called "Le Brun,"
And how I hated him when he
Came with the fishers from the sea
(For was not Jeanne the world to me?)
And ended what was scarce begun!

It mattered much, it matters naught;
The story stops where stories ought;
And still throughout the world, I trust,
Youth turns to youth and gold to rust
And dust returns again to dust—
Love wins what money never bought.



IT'S always too early to mend.

BACHELOR EMBALMERUS

By Barry Benefield

IT was the splendid pageantry of the proud polysyllables connected with the "Art and Science of Embalming and Undertaking" that attracted the attention of Danny Dundy when he first looked at the catalogue of the Universal Correspondence School. That was in April. The beautiful book, with its slick paper and its numerous pictures of U. C. S. graduates standing haughtily before cowering capitalists, seemed to Danny and his mother nothing less than an unsolicited gift from heaven. For now, after so many years of desultory attendance at the Touraine High School—Danny was twenty-five years old and was euphemistically characterized by the principal as "backward"—he was to be handed his diploma at the end of May; and before the coming of the providential catalogue he had been calmly considering the mean career of assistant to fierce old Pierre Forchaux, sexton of Oakwood Cemetery, for whom he had done occasional odd jobs for several seasons.

Throughout April and May, however, Danny and his mother only considered which one of the U. C. S. trades and professions he should enter and conquer by the mail route. To be sure, the profession of aviation, set forth in the catalogue as one easy to master by letter, was enticing to Danny, though he suspected that his congenital dislocated left hip would slightly impede his progress there; and his mother liked the picture at the head of the section about electrical engineering, showing a postal graduate standing with proud nonchalance before the desk of an undoubted factory owner, who was tremulously passing across to him a fat

envelope marked in large type, "\$10,000." But the pageantry of the polysyllables on embalming impressed Danny in the beginning. He was already, by reason of his association with Pierre, predisposed toward a mortuary vocation. More and more did embalming and undertaking exclude the other courses from his mind.

Then came the commencement exercises. The prophet of the graduating class, after settling the futures of the other five members, and being a little flustered, said: "Daniel Dundy. We see him in complete charge of Oakwood Cemetery, which will thrive and grow under his management." Danny, from the stage, smiled down at Mrs. Dundy, in the first row of chairs, as if to say: "Forgive her, mother; she *couldn't* know."

That night, sitting at the supper table, Danny cleared away the dishes from in front of him, reached over and turned up the wick of the kerosene lamp, and, saying, "Listen, mother," read from the U. C. S. catalogue some of the introductory matter in the section devoted to "Embalming and Undertaking":

"The cause of decay has been attributed to a supposed tendency of complex organic substances to break up spontaneously into simpler ones; but the profound physiological and chemical studies of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have shown that these substances, having been built up by the life processes, remain stable until by the life processes they are again reduced to simpler substances with liberation of energy for the purposes of mental or physical action. After death the so-

called organized or living ferments (various micro-organisms, especially putrefactive bacteria), which abound in all moist and warm or temperate climates, make use of this complex matter for their subsistence and multiplication. This furnishes the key to all the methods of embalming or preservation—that is, some means must be employed to prevent the living ferments from acting upon the dead body.”

Though her own predilection was still rather toward electrical engineering, or, failing that, portrait painting, Mrs. Dundy realized that Danny had given his whole heart to embalming and undertaking. She rose, walked over to the salt jar on the shelf behind the door, took the ten dollars from under it and laid it by her son’s elbow, resting her hand affectionately on his shoulder.

“Choose embalming, Danny,” she said with solemn finality. “You yourself must pick out your life work. So far as I am concerned, sonny boy, I won’t put a chip in your way.”

After that she cleared up the dishes and tiptoed out on the long front gallery, where she sat softly rocking back and forth, staring with tearful pride at the stars; while Danny, under the dining room lamp, labored through the letter enrolling him as a U. C. S. student and ordering the first set of books.

The next morning Mrs. Dundy was up an hour earlier than usual, so starting on her rounds that much the gainer in time. In those days—as now—she went about Touraine with a black telescope case in which she carried a miniature department store. Of toilet soap, embroidery, small tin kitchen utensils, perfumery, patent pain killers and many more such articles, which she ordered through the mails, she sold enough “to keep things going.” Rents are next to nothing in Touraine because there are only three thousand people among houses that were built for twenty thousand away back yonder in a time when there were no railroads in that section and it was a metropolis of Northwest Louisiana and Northeast Texas by virtue of the steamboats that maneuvered up the winding rivers and

bayous from New Orleans. Mrs. Dundy, for instance, has a huge, dissolving, two-story, red brick house up on the hill overlooking Big Cypress Bayou rent free, the owner believing that a house decays less swiftly when occupied, and all property owners in Touraine fondly trusting that some day, when the government improves Big Cypress Bayou, the dying railroad town will be reborn into a brilliant and lusty river city.

But as the tall, thin, malarial-brown woman scurried down the disheveled street the morning after Danny had decided, she determined that she must use all the means within her reach to increase her sales and profits; not for nothing does the U. C. S. teach you the “Art and Science of Embalming and Undertaking.”

Within a week the student had his first consignment of books and his first set of questions. “Introduction to Embalming” was mainly historical, tracing the science and art back along a gorgeous polysyllabic course to a tremendous antiquity among the prehistoric Egyptians, “thousands of years before Christ.”

“Thousands of years before Christ,” repeated Danny, reading aloud one night, scratching his furtive red beard in awesome reflection.

“And just to think, sonny boy, Touraine is so behind time it never yet had a body embalmed,” said Mrs. Dundy in a pained voice.

“This town *is* backward, mother, there’s no doubt about that.”

As the weeks went by other books were suggested by the U. C. S., all of which were duly ordered and paid for; and Danny’s mother pushed harder the campaign with the black telescope case. Every morning the summer sun sucked up from Big Cypress Bayou, that twists half around Touraine, enough water to saturate the air, and then boiled the town in it. The bitter weeds and grass on the edges of the sidewalks and streets stood up straight at daylight and lay wilted and sick at ten in the morning. The thick pine forest that draws up around the town on all sides kept out any breezes that drifted that way.

The air was filled with the heavy, nauseating odor of sun-killed vegetation. After twelve o'clock it seemed that there was nothing alive in all Touraine except the fiercely energetic old woman that had a "not right bright" son taking costly embalming lessons by mail.

Often she would have a housewife waked up from a siesta at two o'clock in the afternoon, so that the notion began spreading that she was getting to be a nuisance that would have to be abated in some measure by frigidity of welcome. This change—and it was a change—hurt, though she understood why it was. Yet the money had to be got—for the sake of Danny, for the sake of backward Touraine itself.

But surely you know that Danny's mother, in the main, was very happy through all this. After the boiling days with the black telescope case came the cool nights with the student who was applying himself, for the first time in his life, with a feverish zeal that must be invincible, thought Mrs. Dundy. Late in the afternoons she strode into the aging, streaky-red house, compelled Danny to go out and walk for exercise, cooked supper, washed the dishes and then sat out on the front gallery in the rocking chair. By turning her head she could feast her eyes upon the sight of the student sitting under the light of the lamp in his bedroom, fighting away candle bugs and wrestling out the undoubted deep secrets of a science and art as ancient as Egypt and still unknown in Touraine.

Now and then he would walk out through the open window and ask her advice how to write an answer to some of the long lists of printed questions. They were usually worded so that yes or no was called for. When, very early in the course, he told her about one of these questions, confessing that he could not decide which way to answer, Mrs. Dundy said: "Well, sonny boy, on my rounds, if anybody stumps me with one of them double-barreled questions, I kind o' mumble, 'Shouldn't be surprised.'"

So that when Danny came to a yes

or no question that stumped him—which was often—he simply wrote, "Shouldn't be surprised," attempting to approximate the vocal mumbling by blurring the writing. Since the reports on his examinations continued to be increasingly flattering, he concluded that his mother was particularly gifted in mortuary matters and so called on her frequently for advice. She herself believed that she must be a kind of natural embalmer, and her heart was glad in the thought that some day she would be a powerful help to Danny in his business. And the markings on the student's papers soon ran up to the point where he was informed, by letter, that he was now ready for the "U. C. S. Encyclopedia of Embalming, 3 Vols., \$15."

The ten dollars from under the salt jar was gone; and the twenty from under the pampas plume vase on the parlor mantel, the thirty from the lower dresser drawer, the five from the back of the clock, as well as some thirty more dollars from the profits of current receipts since the course had begun, all had followed the first ten. The especially sickly time of the malarial town was now come; many deaths were written up in the Touraine *Trumpet* every Tuesday, and savage old Pierre Forchaux cursed Danny for not helping out at Oakwood Cemetery. The student, excited to a frenzy of energy by the increasingly glowing reports on his examinations, would not leave his books for money. And Mrs. Dundy was determined that he must have the encyclopedia.

On that account she began taking out with the black telescope case, as a side line, a folder showing specimen pages, size of type and character of bindings of "Massye's Tours Through the Holy Land, 50 beautiful illustrations, \$3.00." So that presently the children on the street, seeing her coming, would cry out, "Here's Mis' Dundy," and when she would ring the doorbells the forewarned ladies would send out word that they were sick.

Fully one-half of Touraine's population are negroes. Mrs. Dundy had never called in at their houses to sell

goods; there was a limit even in business. If any colored person was suffering and came to her house for the famous Pimlico Pain Killer, very well; but to visit, as it were, at their homes—no! That was before the embalming course had begun, before the encyclopedia had been suggested. Now, when she needed more profits, she found fewer white houses open to her. And late one afternoon, on the outskirts of the town, after a distressing day, she turned quickly into a front yard, sold a grateful bill of goods to the flattered washerwoman and skulked hastily home.

"Danny, would you embalm a colored person?" she asked wistfully that night at the supper table, running her forefinger nervously along the triangular pattern in the red oilcloth.

"No-o, I don't think so, mother. If I get many calls, I'll train up that yellow Alec Pickett and let him do it. We got to draw the line somewhere. But I haven't seen anything about that in the books so far; maybe the encyclopedia will tell about the practice."

"Of course you're right, Danny; of course you're right," said Mrs. Dundy hurriedly, and rose and went about cleaning up the table.

The next day she ran by the gates while passing through the colored sections of the town. And the next day after that; and the third day. The business in the white houses continued falling. The encyclopedia kept coming up in conversations with Danny. On the fourth day Mrs. Dundy, early on her round, turned desperately to fast and furious traffickings in the forbidden homes; and kept it up. She harbored a wild hope that her shameful practice would go unnoticed, though she was certain that if Mrs. Cates heard about it she would be undone. Mrs. Cates, who carried a gray telescope case, was Mrs. Dundy's only rival in Touraine. That was before Mrs. Cates married Lalaunay the infidel, who threw the gray telescope case into Black Cypress Bayou.

Though Danny's mother heard no reports of her disgrace, she caught rumors about his studies. Most people

were laughing about them, but there were some who did not. Among these were the old ladies who clip all the obituaries out of the *Trumpet*, who delight to sit by death beds and who make regular weekly visits to Oakwood Cemetery on the hill beyond the railroad station, where they stray pleasantly among the tombstones to read the inscriptions. It was not generally and clearly understood what Danny was up to, but it had something to do with corpses and funerals; so the obituary readers were at once his partisans.

Often now after supper Mrs. Augusta Holzhauser, Mrs. Marie Thibodeaux, Mrs. Alice Marshall and Mrs. Mattie Wells, being close neighbors of Mrs. Dundy's, rambled over to her house and sat on the front gallery talking in joyous low tones on necrological subjects. Mrs. Dundy always led them to the end of the gallery farthest from Danny's room, that he might not be disturbed. Modulating her voice within heroic modesty, the potential embalmer's mother told all she knew about the science and art as ancient as Egypt and still unknown in Touraine.

Sometimes, too, the student himself, with a large indulgence, sauntered out, and, sitting on the top step, ran on about antiseptics, thorax, micro-organisms, fermenting germs, sodium chloride and corpses with an ease and non-chalance fairly stifling to the audience. If at these times Danny's mother was puffed to speechlessness with pride, will you begrudge her that?

Now the autumn came on. The final book recommended by the U. C. S., namely, "Etiquette of the Death Room," had been received and read. The last list of questions had been answered and mailed. A set of tools in a black imitation leather case had been ordered, along with five gallons of the U. C. S.'s special embalming fluid. Mrs. Dundy, Danny, the loyal old guard of necrological partisans and the high heavens awaited the coming of the diploma.

Unexpectedly it came, like so many splendid things. Danny rushed home with it one night at nine o'clock. Run-

ning into the dining room, where Mrs. Dundy was still pottering around, he pulled it with tremulous tenderness from the pasteboard tube. He spread the crisp, crinkly paper on the table, holding down the curling sides with his shaking hands. A rosette of red ribbon at one corner! A stamped seal of the Universal Correspondence School at another! A maze of words in beautiful, rolling letters! A mass of signatures of the U. S. C. potentiaries! And in the center of it all, written in thunderous red ink, behold: "Daniel Dundy, Bachelor Embalmerus"!

The conqueror stood gazing at it raptly.

"What is it, Danny?" asked Mrs. Dundy in a strange, husky little voice. But she knew. He did not hear her.

"What is it, sonny boy?" she repeated.

She tipped around the table, patting at her quivering mouth. She leaned forward and looked. She straightened up, whispering: "Bachelor Embalmerus—Bachelor Embalmerus." Then she threw her apron over her head and groped her way into the unlighted kitchen. Whatever else may be said of Danny, be it said now that he limped hurriedly after her, crying out: "Don't, mother, don't. I ain't no more now than I've always been." And he kissed her there in the dark.

That was on a Friday night. The next day Mrs. Dundy and Danny discussed the problem of getting some body to embalm. He must raise himself before the public by actual achievement. To be sure, he had studied the book entitled "Practice of Embalming," but he had had no real practice. Nobody had seen with the living and unlying eye what he could do; he wanted to see himself. So he and his mother labored six hours over an advertisement for the *Trumpet*. Late in the afternoon Danny took it downtown and waited for the proof. It was attractive in form, alluring in content:

DANIEL DUNDY

Bachelor Embalmerus

Preserves corpses for days, retaining natural color and contour. The relatives can take

their time coming home if you see Daniel Dundy first. Only embalmer in Touraine. See him for prices. O death, where is thy sting now?

This last challenge to death, emphasizing "now," had been put in at the suggestion of the orchidaceous editor of the *Trumpet*, but Daniel had accepted it with enthusiasm. The old guard of four necrological partisans, who called in after dark, agreed that the advertisement was one of the most fascinating things they had ever seen in their lives, or hoped to see. They grieved that there had been no death in town that day, so that Danny could set to work at once; if there had been one they would have known about it.

On Monday Danny's mother would have liked to stay at home and finger lovingly the lancets, syringes and other tools in the B. E.'s kit; but the advertisement had to be paid for, and the Bachelor Embalmerus would now need a new suit of professional black clothes. So she and the black telescope case and the book folder fared forth stoutly on their regular rounds. Mrs. Dundy wondered if he might not get a case before she returned home. Though the *Trumpet* with the advertisement would not be out until the next afternoon, still all the really poignant news usually precedes it by several days. Surely Danny's début was such news.

But no one called to solicit the B. E.'s preservative services that Monday. As succeeding days dragged by it seemed that no one would ever desire them, or would even suffer his ministration when freely proffered (for the sake of establishing a reputation and a business). The faithful old necrological guard raced to him with the first bulletins of any serious illness, after which he kept in constant touch with the sick bed, offering his science and art to the relatives in case the patient "crossed the river," as the old guard always spoke of it in hushed but tender tones. The relatives were often even impolite in their rejections.

There was the case of Grandma Fothergill, mother of Paul Fothergill, the banker, head of a Touraine first

family. She had a son in Nashville, a niece in New Orleans, a daughter in New York. As Danny hurried to the stricken home—"though she'll be happier over the river," the old guard had said—he had considered whether this case would not be the making of him. In his imagination, he told his mother that night at the supper table, he had seen himself a popular embalmer, recognized as the sole practitioner of a noble and necessary art and science by Touraine and Caddo Parish, and later on also the proprietor of an undertaking establishment.

"But I had barely seated myself in the front hall, mother," went on Danny with some heat, "when Mr. Fothergill came out and said: 'Get home, sir, and go to work.' As I came on home I saw Johnnie Thibodeaux throwing funeral notices over in all the yards. They said it would take place on Friday; and this is only Monday."

He noticed his mother turn her eyes away from him quickly.

"What do you know?" he asked impatiently. "Tell me."

"Danny," she said brokenly, "they've got Grandma Fothergill on ice. They're going to freeze her to keep her."

"Good God, mother! Me ready and willing, and ice a dollar a hundred!"

Mrs. Dundy bought Danny a new suit of black clothes. The town itself being so backward, she counseled the Bachelor Embalmer to hire a horse and buggy out of Jackson's livery stable and dash to the country if he heard of a death at any of the plantations or sawmills. If he could only do one body! Then Touraine would open its eyes. Then things would change. Then the undertaking establishment would come warmly closer. Besides, Danny was getting thin and haggard. The forced study all through the hot, dripping months had worn him down. But they had been filled with enthusiasm, at any rate. This disappointment was shattering his spirit. The country rejected the science and art of embalming even more harshly than the town.

One grizzly gray night in November—"a fine pneumonia month," the old

guard had said with genial optimism—Mrs. Wells stole into the Dundy home and sat down at the disheveled supper table with the tense air of a conspirator. Old lady Wheatley, she that had had lumbago for twenty years, poor soul, had crossed the river at two o'clock. Mrs. Wells, Mrs. Holzhauser, Mrs. Thibodeaux and Mrs. Marshall had been with her at the time, and were the only ones that were to sit up with the body.

"Only us four," she said, staring piercingly at Mrs. Dundy. "Only us. Dick Wheatley, the grandson, you know, the only relative, he's down at Pelletier's sawmill on Caddo Lake. He's been sent for, but he can't get here before tomorrow. Did you say, Danny, that embalming leaves no marks that you can see with the casual eye? . . . Well, I must be getting on."

Then she rose and threw on her cloak. "There'll be only us over there tonight—unless you and Danny come over, Mrs. Dundy."

Before ever Danny's mother had heard the gate latch click behind the captain of the necrological guard she had run into the parlor and brought out the black imitation leather kit. Only then did the B. E.'s eyes show the least understanding.

Presently he and his mother were splashing through the night toward the Wheatley four-room frame cottage further up the rain-gulleyed red hill overlooking Big Cypress Bayou.

"When Dick comes, Danny," panted Mrs. Dundy, "we'll say she requested it. It will be done then, anyhow, and the people will come and see a body really embalmed. And then—"

But now they were at the front gate of the aged seamstress's house. Inside they found the old guard energetically and dutifully drinking hot black coffee, by habit, for that stimulant was entirely superfluous. It was decided to wait until after twelve o'clock, lest somebody should come in. Mrs. Dundy and Danny sat silently in the death room and felt slow time stamping over them. Mrs. Wells and the other three professional sitters-up spoke of what a good woman old lady Wheatley had

been. The corpse lay on the nearby bed, the thin, wrinkled face still touched with that sarcastic smile which in life had accompanied a flow of conversation delightfully piquant when referring to those not present. Outside, the heavy gray drizzle was drip - drip - dripping monotonously from the eaves to the ground.

Mrs. Dundy gave midnight five minutes the start. Then, looking significantly at the Bachelor Embalmerus, she whispered hoarsely, "Now." Briskly he rose; swiftly he set the black kit on a chair and opened it. Mrs. Dundy energetically poked the burning logs in the open fireplace opposite the bed. The old guard stood close around the alluring array of nickel-plated tools—marvelous instruments that could lengthen a death watch from one or two days to six or eight. The B. E. shoved up and down, experimentally, the piston of a ferocious syringe, letting the expelled air fan his sparse red whiskers; and little Mrs. Marshall covered her eyes and shivered ecstatically. Finally, having filled the syringe full of the U. C. S. special fluid and laid it carefully on the handy centertable, the Bachelor Embalmerus, his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, limped determinedly toward the bed with a shining lancet in his right hand.

No one had heard Dick Wheatley open the front gate. No one had heard him come up the steps and on the front gallery, but then the uncouth logger had on rubber boots and was tiptoeing with timid and sorrowful reverence into this house of death. Now he opened the bedroom door and saw the steel in the upraised hand of the Bachelor Embalmerus. He understood the situation instantly, for report of the B. E.'s goading ambition had spread all over Caddo Parish. Standing just inside the door, he glared at Danny, who set feverishly to work packing his kit. From time to time the enraged grandson looked disgustingly at the old guard, who after having cried out, "Oh!" when he had first come in, now stood with their hands on their mouths as if to suppress any further incriminating exclamations.

"Friends!" breathed the huge logger, with some of his ancient relative's mordant irony.

"She requested that—" began Danny's mother spunkily, but the tempestuous grandson waved her to silence.

Snatching up the kit and can of special fluid, the B. E. scuttled around the untimely and terrible Dick and out into the hall, followed by the old guard and Mrs. Dundy. As they slipped and sloshed, through the quickening rain, down the muddy walk toward the gate, the grandson poked his head out of the front door and bellowed: "Hyenas!"

"Hyena yourself!" retorted the B. E.'s mother over her shoulder. "You're worse: you're behind the times!"

An added pain came into the face of the Bachelor Embalmerus after that night. His spirit was breaking fast now, his mother told herself mournfully. It seemed to her that he limped more than ever, was paler and more haggard. "Cherk up, Danny," she pleaded before starting on her rounds every morning. "There'll come a change. It's bound to come."

But there was no change for the better in the embalming business. Late one wet afternoon, a week following old lady Wheatley's sarcastic crossing of the river, Mrs. Dundy staggered wearily home, the bottom of her skirts muddy and heavy as lead; but she stopped at the gate to force her face into a cheerful set of expression, that Danny might not be unpleasantly affected. Inside the house she found him limping furiously up and down in front of his bedroom fire. He looked at her once and then turned away disgustingly.

"Danny! Sonny boy, what *is* the matter?"

"Oh, now I know why nobody will have anything to do with me," he broke out. "Now I know!"

"Why is it, Danny?" she asked fearfully, sinking into a chair by the table.

"Because you've been trafficking with niggers, that's why. I heard it downtown today. Visiting at their houses just as if they were white folks! Oh, yes, now I know why they cut me out. How long has this been going on?"

Mrs. Dundy stared into the fire, her lips pressed tightly together. Could she bear to tell him that only his U. C. S. course had made it necessary? Could she strike him with the information that it had really begun with the encyclopedia? His spirits were already too low, and she felt vaguely that if she laid this new disgrace to the course it would damage his effectiveness and prospects.

"Oh, a good long time now, Danny," she said finally, in a desperately hard voice. "A good long time now. I reckon I'm just common, sonny boy. I ain't like you. It comes natural to me, somehow, it seems, to be low-down. You're like your father, Danny, you and your gray eyes; you ain't got any of me in you. Look how hard I am. You see, I ain't even ashamed of it. Yes, I'm just low-down, sonny boy, just onery and common."

He turned his back on her, viciously kicking a smoking green log in the fireplace to make it burn. Mrs. Dundy drummed the fingers of her left hand on the table at her side; with her right she smoothed nervously at her wet black hair thickly streaked with gray, dropping it finally into her lap, where it lay clinched.

"And I reckon, sonny boy, you'll have to get out of this town now," she went on steadily after a while. "I've ruined you here. You're made for better things, anyhow, Danny, than me and this little jayhawk place. It won't be more than a month before we'll get up the money, Danny, for the trip—not more than a month."

And then she went out and cooked supper.

The next day Danny began pondering whither he should go. Two days after that he fell sick. His naturally anæmic constitution, his feverish study through the summer, the wetting he got the night Dick Wheatley came home too soon, his discouragement, all were against him. Dr. Fourier said it was pneumonia, and the little French physician can say no wrong in Touraine. Mrs. Dundy stored the black telescope case in the parlor. The first night he lay ill, the Bachelor Embalmer, call-

ing his mother to his bedside, said weakly:

"Mother, pneumonia is a hard disease. I know. You already have a good deal of knowledge about the art and science of embalming. Now get the kit and open it by the bed here; and I'll start in teaching you as fast as I can. And if I cross the river, mother, I want you to—"

"Oh, sonny boy, hush," she pleaded, falling on her knees and pressing her face into the bedclothes.

But Danny had his way with his mother. The instruction began at once and was pushed hard on succeeding days and nights. Often, while he held up a lancet or a syringe, the voice of the B. E. fell so low that his mother, to catch the words, had to put her ear at his mouth. If he detected her weeping he frowned angrily and whispered peevishly: "How can I teach you if you don't listen?"

It was on a Monday that Danny fell sick. Pneumonia is a swift disease. On Friday night, just after supper, when Mrs. Dundy followed Dr. Fourier out to the front door with her eyes burning the anxious question, he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "We s'all 'ope." When he does that there is no hope. "I am compel to go into de countree a litt bit piece, Mis' Dundee," he went on gently. "I s'all return hafter midnight."

Closing the door softly, Mrs. Dundy went over in the corner by the hat rack and leaned her head against the wall. Danny must not hear her; it made him angry, there was so much still to learn. Presently she straightened up, ran her hand smoothingly over her hair and walked with cheerful briskness into the room to the left, taking the chair by the bed.

"Let's see," said Danny, "we were on the treatment of the thorax, weren't we? Hand me that hollow needle. You see, mother, you stick it in right about here—oh, I am so doggone weak I can't reach the place. . . . How can I teach you, mother, if you don't listen?"

He lay back to gather strength, his right hand fingering at the tangle of thin, red beard on the point of his

peaked chin, his left holding the needle. Presently he was asleep.

About nine o'clock two of the old guard knocked eagerly at the front door. Mrs. Dundy tipped out and told them that she would like to be alone with Danny that night; besides, they needed rest, she argued. She stole back to the chair by the bed.

The open fire, across the room, smoked distressfully, the sap in the green logs slobbering and whining at their gashed ends. Mrs. Dundy noticed that the red shade on the lamp—Danny's student lamp—made the upper half of the room look ghastly and dismal; she rose, took it off, laid it on the table, sat down again. She reached over and slipped the needle out of the B. E.'s hand, placing it carefully on the chair in front of her which supported the open kit. From Bethel Baptist Church, up at the corner, she heard the dimmed and blurred singing of familiar hymns. She suddenly clapped both hands to her mouth when she noticed that they were singing Danny's favorite—"Throw Out the Life Line." Then, after a while, the church was quiet. She heard the pairs and groups of people passing by, their faint conversation dying away. . . .

Suddenly Mrs. Dundy woke up, her eyes seeking first the face of Danny and then the clock. It was now eleven. The B. E. was moving his lips, but she could not hear any word. She got on her knees and put her ear so close that she could feel his lips brush it.

"Remember your promise, mother," he was saying.

She nodded her head with desperately loyal energy, her eyes turned away, sucking at her lips to keep from screaming. When she looked at him again the Bachelor Embalmerus had crossed the river.

And then there thundered in her

mind Danny's maxim: "Always begin as soon as you can. The sooner you begin, the better the fluid will run in and the blood flow out."

"All right, Danny, I'll hurry," she said to the immobile face. "I'm going to hurry, sonny boy, right now."

Mrs. Dundy stood up. She walked to the foot of the bed and bent over the glittering row of needles and lancets. All at once she noticed that they were wet; so she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, and got a clean handkerchief out of the top dresser drawer with which to wipe Danny's precious tools. Then she picked up a lancet with a gesture of finality, turning effortfully toward the head of the bed.

Mrs. Dundy's knees were giving away. She caught at the bedpost—missed it. She could crawl. Ah, yes, thank heaven, she could crawl. She smiled in piteous triumph. And so she reached the hand that hung over the side of the bed, as if let down there on purpose by Danny. Now she had hold of it.

"You see, sonny boy," she mumbled through her sucking lips, "you see, I am hurrying."

Her left forefinger trembled across the wrist seeking the arteries and veins. Her right hand groped haltingly toward the wrist with the lancet—and leaped back.

"Oh, sonny boy, I can't do it. I break my promise, Danny, I break my promise. I can't do it. Forgive your low-down, cowardly old mother, sonny boy. She can't cut you."

Shattered with shame over her weakness, the old woman crumbled down on the floor. Dr. Fourier found her there by the bed. Mrs. Dundy still bemoans herself for not keeping her promise to Danny, who was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, unembalmed. But his title is graved in hard-earned stone—"Bachelor Embalmerus."



THE eternal triangle—One obtuse angle and two acute angles.

A BALLAD OF SAINT VITUS

By George Sylvester Viereck

GIRLS fidget with their fans. Scarce heard,
The mummers pause. The curtain rings.
Desire, like an uncouth bird,
Against the playhouse flaps huge wings.
The crowds, like crazy silhouettes,
Reel to a tune more fierce than gay
From thousand frantic cabarets—
Saint Vitus stalks along Broadway.

This is the turkey trot. The Saint
Spurs them. They mimic, scared of peace,
Till the last blazing billboards faint,
The mad gyrations of Maurice.
When from wan sleep they start, the drug
Still whips their blood. Thus night and day,
With tango, grapevine, bunny-hug,
Saint Vitus trots along Broadway.

And yet—why not? Tomorrow closes
The door of life and ends my rime,
And where Milady pins my roses
The worm will leave a trail of slime.
New bacchants wheel to measures new—
Who shall remember Gaby's sway?
And who shall think of us, of you
And me, along the mad white way?

L'ENVOI

Dear, Death the fowler spreads his net,
And lovely limbs are made of clay;
Our dust shall twitch with vain regret
If Love we seize not while we may:
Prince Vitus stalks along Broadway!



If she had only known in time she would have been just as indiscreet.

THE FRONT ROW GIRL

A Page from the Book of Broadway

By George Bronson-Howard

ALICE AMES remembers the time when Daisy Deliria was annoyed if less than six hansoms were waiting for her after the performance. To have a dressing room that was a bower of expensive hothouse flowers was a commonplace; and it was unnecessary for anyone in the company to buy candy—there was always a five-pound box open in Daisy's room, generally attached to it the card of some man who had been "put up" for the best clubs during infancy. The flowers often obscured totally the many black-and-white and wash drawings of Daisy that had appeared in magazines and other periodicals; and there was an excellent copy in oils of "Cleopatra," by Cahusac Deljian, R. A., for which Daisy had posed in London while she was a member of "The Belle of New York." On a shelf were the works of many of the younger novelists, the flyleaf of each inscribed with Daisy's name and the author's signature. Her dressing table was covered with the signed photographs of well known people in expensive frames: actors, managers, millionaires, playwrights; concomitants of twenty-two-karat buttonhooks, brushes and bottle tops and a "shaker," especially designed by a peer's goldsmith to accommodate her favorite tooth powder.

A silken Samarcand was on the floor, and "art" paper on the walls. The room looked more like a society leader's than a chorus girl's; and, if you had seen Daisy serving tea from her Russian samovar between matinée and night performances, had observed the top hats, sticks and white Italian gloves held in left hands while their twins juggled

cups, saucers and lettuce sandwiches, you would have found it hard to believe that you were in a theater; and, if truly you were, in none less than Miss Barrymore's room. Yet in 1900, Daisy Deliria, despite four years' trouping, was still an almost lineless lady of the front row, although her stage gowns were designed by one of our foremost artists and specially executed in Paris by Paul Poiret.

Alice shared Daisy's room; although, had Daisy been other than the famous Deliria, it would have been more orthodox to say that Daisy shared Alice's; for Alice was a "principal," the *soubrette* of the Music Hall. But the management would have dispensed with their *prima donna* rather than Daisy. Daisy was musical comedy incarnate. She attracted the sort of patrons who pay for nightly front row seats whether they use them or not; who give box parties and like to be noticed from the stage: the young and young-old males of Wall Street and Money Avenue; artists and writers, too (as you have seen), who give free advertisements in costly magazines, advertisements no money could buy.

Daisy Deliria was that *orithynorcus-paradoxus*, the pure chorus girl. Daisy separately told more than two hundred enamored swains that she was waiting for the man she could love "with all her heart" and that he was not the one. She might have had a house in Central Park West or in London's Mayfair; motors, liveried servants, a sea-going yacht, the distaff part of a peerage. Of the two hundred, anyone who was worth less than a million had a name that was

international; at least seventy-five of them proposed marriage and as many more would have done so had they been free of ties. The others offered many worldly inducements; a princely settlement paid through an attorney was the favorite. These latter Daisy at first demanded should never show her their faces again. When she became more accustomed to the viewpoints of Messrs. Worldly-Wisemen she only laughed and spoke mordantly of better men whose *honorable* proposals she had declined.

So she had spoken to Linlithgow Bruce; but the comparison had served her ill for once, though it might have served her well; for to him she owes the best advice ever given her. Had she followed it, this story might not be worth telling.

"You are keeping yourself for God's good man?" he asked, with a faint sneer. "Well, keep going on as you do, and you'll get fewer proposals such as you say Lord Earlington's was and more like mine. If you're a good girl waiting for undying love and eugenic children, you'd better shake cocktails, champagne and all-night restaurants."

"I can take care of myself," she responded coldly.

"You persist in misunderstanding." Bruce reached for his hat. "Physical purity is valuable only as a result of mental purity; otherwise, it's only selfishness or cowardice. And selfish or cowardly moralists are less admired by real people than those who sin courageously according to convictions. D'you understand?"

"If you think you can talk me into being a bad girl, you're mistaken," said Daisy virtuously.

Linlithgow, who was now at the door, smiled.

"To tell the truth, I have lost all personal interest in you, Daisy," said he. "There are two classes of people I admire: one is born with instinctive knowledge and good taste; the other has its feet set toward the palace of wisdom even if, as Blake says, the way lies over the road of excess. I thought you were one of the latter; and I am enough of a Greek to desire closer companionship

with you to bring your mind to the same state of perfection as your face and body. One can do that with the lower class, but seldom with the middle class. The middle classes are idol worshipers; and Respectability and What the World Thinks are their idols, each demanding daily toll of human lives."

He took a step toward her, speaking seriously. He was sorry for her.

"Marry somebody, if it's only the stage fireman—marry! Marriage is the only safe thing for girls like you."

II

ALICE AMES often shared the reflected glory of Daisy's conquests, Daisy insisting that her chum should be invited to her own triumphal feasts. But Alice was not popular with Daisy's admirers. She was a silent little person, too conscious of her lack of breeding and education to converse freely in the presence of men whom, often, she caught exchanging sly grins when other girls mistook homonyms for synonyms or perfect participles for past tenses. Alice came from the same lower middle class folk as Daisy, and had fought her way upward with more difficulty, having only brains and a singing voice instead of Daisy's surpassing loveliness. Alice's complexion lacked the Deliria peach blossom effect; both her face and her thin body betrayed one whose ancestors had been insufficiently nourished; although painters knew that when good living finally overcame this, Alice's gentian blue eyes would inspire rapture: they knew, too, that her low, broad forehead was one that Praxiteles would have been eager to reproduce in marble. Possessing that shyness which is allied with appreciation of superior things, Alice could never believe she knew much about either singing or dancing, and consequently worked so hard at rehearsal as to earn even the admiration of that great producer, Bob Ledyard.

"Miss Ames is one in a thousand," Bob had said when recommending her for her present position. "You don't have to tell her anything more than

once—in which she differs from ninety-nine actresses in a hundred.”

Therefore it annoyed Bob Ledyard when, some weeks later, rehearsals being called for a new burlesque to be interpolated, Alice's place was taken by a pretty, brainless girl of the usual *soubrette* type. Daisy informed him that Alice had decided to “study”—had spoken of some unexpected legacy when Daisy visited her in her new rooms in Washington Square. The “studying” puzzled Daisy. Where were the dancing masters and singing teachers? What was the use of an actress taking up English literature and economics? Daisy refused all urgings to do likewise, returning with righteous wrath some books Alice loaned her.

“I'd never let a man know I read such things,” she said; “and I'd never let any man I cared for read 'em. Why, they've got no respect for women at all, those writers. Anybody 'ud think we were just like animals.”

“So we are,” responded Alice, “women more than men. Men have developed their minds, their spiritual side. We haven't.”

“Men are a hundred times more animals than we are,” Daisy responded angrily. “I guess you don't know men like I do.”

“I don't try to appeal to their animal sense like you do, that's why,” her friend replied.

This speech was the beginning of a breach that never healed. Explanations, intended to abate Daisy's rage, only made matters worse.

“You don't understand, dear,” Alice conceded hastily. “But just consider. The minute *you* meet a man what results? A flirtation. What's a flirtation? An appeal to his animal sense, isn't it? Lowering your eyelashes, letting him hold your hand, speeches that lead him on—”

“I never led a man on in my life,” swore Daisy.

“Just *so far*,” Alice again conceded. “But why let him go any distance if you intend to stop him? When girls make a business of men, when they do it to get clothes and food and a place to live, I

don't say anything except that I'm sorry that's the best they can do. But *you* do it for fun: to feel flattered, to feel you're fascinating.”

Daisy drew her lips down.

“You'd do the same if you had my chances,” she said with cruel deliberation.

“I know you're prettier than I am,” returned Alice, flushing. “Still, I've had plenty of chances, too. But I talk about things to get their minds *away* from flirtation. I try to make a ‘pal’ of a man if I like him, so *I've* got lots of men friends. *You've* only got sweethearts and enemies. They begin by loving you and end by hating you—and it's your fault.”

“It's not. It's their own beastliness,” almost screamed Daisy.

“It's not,” returned Alice, just as angry now. “Some men *are* beasts. But if the others treat you that way, it's because you can't do anything *but* flirt; because you won't read, won't study, won't learn what's worth talking about. That's why your good looks are going to be your curse; see if they're not! If you won't try to get anything to replace them, for heaven's sake stop dissipating and doing the things that will make you lose them, or in ten years you'll be down and out.”

Daisy took herself off in such a temper that she could not even choke out a formal good-bye; and the anger lasted long. While it endured she learned something that gave her a good excuse for not visiting Alice again. “And so she's Miss Prude, is she—preaching at me whom nobody can say *that* against! She and that scoundrel of a ‘Linny’ Bruce!”

It was nearly seven years before she saw Alice again: years that brought many changes to them both; during which she never ceased to denounce her quondam chum as a hypocrite and false friend, the latter because of the growing rumor that linked her name with that of Linlithgow Bruce. So, when she celebrated too freely, Daisy often would recite an imaginary but pathetic charge that, gradually, she had grown to believe: that Alice had robbed her of a husband.

III

YES, Daisy drank. One cannot sit night after night in cafés where champagne flows without promoting that drink from luxury to necessity. After retiring at daybreak, one cannot rise before noon for rehearsals unless some stimulant forces a misused body into kinetic energy it does not possess. Daisy was receiving few offers of marriage now, her name having become too much of a synonym for the "gay life," her figure, draped and undraped, having been used too frequently by pink sporting sheets, to please the wife hunters. The men of the hard-to-enter clubs had begun to regard her as homogeneous with the young lady who entertained them with "Apaches" and "Tangos" at their favorite cabaret; her they paid with money, Daisy with suppers, taxicabs and wine. A morning telephone call to Daisy insured a satisfactory crew of female companions at the supper table. Was a pretty face noticed in the chorus, Daisy was 'phoned to to arrange for the pretty face's presence at a private supper party. There was hardly a male member of the "sporty set" that Daisy could not address by the same familiar nicknames they bore among their polo playing *confrérie*. In return she was "good old Daisy," or "old girl." She had not resented the "old" at first; such people called everybody "old" man, "old" boy, "old top." But one night it suddenly struck her with a sinister significance.

A splendid supper had been served in a Louis XIV room. "Baby" Webster was being wooed ardently by a young English viscount; Jean Hortense was looking soulfully into the eyes of a millionaire's sole heir; Letty Lee was playing her game with a wealthy young Jew, pretending to be impressed by his masterful ways. Every possible corner of the large, dimly lit room was in service for couples playing the eternal game; while she, Daisy Deliria, most beautiful and celebrated of all, sat at the table attentionless. Dozing nearby was the cynical host, a wealthy idler who gave such suppers automatically, since it was

part of the life he had selected in youth and which had so sapped his energies that he was unable to change it in age, though it now bored him intensely.

"Looks like we're out of it, old girl," he said, awaking at some burst of merriment wilder than usual. He spoke solely from politeness, for silences were not etiquette at gay supper parties: somebody might start thinking.

She winced.

"D'you remember that supper I gave at Curat's five years ago?" he went on drowsily. "How I chased you into a corner and wouldn't let you out until you kissed me?"

"I didn't, though," she said with spirit.

"We didn't understand you then, Daisy," said he, and dozed again, leaving Daisy to ponder over his explanation.

They understood her *now*. It was a bold man who would make overtures to the man-scorning Deliria, who had learned to jest at impropriety of speech and to make the speaker feel ridiculous; and she was beginning to understand what we have stated: that the marrying men, having formed too bacchanalian a view of her character, sought "squabs," "chickens," if they wanted theatrical brides, not the girl whose picture a thousand barbers had cut from their illustrated weekly and used as a mural decoration, whose fleshing limbs were as familiar as her face to readers of ten-cent magazines.

Daisy's conduct from the night just chronicled was due to an instinctive knowledge that she needed new attractions. Had she applied cold reason to instinct, the tactics would have been just as new but of a different sort; reasoning, at this point, might have saved Daisy from her ruin. The truth was that, having discounted her physical lure, she must endeavor to attract by mentality. To do this, she must train her mind as Alice had advised years since.

But Daisy was only instinctive. And instinct, long subjected to false brakes, misled her. Realizing her need, she reached swiftly for what was near to hand. She began to pose as a wit.

The kind of wit Daisy affected was popular in England when all shallow-pates went about, as somebody says, with one deadly epigram, waiting for some indecency in the conversation to plant it, as bees conserve their one deadly sting; an imitation of the moribund "Yellow Book" formula, without its "form." One has only to be alert to be expert at such wit; to pounce upon and distort any unintentional ambiguity in careless conversation. Daisy congratulated herself when she found men again paid her conversational attention. Young fellows meeting her for the first time grinned in expectancy and told her they had heard of her cleverness. In the struggle to maintain this reputation, she soon was guilty of verbal indiscretions that shocked her. But she could not go back. Soon she was reading privately printed books, pornographic verse. She wrote some of the latter herself, to recite at parties; and some stray bits were printed by a Cayenne-Tabasco weekly. Her reputation rose—and fell.

That is, her personal attraction fell. Even boys did not make offers of marriage now; she was no longer forced to frown coldly upon their elders for the habit of suggesting that they be her bankers. Once they heard her *ripostes* and read her verse, even cynical roués decided they wanted minds more innocent to move them to affection. Men do not desire women to tell smoking room stories; at their worst, they only wish them to listen. Nor, in spite of their oft expressed liking for "jolly good fellows," do they like to see women drink. A glass or two of champagne, a cocktail before dinner, a liqueur after, those they permit; but when a woman refills her glass greedily, men mentally shrug their shoulders.

But the habit had grown upon Daisy, particularly since the beginning of her reputation as a wit. To have a continual overflow of sparkling conversation (even when the sparkle is brummagem) necessitates either exciting circumstances or, else, stimulants. The circumstances, alas, had been lacking long since for Daisy.

At this stage her former admirers telephoned her less frequently.

She began to have unengaged evenings. They frightened her. She was accustomed to having her waning self-confidence restored by obsequious people: chauffeurs who bowed and scraped, knowing she would make it a point with her escorts to see they were "kept"; headwaiters who greeted her as royalty, since she was the sort of person who always called for "special" things which would necessitate their consultation and remuneration; cloakroom attendants who knew, if they flattered her by inferring that she was too famous to need a check to identify her wraps, that she would ask her friends to give them some lagnappe worth while. If she went merely to powder her nose, she carried a dollar donation, since the sort of men with which she consorted did not feel comfortable handing such a girl silver. And the orchestra leader never played her favorite airs until she requested it; for her request complied with meant that somebody would toss him something more than the ordinary bill. All these people, secure in the largesse her attendance involved, allowed her unbuked the airs of a grand duchess.

One restaurant after another, and so on until morning; and every night for years: that was her life. She could not give it up. And as it was a life that must be lived at somebody's expense, she condescended to accompany *de-classé* choristers and their college boys.

Soon she was seeing more students and less and less of her former friends of the Racquet and University clubs; finally, students only. Yale and Princeton Saturday nighters, most of whom had possessed "den" pictures of her for years, spread the glad news of finally achieving a personal acquaintance with their divinity. Wholesale introductions followed. Except that few of these boys had allowances that permitted them to be regular patrons of the all-night restaurants where champagne was the customary order, it was like a renewal of her pristine triumphs. As for champagne, Daisy's desire had never been for its taste but for its effect; therefore less

expensive liquors served as well—in fact, better, for she could purchase them herself, facing the necessity which grew more frequent of mornings.

IV

WHEN the old Music Hall fell behind the times and finally closed, Daisy remained without a situation for many months. Managers, devoid of "old times" sentiment, appraised her thickening figure and threatened double chin at much less than those who had formerly profited through her. Even then she did not see the writing on the wall, though her college boy friends were going the way the Racquet Club men had gone—but for a different reason. Such boys like to sit in front row seats and carry on pantomime conversations with their friends while on the stage, advertising to those seated nearby that they are sad young dogs; later, at the stage door, to hear off casually these comedy queens before the longing eyes of gallery boys and rival collegians. They did not relish exchanging these triumphs for an expensive and unadvertised taxicab trip to a dingy Harlem apartment house section. Standing under a gasolier covered with tissue paper, surrounded by other such supposed improvements, in a Harlem home of tasteless respectability, her caller was apt to note that her eyes and complexion were losing their brilliancy and that her costume did not heighten any remaining charms. Daisy had never been careful of her clothes—beauties do not feel the necessity; and she had never had much money to spend on them, since her wages largely supported her mother's home.

Under such circumstances, such an escort was apt to resent expensive orders of food or drink, the results not justifying the expenditure; and if he submitted to her requisitioning a taxi when they might have walked two or three blocks in less time, it was only once and that sullenly. As for having taxis "kept," that day was past. When she suggested it, she received cold stares of dislike.

Out of work three months, she was reduced to telephoning instead of being telephoned; after four months, she was forced to hunt up girl friends and go to Curat's for tea in the hope of being able to entrap former acquaintances into dinner and supper invitations, a habit soon detected by the wary Broadway birds who kept out of gunshot after a few of their number had been bagged.

"Daisy Deliria's trying to catch your eye, Ralph," said one "leading man" to another, both her ardent admirers in days gone by.

"Thanks for the warning," said Ralph, incontinently departing. The other leading man, as yet without Ralph's experience, served as his substitute; and when later he dismissed a taxicab at Daisy's home, he borrowed carfare from the chauffeur to ride back to the club on the "L."

In her happier days, Ralph's friend would have whistled happily on his "L"-ward journey and boasted at the club of having been allowed to go broke in Daisy Deliria's service.

In face of such attitudes, Daisy was visited by the subconscious realization that employment was necessary to make new friends or even retain old ones. After fruitlessly making many rounds, she found one of her former stage managers with an "angel" and careless of expense.

"But I can't afford to pay you your salary unless you do a part, Daisy," he said. "The showgirl's day is over. I only use ten, and I can get all I want for eighteen per. We've done everything that can be done with lineless languid ladies. Can you play a part?"

"Sure," said Daisy desperately.

But Daisy couldn't. Bob Ledyard gave her his patient best and much time that he could ill afford to spare from his dancing girls. Finally, in despair, he called upon the librettist and commanded him to write a small part into a certain situation.

"You'll have to take it, Daisy," said Bob later when he thrust the supererogatory few lines into her hand.

"Thirty dollars a week?" she sobbed unbelievably.

"If it was anybody but you it would be the raspberry," said Bob, trying to be kind. "Can't you buck up, Daisy? You're losing your looks and your figure. Why don't you try to learn singing or dancing? If you will, I'll see that you get your old salary in my next show."

And, after a pause, for he realized he had asked an impossibility of such as the Deliria temperament:

"Why don't you get married, girlie? It's the best thing for you, really."

Her sobbing made him uncomfortable. He recalled the old Music Hall days when he was a young producer and Daisy was a queen; remembered her kindness to less fortunate girls.

"There, there," he said hastily. "I put on ten shows a year, Daisy. I'll always see there's a 'bit' for you. You won't starve anyway. There, there. . ."

V

LINLITHGOW BRUCE and Alice Ames pushed through the crowd at the theater, hoping for a taxicab. Finding none, as they feared would be the case on New Year's Eve, they were caught in the Broadway crush, and, after Alice had suffered from the roughness of several rowdy revelers, Bruce pushed her through swinging doors into one of those second class restaurants patronized by Brooklyn burgesses and Harlemites on the rampage, students and others of the sort only occasionally bacchanalian.

He sent word that the headwaiter should somewhere wedge in an extra table. Turning, he saw Alice standing rigidly, staring in horrific dismay.

"Linny! There's Daisy Deliria!" Bruce looked, and nodded, frowning.

"She *has* done for herself, hasn't she?" he said.

Daisy was seated a few paces from the door, at a wind-swept table she would have scorned in days when headwaiters respected her male companions. Her faded charms were evident: the swanlike contour of throat was lost in a double chin, and her Cleopatra eyes seemed stricken with amaurosis, they were so dull and lifeless.

"Linny," said Alice, choking, "let's

give her another chance—take her to Long Island tomorrow. A few months with us; clean country air, riding, games—"

"Bother, Alice," said Bruce. "She could have had all that. She likes this better."

"She's got to like it *now*. But she doesn't, now that she sees the finish of it, I know. She's learned her lesson—only nobody cares now."

"You'll have a tough job," said Bruce, surveying Daisy critically. "However, since it's winter and we're not likely to have many visitors, go ahead if your mind is set on it. But it's useless, my dear."

Alice crossed swiftly to Daisy's table. The body that had been thin was "slender," the formerly peaked face "spirituelle"—good food and right thinking make such metamorphoses; and the gentian blue eyes and broad, low forehead thus provided with a fitting frame, Alice seemed beautiful and a patrician; an effect heightened by sable coat, Vienna costume and rope of pearls. Alice had schooled her eyes into an almost permanent look of well bred toleration, a useful sort of look for public purposes; but the schooling was forgotten; her face expressing only a quick concern, half horror, half pity. Daisy, who had seen her from the first, though pretending not to, read the look aright, and her eyes seemed amaurotic no longer but regained a flash of hatred for the girl she had once patronized. She tried to down her surging envy with scorn for the method by which the costly clothes had been procured, attributing in error all her former chum's new beauty and charm to them.

There were six boys at the table, none of age, none rich; six boys who had pooled their finances to purchase the costly wine that is compulsory on New Year's Eve, and had invited Daisy because she was the only girl of the kind they knew who did not have an engagement at the eleventh hour. The boys were tipsy, and having just discovered that the cooler yielded no further refreshment, were rallying Daisy on having infringed upon their shares.

"Order more, then," she said loudly for Alice to hear as she came up, a fatal piece of bravado that became a boom-erang.

"Order more! Who d'you think you're with? Those millionaire friends of yours you're always telling us about? Wonder they didn't send one of their ten-thousand-dollar cars for you tonight!"

Daisy had not turned, although she knew Alice was there. It maddened her that, at Alice's appearance, there should have come into the eyes of these college boys so complete a respect. They wore their Fifth Avenue look. They had a different sort for Broadway. Reminding them as she did of their sisters' friends from convent and boarding school, girls to whom they would some day be engaged, the appearance of Alice sobered them like cold water.

The ashes of life were in Daisy's mouth, her wine of Dead Sea fruit. Was it for this she had kept "straight," that a smug fraud might gain more respect than she? No, swore Daisy, with a pious oath; she had paid with poverty for respect and respect she would have; no dressed-up minx should rob her of that for which she had sacrificed everything.

She contained herself grimly while Alice spoke.

"Daisy, I'm so glad to see you again. Come home with us, won't you, dear? I've so much to tell you. It's been years . . . We're at the Ritz tonight, but tomorrow we go back to Long Island, and we'll take you for a long, long rest. You need it, poor darling. Come. . . . Why—Daisy!"

Alice stepped back like one suddenly struck. Indeed, Daisy's forcible removal of her gentle grasp had been equivalent to a blow; and now she faced Alice wild-eyed, determined to strip off the impostor's mask. Precious little respect they'd have for Miss Alice Ames when *she* had her say! And then maybe they'd remember what was due a "good" woman.

"None of your impudence, Alice Ames!" she almost screamed. "The nerve of you—to try the pitying act on

me! Me that could have had 'Linny' Bruce and all your sables and pearls, too, if I'd wanted to sink to *your* level! Yes, and twenty times better men than he ever was. Better save your pity for somebody that needs it—yourself. The world's got a thousand times the respect for me it's got for you. These boys here 'ud rather be seen with my kind of girl a thousand times better than your kind—"

Alice had found time to regain her poise. She knew that only from appearances could even the nearest revelers conclude matters were awry between them. In the pandemonium which had broken loose at the twelve o'clock whistle before she got to her feet, Daisy's violences were like whispers. Indeed, Alice had recognized the words of abuse only by the movements of Daisy's lips.

All gentleness had flown from Alice; she desired but to retreat in good order. The cool, detached poise, the amused tolerance, that was now habitual with her, had returned.

"They'd never have the *chance* to associate with *my* kind of girl, Daisy," she said, sweeping her with scornful eyes. Speechless with rage, unable adequately to retort, Daisy yet knew that she must efface that scorn. She reached for something to hurl at this smiling sinner; but her hand was caught and pinioned by a waiter captain, who having noted her fiery look when she rose, had moved nearer during her declamation.

The noise was still too general for any but those two to hear what he said; but Daisy would have rather all the others witnessed her humiliation than this one woman. For the waiter captain, after appraising the sables, the costume and the pearls, might have been Alice's own personal servant.

"She won't try anything like that again, madam," he said, referring to Daisy, whom he viewed sternly. "But, if you're a bit nervous about it, I'll make her leave the place this instant."

"A thousand times as much respect, Daisy?" Alice murmured, diabolically gentle. Immediately she was sorry. It was like striking a lame beggar; for at last Daisy had realized she was an Esau;

that the price of her birthright was only pottage. Her look, as she sank into her seat, haunted Alice for many nights.

She put out her hands as a mother to a helpless, naughty child.

"Daisy dear, forgive me. I didn't mean it. Forgive me. Please come with me to Long Island. Please."

But Daisy neither spoke nor moved.

"Better leave her, madam," said the captain. "I'll look out for her if she's a friend of yours."

"But don't you know her, waiter, know who she is?" gasped Alice. Surely the man would not speak so if he knew.

He nodded. "Daisy Deliria? Oh, yes, madam. For years. We see them come and go, we waiters. Once"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I know. It's a hard thing to say, but we'd rather she wouldn't come here. She makes more complaints of service and gives more trouble for the small money that's spent than any fifty . . . Have your table ready in a moment, sir," he said to Bruce as he reached him.

"Lynn!" said Alice faintly.

"Get a taxi, no matter who ordered it first," said Linlithgow Bruce, alarmed at her look. "Here!"

"Thank you, sir," said the captain.

VI

DAISY had not opened her eyes when Alice and Bruce departed. The collegian who had spoken so rudely of her millionaire friends' absence now thrust a toy megaphone at her and observed admiringly that if she could persuade her friend to join them they would endeavor to raise the price of another bottle; a further tribute to Alice that was a twist of the knife already in Daisy's vitals. Her silence annoyed her interlocutor, who with the others plotted some devilry to cure her of her "sulks," a devilry that might have eventuated but for the results produced by Daisy's second caller.

This one, a man, an insufferable toady and cad, who had annoyed every celebrity on the Nightless Lane by taking

his given name in vain on provokingly brief acquaintance, came up as the din began to die down. It was his aim in life to pretend an intimate acquaintance with all well known people, and, to carry this off successfully, collected gossip as Wall Street men collect money. Once he had boasted to others that he knew Daisy Deliria. Now he seldom troubled to speak to her; she was no longer worth his while. Daisy hardly remembered him.

"Was that Alice Bruce I saw standing at your table?"

She opened eyes that seemed again lifeless. "Who?" she asked dully.

"Alice Bruce. Funny her being here—just dropped in myself, making the rounds. Canary's or Monico's more her style. Still, people do go everywhere New Year's Eve, don't they? Like me, for instance, dropping in—"

"Alice who?"

"Didn't know she'd married Bruce? Eho, yaas—years ago. Somebody left her money and she went back to school. Bruce likes to do weird things, and they say she met him through some—what-d'you-call-it—sociological society."

The gossip winked; it was the sort of wink that caused self-respecting men to flee at his approach.

"Although they do say that money story is the bunk, and that he took her out of the old Music Hall himself. Not that I know. Clever girl, anyway; not a word about her stage career in the papers or anything. Even went to her home town to get married . . . Why, what's the matter with the woman?"

Daisy had fainted.

VII

BOB LEDYARD always keeps his word. There is only one Bob, and managers expect a great man to have some idiosyncrasies. So Daisy has settled down to a steady minimum wage for playing "bits," although there is a movement on foot to make her a wardrobe woman next season. For she has lost her figure, and her voice is so hoarse that the few words she has to speak can-

not be identified by auditors farther back than the fourth row—not that the words entrusted to her ever matter very much; Bob doesn't let sentiment spoil plays. Certain obscure publications sometimes pay her fifteen cents a line for her verses or five or ten dollars for her short stories. She has but a single string to her lyre; her song is always of the brutal men who "have no use for respectable girls," which, she explains, is why she is not riding in motor cars. But she manages to even respectability's score to her own satisfaction by having those other girls of her stories die in the midst of guilty splendor, or, if she lets them live, it is only that they may be afflicted with that sort of bathetic remorse once exemplified when a certain class of songs became popular by featuring birds in gilded cages and banquets in misery halls. You can

see her any day at Curat's, paying for her own tea (with soda). If you should meet her, you will not escape her plaint:

"... No use for respectable girls . . . more lemon, waiter."

It is a curious word—respectability. Perhaps she speaks truly. But she alternates "respectable" with "good," evidently under the impression that they are synonyms. The phrase "chemically pure" was invented for such as Daisy. Goodness, or to be less vague, virtue, is, as Bruce once told her, in the mind. And a woman who has it there does not find pleasure in such a life as Daisy has led.

It was not the life of a "good" girl, only that of one selfish and afraid. She wanted everything in exchange for nothing; and such people generally get nothing in exchange for everything.



AU MARIGNY

By Royal Craig

WITH dazzling sweeps of maze like startled rain,
 Now shot with rainbow colors, now beguiled
 By strange, insistent glamors fraught with wild
 Sensations which are keen like salient pain,
 They twist and twirl and swing and sway. The strain
 Of ghost-filled music fluctuates, first mild
 And sweet, then crying like a tortured child,
 Until the dance's rhythm sways the brain.
 And from the frenzied mesh of silk and sound,
 A silent voice is calling, and I see
 A slender, marvelous figure dip and bound
 And writhe along the whirling ranks of girls. . . .
 Then, as the dancing falters, down at me
 She looks, rose-flushed, and smiles beneath her curls.



FAME—The reward of one who is willing to be chronically misquoted by the newspapers.

LILLY EDWARDS

An Episode

By Theodore Dreiser

I STOOD one evening in Piccadilly, at the dinner hour, staring into the bright shop windows. It was drizzling and I had no umbrella; yet that situation soon ceases to annoy one in England. I walked on into Regent Street and stopped under an arc light to watch the home-surging crowds—the clerks, men and women, the boys and girls.

The thought was with me as I walked in the rain: "Where shall I dine? How shall I do it?" I decided to call up a girl I knew, and did so, but she could not join me. I hung up the telephone receiver and went out again to stroll through New Bond Street; and looking idly at the dark stores, as I came back along Piccadilly, two girls, arm in arm, passed by. One of them looked over her shoulder at me and smiled. She was of medium size and simply dressed. She was pretty, in the fresh English way, with large, too innocent eyes. The girls paused before a shop window, and as I stopped beside them and looked at the girl who had smiled, she edged over toward me and I spoke to her.

"Wouldn't you like to take the two of us?" she asked, with that quaint, odd accent of the Welsh. Her voice was soft, and her eyes were as blue and weak in their force as any unsophisticated girl's might well be.

"This girl isn't hard and vulgar," I said to myself. I suppose we all pride ourselves in knowing something of character in women. I thought I did.

"No," I replied rather directly to her question. "Not tonight. But let you and me go somewhere for dinner."

"Would you mind givin' my friend a shillin'?" she asked.

"Not at all," I replied. "There you are."

It was a wet night, chill and dreary, and on second thought I made it half a crown. The second girl went away—a girl with a thin white face—and I turned to my companion.

"Now," I said, "what shall we do?" It was nearly eight o'clock, and I was wondering where I could go with such a girl to dine. Her clothes I perceived were a mere patchwork. Her suit was of blue twill, worn shiny. She wore the cheapest kind of feather boa and her hat was pathetic. But the color of her cheeks was that wonderful apple color of the English, and her eyes—really, her eyes were quite a triumph of nature—soft and deep blue, and not very self-protective. She looked as though she might be nineteen.

"Let's see! Have you had your dinner?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Where is there a good restaurant? Not too swell, you know."

"Well, there's L——'s Corner House."

"Oh, yes; where is that? Do you go there yourself occasionally?"

"Oh, yes, quite often. It's very nice, I think."

"We might go there," I said. "Still, on second thought, I don't think we will just now. Where is the place you go to—the place you take your—friends?"

"It's at No. — Great Litchfield Street."

"Is that an apartment or a hotel?"

"It's a flat, sir, my flat. The lady lets me bring my friends there. If you like,

though, we could go to a hotel. Perhaps it would be better."

I could see that she was uncertain as to what I would think of her apartment.

"And where is the hotel? Is that nice?"

"It's pretty good, sir, not so bad."

I smiled. She was holding a small umbrella over her head.

"We had better take a taxi and get out of this rain."

I put up my hand and hailed one. We got in, the driver obviously realizing that this was a street liaison but giving no sign. London taxi drivers, like London policemen, are the pink of civility.

This girl was civil, obliging. In the taxi I did not touch her, though she moved over near to me in that desire to play her role conscientiously, line by line, scene by scene.

"Have we far to go?" I asked perfunctorily.

"Not very, only a little way."

"How much ought the cab charge to be?"

"Not more than eight or ten pence, sir." Then, "Do you like girls, sir?" she asked quaintly, in a very human effort to be pleasant under the circumstances.

"No," I replied, lying cautiously.

She looked at me uncertainly—a little overawed, I think. I was surely a strange fish to swim into her net anyhow.

"Very likely you don't like me, then?"

"I am not sure that I do. How should I know? I never saw you before in my life. I must say you have mighty nice eyes," was my rather banal reply.

"Do you think so?" She gave me a sidelong, speculative look.

"What nationality are you?" I asked.

"I'm Welsh," she replied.

"I didn't think you were English exactly. Your tone is softer."

The taxi stopped abruptly and we got out. It was a shabby-looking building, with a tea or coffee room on the ground floor, divided into small rooms separated by thin, cheap wooden partitions. The woman who came to change me a half-sovereign, in order that I might pay the driver, was French, small and cleanly-

looking. She was pleasant and brisk, and her whole attitude reassured me at once. She did not look like a person who would conspire to rob, and I had good reason to think more clearly of this as we came out later.

"This way," said my street girl; "we go up here."

And I followed her up two flights of thinly carpeted stairs into a small, dingy room. It was clean, after the French fashion.

"It's not so bad?" she asked with a touch of pride.

"No. Not at all."

"Will you pay for the room, please?"

The landlady had followed and was standing by.

I asked how much, and found I was to be charged five shillings, which seemed a modest sum.

The girl locked the door as the landlady went out, and began taking off her hat and jacket. She stood before me with half-challenging, half-speculative eyes. She was a slim, graceful, shabby little figure, and a note of pathos came out unexpectedly in a little air of bravado as she rested one hand on her hip and smiled at me. I was standing in front of the mantelpiece, below which was the grate ready to be fired. I struck a match under the marble shelf and lighted a cigarette. The girl stood beside me and watched and plainly wondered. She was beginning to suspect that I was not there on the usual errand. Her eyes, so curiously soft and blue, began to irritate me. Her hair, I noticed, was brown but coarse and dusty—not well kept. These poor little creatures know absolutely nothing of the art of living or of fascination. They are the shabbiest pawns in life, mere husks of beauty, and living on husks.

"Sit down, please," I said. She obeyed like a child. "So you're Welsh? What part of Wales do you come from?"

She told me some outlandish name.

"What were your parents? Poor, I suppose?"

"Indeed not!" She bridled with that quaint country accent. "My father was a grocer. He had three stores."

"I don't believe it," I said mockingly.

"You women lie so. I don't believe you're telling me the truth."

It was brutal, but I wanted to get beneath the conventional lies these girls tell, if I could.

"Why not?" Her clear eyes looked into mine.

"Oh, I don't. You don't look to me like the daughter of a man who owned three grocery stores. That would mean he was well-to-do. You don't expect me to believe that, with you leading this life in London?"

She bristled vaguely but without force.

"Believe it or not," she said sullenly, "it's so."

"Tell me," I said: "how much can you make out of this business?"

"Oh, sometimes more, sometimes less. I don't walk every day. You know I only walk when I have to. If I pick up a gentleman, and if he gives me a good lot, I don't walk very soon again—not until that's gone. I—I don't like to very much."

"What do you call a good lot?"

"Oh, all sorts of sums. I have been given as high as six pounds."

"That isn't true," I said. "You know it isn't true. You're talking for effect."

The girl's face flushed.

"It is true. As I'm alive, it's true. It wasn't in this very room, but was in this house. He was a rich American. He was from New York. All Americans have money. And he was drunk."

"Yes, all Americans may have money"—I smiled sardonically—"but they don't go round spending it on such as you in that way. You're not worth it."

She looked at me, but no angry rage sprang to her eyes.

"It's true just the same," she said meekly. "You don't like women, do you?" she asked.

"No, not very much."

"You're a woman hater—that's what you are. I've seen such."

"Not a woman hater, no. Simply not very much interested in them."

She was perplexed, uncertain. I began to repent of my boorishness and

recklessly lighted the fire (cost—one shilling). We drew up chairs before it and I plied her with questions. She told me of the police regulations and many of the external details of the life. She then told me—not without pride—of a place in the East End—I don't recall where—where the poor Jews and others walk, but they are an awful lot, she assured me. The girls are lucky if they get three shillings, and they are poor, miserable drabs. I thought at the time if she could look down on them, what must they be?

Then, somehow, because the conversation was getting friendly, I fancy, this little Welsh girl decided perhaps that I was not so severe as I seemed. Experience had trained her to think constantly of how much money she could extract from men; not the normal fee—there is little more than a poor living in that—but extravagant sums which produce fine clothes and jewels, according to their estimate of these things. It is an old story. Other women had told her of their successes. Those who know anything of women—the street type—know how often this is tried. She told the customary story of the man who picked her up and, having escorted her to her room, offered her a pound when two pounds or a much larger sum even was expected. The result was, of course, according to her, dreadful for the man. She created a great scene, broke some pottery over his head and caused a general uproar in the house. It is an old trick. Your timid man, hearing this, and being possibly a new or infrequent adventurer in this world, becomes fearful of a scene. Many men are timid about bargaining with a woman beforehand. It smacks too much of the brutal and evil; and, after all, there is a certain element of romance involved in these drabby liaisons for the average man, even if there is none—as *there is none*—for the woman. It is an old, sad, sickening, grim story to most of them, and men are fools, dogs, idiots, but rarely anything fine or interesting in their eyes. When they see the least chance to betray one of them, to browbeat and rob or overcharge him in any

way and by any trick, they are ready to do it. My little maid had been schooled by perhaps a hundred experienced advisers of the street as to how this was done. I know this is so, for afterward she told me of how other women did this.

But to continue:

"He laid a sovereign on the table, and I went for him," she said.

I smiled, not so much in derision as in amusement. The story did not fit her. Obviously it was not true.

"Oh, no, you didn't," I replied. "You are telling me one of the oldest stories of the trade. Now the truth is you are a silly little liar, and you think you are going to frighten me, by telling me this, into giving you two or three pounds. You can save yourself the trouble. I don't intend to do it."

My little Welsh girl was all at sea at once. Her powerless but really sweet eyes showed it. Something hurt—the pathos of her courage and endurance in the face of my contemptuous attitude. I had made fun of her obvious little lies and railed at her transparent tricks.

"I'm a new experience in men," I suggested.

"Men! I don't want to know anything more about them!" she returned with sudden fury. "I'm sick of them—the whole lot of them! If I could get out of this I would. I wish I need never see another man!"

I did not doubt the sincerity of this outburst. But I affected not to believe her.

"It's true!" she insisted sullenly.

"You say that, but that's talk. If you wanted to get out, you would. Why don't you get a job at something? You can work."

"I don't know any trade now, and I'm too old to learn."

"What nonsense! You're not more than nineteen and you could do anything you pleased. You won't, though. You are like all the others. This is the easy way. Come," I said more gently, "put on your things and let's get out of this."

Obediently and without a word she put on her coat and her bedraggled hat and we turned to the door.

"Look here," I said, "I haven't meant to be unkind. And heaven knows I've no right to throw stones at you. You are one of society's mistakes, and you are a subject for the economist rather than the moralist. You don't know what I'm talking about, and it doesn't matter. And now let's find a good, quiet restaurant where we can dine slowly and comfortably like two friends who have a lot to talk over."

In a moment she was all animation. The suggestion that I was going to act toward her as though she were a lady was, according to her standards, wildly unconventional.

"Well, you're funny!" she replied, laughing. "You really are funny!" And I could see that, for once in a long time perhaps, the faintest touch of romance had entered this sordid world for her.

As we came out, seeing that my attitude had changed so radically, she asked: "Would you get me a box of cigarettes? I haven't any change."

"Sure," I said, and we stepped into a tobacconist's shop. From there we took a taxi to L——'s Corner House, which she seemed to regard as sufficiently luxurious.

"Tell me," I said, after she had given the order, picking something for herself and me, "you say you come from Wales. Tell me the name of a typical mining town which is nearer London than some of the others—some place which is really poor and hard-worked."

"Well, where I come from was pretty bad," she ventured, giving me some unpronounceable name. "The people haven't got much to live on there." I wish you might have heard the peculiar purr of her accent.

"And how far is that?"

She gave me the hours from London and the railroad fare in shillings. I think it was about three hours at most.

"And Cardiff's pretty bad," she added. "There's lots of mines there. Very deep ones, too. The people are poor there."

"Have you ever been in a mine?"

"Yes, sir."

I smiled at her civility, for in entering

and leaving the room of the house of assignation she had helped me on and off with my overcoat, quite as a servant might.

I learned a little about Wales through her—its ill-paid life; and then we came back to London. How much did the average street girl really make? I wanted to know. She couldn't tell me, and she was quite honest about it.

"Some make more than others," she said. "I'm not very good at it," she confessed. "I can't make much. I don't know how to get money out of men."

"I know you don't," I replied with real sympathy. "You're not brazen enough. Those eyes of yours are too soft. You shouldn't lie, though, Lilly. You're better than that. You ought to be in some other work, worse luck."

She didn't answer, choosing to ignore my petty philosophizing concern over something of which I knew so little.

We talked of girls—the different kinds. Some were really very pretty; some were not. Some had really nice figures, she said—you could see it. Others were made up terribly, and depended on their courage or their audacity to trick money out of men—dissatisfied men. There were regular places they haunted. The restaurant we were in—a large but cheap affair—was quite a center, she said. "There must be other places," I suggested. "All the women who do this sort of thing don't come here. Where do they go?"

"There's another place along Cheap-side."

"You shall take me to that Cheap-side place," I suggested. "I will buy you more cigarettes and a box of candy afterward. I will pay you for your time."

She thought about her traveling companion whom she had agreed to meet at eleven, and finally promised. The companion was to be left to her fate.

While we dined we talked of men and the types they admired. Englishmen, she thought, were usually attracted toward French girls, and Americans liked English girls, but the great trick was to get yourself up like an American

girl and speak her *patois*—imitate her slang, because she was the most popular of all.

"Americans and English gentlemen"—she herself made that odd distinction—"like the American girl. I'm sometimes taken for one," she informed me, "and this hat is like the American hats."

It was. I smiled at the compliment, sordid as it may appear.

"Why do they like them?" I asked.

"Oh, the American girl is smarter. She walks quicker. She carries herself better. That's what the men tell me."

"And you are able to deceive them?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," I thought, "it's those who know very little of America," for I could not see how an American could help noticing that soft rural pathos which in the English and Welsh country voice moves me so much.

"How do you do that?" I asked. "They must know you're not an American girl. You don't look like one."

"Oh, but I can," she said.

"That's interesting. Let me hear you talk like an American. How do you do it?"

She pursed her lips for action. "Well, I guess I'll have to go now," she began. It was not a very good imitation. "All Americans say 'I guess,'" she informed me.

"And what else?" I said.

"Oh, let me see." She seemed lost for more. "You teach me some," she said. "I knew some other words, but I forget."

For half an hour I coached her in American slang. She sat there intensely interested while I drilled her simple memory and her lips in odd American phrases, and I confess I took a real delight in teaching her. She seemed to think it would raise her market value. And so in a way I was aiding and abetting vice. Poor little Lilly Edwards! She will end soon enough.

It was rather a dismal thing sitting there, I must confess. The room was lively enough, but this type of life is so vacant of soul. It is precisely as though

one stirred in straw and sawdust expecting it to be vigorous with the feel of growing life and freshness, such as one finds in a stalk or tree. It is a world of dead ideals, I should say—or, better yet, a world in which ideals never had a chance to grow. The women were the veriest birds of prey, cold, weary, disillusioned, angry, dull; and perhaps the men were victims of carnal desire without the ability to understand how weary and disgusted the women were who sought to satisfy them. No clear understanding of life on either side; no suggestion of delicacy or romance. No subtlety of lure or parade. Rather coarse, hard bargaining in which robbery and abuse and bitter recrimination play a sodden part. I know of nothing so ghastly, so suggestive of a totally dead spirit, so bitter a comment on life and love and youth and hope as a street girl's weary, speculative, commercial cry of—"Hello, sweetheart!"

After buying Lilly Edwards a large box of candy, I took my little girl in a

taxi home to her shabby room and left her. She was very gay. She had been made quite a little of since we met. Her purse was now the richer by three pounds. Her opinion had been asked, her advice taken; she had been allowed to order. I had tried to make her feel that I admired her a little and that I was sorry for her a little. At her door, in the rain, I told her I might use some of this experience in a book sometime. She said:

"Send me a copy of your book. Will I be in it?"

"Yes."

"Send it to me, will you?"

"If you're here."

"Oh, I'll be here. I don't move often."

Poor little Welsh waif! How long, how long, I thought, will she be "here" before she goes down before the grim shapes that lurk in her dreary path—disease, ill health?

And the moral of it all? I don't know. Do you?



MEMORY

By Naomi Lange

I **DIGGED** her grave beneath the yew,
 I digged it deep.
 (Blood moon o' thick red
 Dript on th' slain dead
 Whiles I bore her through the dew
 All limp with sleep.)

And, when I dropped her down, my hands
 Caught in her hair.
 (Sick moon o' pale green
 Moaned through th' leaf sheen.)
 Now these burning yellow strands
 Cling over there.



REPARTEE—That which would have saved many a man from matrimony.

THE AMERICAN

By H. L. Mencken

DOES he exist? Is there actually such a fowl as the *Homo Americanus*? Has he yet emerged from his welter of parent races, his wallow of mongrelism, different, divergent, distinct? Does the thought of him bring up a picture of a definite human type, set off sharply from all other types? Is he recognizable physically; does he think and feel in his own peculiar way? Finally, does he show any signs of what the biologists call fixity of species: is he handing on to his children a something that is ponderable and characteristic, a something apart from and rarer than their common human heritage of hands and eyes, kidneys and warts, lusts and rascalities, *malaises* and *pediculidæ*?

There was a time, of course, when the answer to every one of these questions would have been a ready and perhaps accurate negative. That was during the Colonial era, and down to the War of 1812. The American who then flourished and begot his kind was merely an Englishman living in America, or, more rarely, a German or Dutchman or Irishman or Scotchman. If he showed any separate character it was only in small and unimportant ways. Physically and mentally he was practically identical with his brothers in blood across the sea. Even his revolt against English misrule was a revolt essentially English in principle and method; even his Puritanism was an imported madness. But once the young republic stood firmly on its own four legs, the American began to develop into a creature that had never been on land or sea. Physically and by habit he took on a certain gawkiness and *gaucherie*: he ceased to be a gentleman,

or even the larva of a gentleman, by any European standard. And psychically he proceeded to processes of mind and a theory of life which departed more and more from the characteristics and ideas of his grandfathers. Finally he stood forth boldly: distinct, unprecedented, incomparable, a new man under the sun. And when strangers came from overseas to sell out and share his land he forthwith swallowed them up, so that the children they presently spawned were more *his* children than their own, and their grandchildren were his entirely.

Today, I take it, there is no longer any serious doubt of his differentiation. Ethnologists may argue learnedly that he does not and cannot exist, but the world in general recognizes him at sight. In all his grosser characters he is marked off plainly from the races that have contributed corpuscles to his blood. Every schoolboy knows that he is taller than the Italian, and lighter than the Spaniard, and darker than the Scandinavian, and leaner than the South German, and less moon-faced than the Slav. Again, on the psychic side, it is patent that he is less imaginative than the Frenchman, and more mercurial than the Englishman, and more optimistic than the Russian, and less stolid than the Scotchman, and more practical than the Irishman. So much indeed is visible to the naked eye: no proof is needed of what everyone admits. But if, in an effort to make the obvious doubly plain, such proof is actually sought out, with tape line, callipers and scale, it will be found beyond peradventure that the American differs, in some way or other, from every other type of white man, sometimes

only in small details, but often very widely and strikingly.

Consider one element: his height. Measurements made of hundreds of thousands of native-born Americans, of all lines of ancestry, show that the average lies somewhere between five feet seven and one-half inches and five feet seven and two-thirds. That is the mean height of the normal adult American male, and it is substantially the same East, West, North and South. Now, how does this American compare to the men of other races? Is he larger or smaller? A study of the figure shows that only the Scotchman overtops him. The Swede, a tall, well made man, is nearly half an inch shorter. So is the North German. So is the Sikh, the tallest of all Orientals. The Welshman is a full inch shorter. The Greek, the Turk, the Italian, the Russian and the Swiss are two inches shorter. The Pole is three inches shorter, the Russian Jew is four. The Spaniard and the Hun, full five inches shorter, scarcely come up to the American's nose: he can look over them and into the eyes of the Norwegian, the Irishman and the Englishman, who are exactly his own height. But does this last prove merely that he is still an Englishman himself, perhaps with a dash of the Scotchman to draw him up and a dash of the German to draw him down, and dashes of the Irishman and Norwegian to keep him steady? Not at all. If you will examine the measurements lately made by Dr. Franz Boas, a very able and careful man, you will find that the American tends to be five feet seven and a half inches in height *even when he hasn't a drop of English blood in his body*. When immigrants come here who are shorter—and all of them now are—their children promptly shoot up toward the average. Thus the invading Bohemian, who is but five feet six inches in height, produces children who grow to five feet seven and a half. And thus the Pole, the Slovak, the Hungarian and the Russian Jew, who are from three to five inches shorter than the American, gain between an inch and two inches in the first American born generation, and will probably

reach the American average in the second.

This same curious movement toward a racial mean is visible in all other measurements. For example, in weight. It used to be thought that lean immigrants fattened in this country simply because they got more and better food, but now it appears that the process is far more subtle, for children born abroad, even when brought here while still very young, do not develop into as heavy men and women as those born on this side of the water. Perhaps the better feeding of the mothers explains it. But how explain the fact that, while the height and weight increase, the shape of the skull also changes? How is it, for example, that a Russian Jew born in this country has a rounder head than his brother born in Kief? And how is it that a South Italian has a longer head? Here we come upon movements toward the American mean from both directions. The American, as the anthropologists have it, is sub-brachycephalic. That is to say, his head is about four-fifths as wide as it is long: his cephalic index oscillates between 80 and 82. The Jew, on the other hand, is more brachycephalic: his index runs beyond 83. And the Italian tends to be dolichocephalic, or long-headed: his index is below 78. But the children of Jews, born in America, show an average index of 81.4, and the children of Italians show an index of 81.5. In brief, both lose their original characters and take on American characters. Both, in the very first generation, sprout essentially American skulls.

But all this by the way. The present bright day is not one for exploring too intimately the persons of immigrants, an enterprise trying to the patience and the nose. Nor is it worth the trouble it takes. We all know very well how perfectly the diverse stocks of past generations have been absorbed and amalgamated, and we see the same process going on around us today. With bell and book and by procedures less pious the strangers that come pouring into our ports are intermingling and interbreeding with the native stock and

with each other. Young Jewish bucks marry Irish girls, and Lithuanians take fair Bohemians to wife. Their children will marry the children of Italians and Greeks, Huns and Slovaks, Swedes and Danes. And into the cauldron, from time to time, there will shoot streams of English blood—English blood, that is, tintured with German blood, Scotch blood and Spanish blood. I myself bear a German name, but one-fourth of me is a fantastic of English and Irish, and the only girl I am sorry I didn't marry was half German, a quarter Irish and a quarter French. The fellow who carried her off was a Scotchman with vague New England quarterings. Their children will be as thoroughly American as Theodore Roosevelt. Their grandchildren will be more American than Abraham Lincoln, or Thomas Jefferson, or Andrew Jackson, or George Washington.

No, the immigrant does not last. A few whirls in the machine and he emerges wrapped in the Star-Spangled Banner, with American slang in his mouth, American sentimentality in his heart, and an American indictment hanging over him. He may hold to his national customs for a generation, but no longer. Ridicule makes him ashamed of them; ambition makes him abandon them. His highest aim is to speak American without an accent, to belong to an American lodge, to *be* an American. Nature helps him by lengthening his legs, by squeezing in his high cheekbones, by blocking his head to the national model. Nature helps still further by the process known as alternating heredity, whereby so-called dominant or strong characters crowd out recessive or weak ones, not by compromise and coalescence but by actual obliteration. The characters of the native type are dominant; they fit the American's environment. Thus they fasten themselves upon the stranger, helping out his sub-brachycephalic noddle, his elongating shank. And before this physical transformation has gone halfway, the psychical metamorphosis is in full force and effect. The German-American's view of things, even of things German, gradually becomes an American

view. The Irish-American, for all his ferocious loyalty to Ireland, ends by seeing her remotely, darkly, almost as he sees Armenia. And the gorged Italian-American, going back to his sunny vine-land to drowse away his days, is urged into politics by some force beyond him, and plays the game American style, his hands outstretched, his eyes alert for spoil.

But back to the American, the native and indubitable American, two long generations removed from the swarming immigrant ships! Back to that sub-brachycephalous and sentimental fellow, with his sudden sobs and rages, his brummagem Puritanism, his childish braggadocio, his chronic waste of motion, his elemental humor, his great dislike of arts and artists, his fondness for the grotesque and melodramatic, his pious faith in quacks and panaceas, his curious ignorance of foreigners, his bad sportsmanship, his primitive feeding, his eternal self-medication, his weakness for tin pot display and strutting, his jealous distrust of all genuine distinction, his abounding optimism, his agile pursuit of the dollar. Of all these habits and qualities, which is the dominant one? Which lies over and vitalizes all the others, as the grail motive vitalizes "Lohengrin"? Which may be said to give the American his peculiar cut and color, setting him off, not only in his actions but also in his way of thinking, his theory of life, his attitude toward the great problems of life and living, from all other civilized white men?

The average intelligent foreigner, I dare say, will offer a ready and easy answer to all these questions. He will tell you at once that the outstanding mark of the American is his money madness, and assume it thereafter as a primary and immutable premise. He will point, in support of it, to the huge fortunes of American millionaires, swollen beyond all estimate and dreaming; to the graft which penetrates to every nook and cranny of the public service, national, state and municipal; to the vast structure of privilege that has been built up by the mere power of money, so that the worst of all aristocracies is nur-

tured at the breast of the greatest of all democracies. And behind him, in this estimate, will be the practically unanimous public opinion of the world. It is rare, indeed, for America to be mentioned by a European without some reference, direct or indirect, to the American pursuit of the dollar. It is rarer still for an immigrant to come to these shores without the fixed intent to join in the chase. It is unheard of for a visitor to go home without carrying marvelous tales of American riches, American cupidity and American prodigality. In all European languages, and in most of those more remote, the United States is frankly spelled "United States\$."

For all this weight and circumstance of evidence, this universal concord of opinion, I doubt that the indictment of dollar worship is one that may be fairly brought against the American people. In that idolatry, indeed, there are devotees overseas who make the pale ardor of the Yankee seem almost atheistic. For example, the French. For example, the Scotch. For example, the Germans. What a Frenchman regards as no more than prudence and thrift, the average American would regard as avarice; what a Scotchman or German looks upon as decent economy, the American would reject as hoggishness. The American, true enough, receives more for his labor than these other fellows, not only actually but even perhaps relatively. He demands far more pay for his short day than they are able to get for their long one. But the money he thus acquires with ease he at once spends with prodigality. No other man of the same degree of civilization saves a smaller proportion of his net income in hard cash, or puts less of it into permanent property. No man is more swindled by useless middlemen and criers of gewgaws. He is poorer in all those goods which represent shrewd bargaining and self-denial than either the German or the Scandinavian: it is only the enormous natural wealth of his country, so vast as to be almost waste-proof, that makes him seem richer. And even counting in this natural wealth, he is poorer than the

Britisher and the Frenchman. He has less money in the bank, he is less a lender, his annual excess of income over outgo is relatively smaller. In brief, his alleged worship of the dollar is a great deal more an appearance than a reality. His mania for getting it is unmatched and overshadowed by his mania for getting rid of it. If he must be given a financial label, then let it be that of spendthrift, and not that of money grubber. No man in Christendom is less a hoarder-up of riches. No man has less genuine reverence for money.

This is shown plainly by the American attitude toward men of great wealth. Are they heaped with admiration and adulation? Are they revered as superior beings? Are they held up as models for the youth of the country? Are they showered with honors by the nation? Of course they are not. As Maurice Low has sagaciously pointed out, the United States is perhaps the only country in the world in which money, in itself, carries no public honor with it, and in which even the most lavish heaving of coins to the rabble goes unrewarded. An English Carnegie would have had a seat in the House of Lords twenty years ago; a French Rockefeller would have sported the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor before ever he sported a toupee; a German Morgan could never have escaped the Red Eagle and Privy Council. But in the United States a great fortune is the most effective of all bars to public dignity and preferment, and even to private respect. Our Ryans and Harrimans are not idols but targets: the one sure way to make a stir in politics is to attack them successfully, or, failing that, merely savagely. And our spectacular philanthropists, our Rockefellers, Carnegies and Sages, get only mocking for their philanthropy. They are public butts, fair game for every wayside clown and spellbinder. Imagine the roar that would go up if it were proposed to erect a monument to one of them, or to send him to Congress or to make him President! Now and then, true enough, a millionaire buys his way

into the Senate, but it is seldom that he lasts long or gains any appreciable influence there: he has scarcely taken his seat before a hue and cry is raised against him. The immorality of wealth, in truth, has been one of the fundamental doctrines of the American people since they first developed a settled public opinion. The whole history of our politics, from the day of Jackson's historic rousing of the chandala, has been a history of incessant warfare upon opulence. Every first-rate leader that the country has produced, from Jefferson to Bryan, has pictured wealth as something loathsome in itself and its possessors as familiars of the devil, and no open preacher of the contrary principle has ever won to an elective office of national importance.

But if all this is true, if the foreigner is wrong in his view, if the American is not the dollaromaniac that he is usually thought to be—even by himself, if the elegies of his moralists truly represent him—then what *is* he? What salient lust or weakness is his hallmark, as unruliness is the hallmark of the Latin-American, and melancholy of the Russian, and molelike patience of the German? What habit of thinking gives color to all his ideas, and direction to his aspirations, and form and substance to his character? Let me answer with a habit that is not really a habit of thinking at all, but rather a habit of feeling. A habit of dramatizing, of romanticizing, of sentimentalizing. A habit of reasoning almost wholly by emotion, abruptly, irrationally, extravagantly, even when the problem to be solved is as intrinsically devoid of emotional content as a theorem in geometry. In brief, the American thinks with his nerve ends, his liver and his lachrymal ducts, and only revises and regrets with his cerebellum. A member of the most numerous democracy ever seen upon earth, he pushes the tricks and weaknesses of democracies to lengths never matched in history. A unit in the largest crowd ever brought into reciprocal understanding and accord, his psychology is frankly the egregious, preposterous psychology of the mob.

The men of other nations, true enough, also have their national saturnalia, their occasional debauches of enthusiasm and rage, their orgies of hero worship and their butcheries of heroes following after, but it is only in the United States that the body politic is chronically in this state of tumescence, it is only here that a pathological state is almost the normal state. Say that the American is the master money grubber of the world and you do him wrong, for there are fellows overseas who grub for money harder; but say that he is the master sentimentalist, and you come close to giving him his authentic label, for there is no man in Christendom who puts pretty poetry higher above sober prose, or who views cold logic with a more bilious suspicion, or who is misled more easily or more systematically by undisguised appeals to his prejudices, his superstitions and his infantile vanities.

Perhaps we may find the first cause of all this in his fantastic mixture of blood, with its warring and irreconcilable feeding streams. No doubt it takes years for such a compound to settle. Much the same excess of emotion is visible in other mongrel races, for example, the Iberian, the Southern Italian and the Latin-American. A restless bubbling goes on until one element conquers all the others, or until some new and stable combination is precipitated. In the veins of the American, of course, this process is constantly interrupted by the entrance of new elements. Before the original mixture of English, Scotch and Dutch plasmas could arrive at equilibrium, there came an acid dash of Irish, and then a heavy stream of German, and now, in our own time, there are toxic, epileptogenic additions of Slavic and Scandinavian, Latin and Semitic. Add to this incessant stirring up within the individual or small group the ease with which ideas and emotions are communicated from one group to another, and you may come to some understanding, perhaps, of the peculiar excitability of the American people. No high wall, physical or psychical, separates one part of the country from the

other parts. There is unanimity of language, of ideals, of present interests, of fundamental assumptions. The same theory of virtue runs from Maine to Texas, and the same theory of truth, and the same theory of heroism. It is impossible for the Pacific Slope to be profoundly moved without awakening some echo of its feeling in New England and the South. With a thousand foci of possible inoculation, there is almost perfect machinery for spreading the infection. Let a new divine healer arise in some Arkansas hill town, or a new trust buster come forward with his panacea in Oregon, or a new kidnapping flabbergast the gendarmes in New York, or a new muckraker toss up a city dungpile in Ohio, or a new divorce inflame the pulpit thumpers in Boston—and in five days the whole country will rock with the news, and Americans three thousand miles away will miss meals to gabble over it, and make enemies in maintaining their views of it.

A cause contributing to this circular hysteria, this incurable eagerness to be startled and astounded, this childish interest in the trivial, this firm faith in the preposterous, is to be found in the large leisure of the American people. In their own view, of course, they have no leisure at all: they like to think of themselves as the prime hustlers of the world, the race *prestissimo*, the champion burners of the candle. But, as a matter of fact, they work less and play more than any other civilized nation. Their hours of labor are the shortest in the world; they increase their holidays yearly; they show none of that meticulous and insatiable diligence which characterizes, for example, the Germans and French. The result, on the one hand, is a general frowziness: a spick and span community is rare in the United States, and so is a spick and span home. And, on the other hand, the effect is to put a premium upon a host of devices, all more or less banal, for occupying the lengthening hours of ease. Nowhere in Europe will you find a people who devote as much time to any communal recreation, not even excepting religious rowdyism, as the

American people devote to baseball. Nowhere will you find a people with so much time for the fripperies and futilities of fraternal orders, Christian Endeavor Societies, "pleasure" clubs, idle visiting, interminable card playing, precinct politics and other such time-wasters. And nowhere, finally, will you find a people with less disposition to consider the sober things of life with that care and patience which they demand. The typical American is all for the short cut, the dramatization of a situation, the quick, spectacular solution. As Dr. Münsterburg puts it, he suffers from a congenital "inability to suppress and inhibit." He is perpetually drunk upon his own chromatic and effervescent blood.

Naturally enough, this attitude toward life in general leads to a wholesale corruption of those institutions which depend for their dignity and value upon their philosophical remoteness, their superiority to transient passions. For example, the judicial system. A court of law, in the United States, is not a thing above and apart from the stream of everyday life, but a bobbing craft upon that stream, subject to infinite suction and hazards. The least citizen is competent to criticize the highest judge, and he exercises that divine right whenever he is sufficiently attracted by the judge's doings. Nine times out of ten, of course, he is not attracted by them, and could not understand them if he were, but the tenth time he lifts his voice in hideous oburgation, and brave indeed is the rare Taney who disregards him. The result is that a case of any public interest whatever commonly resolves itself into a mixture of circus and camp meeting, with the newspapers in the dual role of clown and exhorter. Whether the defendant be a corporation accused of making money or an individual accused of murder, the actual weighing of the evidence is conducted outside the courtroom, and the verdict reached within is merely a weak echo and ratification of the circumambient *vox populi*. In the case of the corporation, of course, that verdict is always

one of guilt, whatever be the merits of the defense. So thoroughly is this true, indeed, that no sane corporation lawyer ever goes into court with any notion of trying such a case upon its merits alone. His one effort is to keep its merits out of it, to combat public prejudice and passion with professional ingenuity, to convert the issue from one of fact into one of mere procedure and etiquette, and so to achieve the salvation of his client by his superior knowledge of those recondite sciences. Technicalities have saved many an American criminal from his just dues, but for every criminal so favored, they have probably saved ten innocent men from legal lynching. Even so, the prisons of the United States are full of scapegoats—the helpless victims of popular prejudice, superstition and rage.

No sense of abstract justice seems to reside in the soul of the American. A mob man in his ways of thinking, he shows all of the mob's sentimentality, suggestibility, credulity, irascibility, bad sportsmanship and lust for cruelty. On the one hand, the United States is probably the only country in Christendom in which Christ might reappear and preach to the people without danger from the police; and on the other hand, it is the only country, save perhaps England, in which utter social and political extinction is the portion of the man who departs in the slightest from the current fashions in morals, theology, political theory or dress. It is but a few years since it was almost certain ruin for an American politician, save in a few large cities, to wear dress clothes; it is still ruin for him to wear court costume at a foreign court, or to defend its wearing by others. To prove that a man is an agnostic—*i.e.*, that his private attitude toward religion is that of such giants as Huxley and Spencer, Haeckel and Ibsen—is to debar him automatically from all public office save the most degraded. To convict him of adultery is even worse, despite the fact that fully sixty per cent. of all American men are unchaste, and the further fact that most of the rest would be likewise if they had the courage. It is a definite

crime in the United States for a man to argue publicly against many of the doctrines set forth in the Declaration of Independence: he may actually get into jail for it. Republican France has her royalists and all the kingdoms of Europe have their republicans, but it would be almost suicide for an American to propose the overthrow of the republic and the election of a king.

Much of this sharp rage against heretics, of course, is mere thirst for butchery. The fact that someone has committed a crime is of far less interest to the American than the fact that someone is being punished for a crime. This is shown by his readiness to pursue and brickbat his heroes of yesterday, for crimes purely theoretical or for no crime at all. The dramatic downfall and savage excoriation of Chauncey M. Depew, a favorite of the mob for years, afford a case in point. Chauncey was not taken in unsuspected devilry: he merely admitted freely, being asked, what everyone already knew about him. But the demand of the moment was for a shining mark, and so the jester found himself suddenly chased by bloodhounds. The same appetite for torture explains the easy success of most so-called "good government" campaigns in American cities, and their quick collapse after succeeding. Let a newspaper but announce the discovery that some notorious political rogue is stealing, and at once the whole community takes to his trail. He is commonly very game, or at least very well intrenched; and so the pursuit of him is good sport. First, there is the fun of shaking him loose from his grafts, and secondly, there is the greater fun of forcing him into prison. But the moment he is behind the bars all interest in the business evaporates. The chances are two to one that the reformer who has followed him in power will be grafting himself within two years, and if, by any excess of virtue, he refrains, then he is sure to be succeeded by a professional grafter at the end of his service. It is rare, indeed, for an American reform movement to last longer than the term of the incendiary reformer. The public

resents the tedium of decency. Its thirst for a good show is vastly more powerful than its thirst for an honest man.

But here I invade the domain of American morals, the which will engage us at length in a future essay. What I really want to do, in the short space remaining, is to call attention (a) to the American's lack of individual enterprise, and (b) to his lack of communal enterprise. The first of these accusations, of course, he will sharply resent, as a statement of a palpable and libelous absurdity. His chief boast, indeed, is that the civilization he adorns puts a high premium upon enterprise and originality, that his country is preëminently the land of opportunity. But opportunity to do what? To make money, yes. To launch new religions, to market new patent medicines, to combine the two in new and bizarre ways—yes again. To change the old platitudes into new platitudes, the superstitions of yesterday into the superstitions of today—yes a third time. But certainly not opportunity to tackle head on and with a surgeon's courage the greater and graver problems of being and becoming, to draw a sword upon the timeworn and doddering delusions of the race, to clear away the corruptions that make government a game for thieves and morals a petty vice for old maids and patriotism the last refuge of scoundrels—to think, in brief, as men think whose thinking is worth while, cleanly, innocently, ruthlessly! Alas, no. The American is not hospitable to such toying with his *principia*. Tell him that Mrs. Eddy was divine and he will be all ears, but tell him that his other dead gods were *not* divine and he will be for burning you. Dispute about democracy's failures all you please, but don't argue that democracy itself is a failure! Attack his party program until you are tired, but don't attack his party! If you start out from one of his fallacies he will hear you, but if you start out *against* his fallacies he will damn you—and it will make but slight difference whether the concrete thing you are advocating be aris-

tocracy or cannibalism, the disfranchisement of job holders or polygamy, the foolishness of preachers or the assassination of Presidents.

And as he thus represses, with all the force of a national taboo, the free cavorting of individualists, he clings with sentimental hunkerousness to the ideas and customs that would perish by their freedom. The United States is the largest democracy ever seen on earth, but it has never been a leader of other democracies, it has never made pioneer experiments with new democratic inventions. After nearly a century and a half of starting forward and going back, it is still far from universal manhood suffrage—a commonplace in all other republics, and a probability of tomorrow in most monarchies. It has hesitated over giving the vote to women for forty years, and is still afraid to make the trial. It waited for Australia to devise a fair and secret ballot. It debates today, as perilous novelties, democratic contrivances that have already grown hoary elsewhere—the direct primary, the initiative and referendum, minimum wage laws, compulsory arbitration in labor disputes, the recall of erring office holders, the commission form of city government, old age pensions, workmen's accident insurance, the public ownership of public utilities, the federal control of corporations. It was the last civilized country to adopt the merit system in public office—*i.e.*, the thoroughly democratic rule of putting a man's intrinsic value above the influence of his friends and family. It was the last civilized country to abolish slavery.

Thus the American, viewed in his outlines, and not too closely. In the main he clings close to his archetype, the mob man. He shows the same disordered emotionalism, the same incapacity for sober self-analysis, the same distrust of distinction, the same great fondness for ready and sophistical formulæ. But in detail he departs widely from this mean. In detail he has lusts and weaknesses, habits and axioms that are all his own. Of these anon.

THE FEMININE SENSE OF HONOR

By Daniel Carson Goodman

IT was a little office, and it was run on what Mr. Bolton's more business-like friends call "catch-as-catch-can" methods. That was how it happened that Culkin was able, unsuspected, to pocket each week from ten to twenty dollars of the office funds.

It was Effie Stern, the new stenographer, who discovered him, and the same day she stopped to speak to him about it after the rest had gone home.

He did not bluster nor lie; he could see from her manner it would be futile.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

Effie Stern dropped down in Mr. Bolton's big swivel chair—they had done their talking in the inner office—and looked up at Culkin piteously. "Oh, I don't know!" she answered. "I don't know what I ought to do!" And then she began to cry.

"Oh, say, don't do that," Culkin protested, with his hand on her shoulder. "I am the chap to cry, not you!"

Effie was uncomfortable. "Why—did you do it?" she blubbered.

"I needed the money."

"Why, you make an awful lot anyhow," Effie objected, who saw thirty dollars a week from the point of view of ten.

"Not so much considering what I have to do with it."

"To do with it?" Effie repeated questioningly.

Culkin hesitated for his answer. It seemed to him he saw a way to right the catastrophe into which the little woman's sharpness had plunged him; and he meant to go slowly and with care. For an instant his tongue turned hesitatingly toward invalid mothers, bed-

ridden sisters, little brothers in school; but an instinct held him back. "The way to fix Effie," he said to himself, "is to tell her the truth."

"Well, I guess I've always been a pretty extravagant sort of fellow," he said slowly, quite honestly ashamed to pull back the past before Effie's wide, innocent, red-rimmed eyes, "and somehow it wasn't long before I got into a terrible mess. I guess you don't know much about the world, Miss Stern, but things are pretty hard on a man in ways women don't know anything about."

Effie nodded sympathetically. Hadn't she read novels? She said to herself that she knew more about life than he thought.

"Well, I got tangled up with a girl—I don't know if I ought to tell you this; only, knowing what you do about me, I guess you've got to know it all—and she kept wanting money—money—money. I borrowed from some of the fellows, but that didn't satisfy her, and besides, I couldn't keep on borrowing forever. And then one day, as I was going to the bank, I saw how easy it would be for me to keep back a little of the deposits for myself. I got up a false passbook to have handy in case Mr. Bolton ever asks to see it. And then if it was a hundred dollars I had to deposit, say, I'd really put in ninety dollars, and then, after I got back to the office, I'd write a hundred in the false book. Mr. Bolton uses the bank account for himself as well as for the office, and he's a poor hand at figures, so he would never have found out the shortage in a thousand years."

"And the girl?" Effie asked, with a flush.

"Oh, I managed to keep her satisfied

with the extra money. I don't know why I've been such a fool over her; I—"

Effie interrupted him. "Do you—know her still?"

"Yes," said Culkin.

It was a lie, but Culkin was beginning to see his way clear. He'd save the situation yet, he said to himself.

Effie leaned toward him across the slide of the desk. "Are you in love with her?" she asked in an awed small voice.

"God knows!" said Culkin.

"Oh!" breathed Effie. "How dreadful!"

"What do you mean? Every man's gone through it. Some come out all right; and others—well, I guess I'm not one of the lucky ones."

He walked to the window and looked out.

Effie ran to him. "Mr. Culkin," she said, "can't something be done?"

"What, for instance? Oh, can't you see, little woman, I'm down and out?"

Effie was silent a moment. "If—if you were to—"

"Yes?" prodded Culkin.

"Oh, I don't know. Only it seems just dreadful. It seems—"

Culkin took her hands in his with a reverence that made her tremble. "Miss Stern, will you give me another chance?"

She did not answer him; she could not trust herself.

"I've had a hard, bad life," he said. "I've got into a lot of scrapes, and this is the worst of all. Yet I believe if I could find the courage to get freed of Patty Fields, I'd be some good again. But I haven't the courage. I—"

"Oh!" cried Effie. "Let me help you!"

Culkin seemed astonished. "You? Ah, little woman, I can't bring you into my sordid life. I must just fight it out alone."

In the dim empty office, Effie went to his side and put her hand up on his shoulder. "I will help you!" she said; and Culkin had just enough decency left to see how low he had gone.

"God bless you! I haven't known a good woman like you in years," he said, and then he kissed her hand and left her.

She had promised nothing, but Culkin knew that the iron maiden itself could not have forced from her the secret of his dishonesty. Next day they had another talk. Culkin said he was going to break with Patty Fields. "It's an infatuation—a madness," said he. "And I'm so weak; but I swear I'll do it, and then I'll be honest again."

Effie stiffened. "Why, you don't mean ever to take any more money?" she cried.

"I must till I get free of Patty. She gets every cent and cries for more."

"But—" the scandalized girl protested.

"Oh, it won't be for long; a week or two, and I'll be free of her. If I drop her suddenly she'll be furious and betray me. She knows what I've been doing, where I got the money."

"And she let you give it to her just the same?"

"Sure, she did. Oh, you don't understand a woman like that. You're so different," and he looked at her with big brown eyes in a glance that was at once a benediction and a caress.

Effie worried terribly about the continued stealings; she felt almost as if she were stealing, too; and yet it seemed inevitable. If this woman were made angry, she would betray Culkin; and she would be angry unless Culkin treated her tactfully and gave her what she was used to and made the break gradual. But the break would come. She knew that.

"You give me strength and courage," he said to her often. "Without you, God knows where I should end!"

She watched his reform fondly, asked him earnest, rather laughable questions about his past, prayed for him—did for him all that she knew a good woman could do for a weak man.

There was a light in her eyes those days, an exaltation about her, as of one who bore two souls through life—her own and another's. As she sat clicking at the typewriter, or rode out to her home in Bensonhurst of an evening, she felt a swelling pride above those around her. It was like living perpetually in a grand opera.

All her friends noticed it and were puzzled, Willy perhaps most of all.

Nowadays, when they met in the six thirty trolley on the other side of the river, she seemed strange and stand-offish.

"Are you angry about anything?" he asked her, with his smooth, pink face very solicitous.

And Effie, scarcely listening to him, answered vaguely: "Oh, I guess not."

She no longer seemed to want to have him come to see her in the evenings. When he asked her to go down to Brooklyn to the theater, she said she didn't believe she could, and Willy's smooth face took on unaccustomed wrinkles.

Effie was not altogether content either, and, as the weeks passed and still Culkin was thief and profligate, she was full of trouble.

One day she was lunching at Greeley's, on Sixth Avenue, when suddenly at a table by the wall she saw him with a woman. It was a gaudily dressed creature with strange manners and a hard laugh.

With a throb, Effie laid down her fork and whispered: "Patty Fields!"

Unseen by Culkin she watched them till their meal was over, saw them part at the door, and then, almost without realizing what she did, followed the woman into a nearby department store.

The woman made for the perfumery counter and began to buy face powder. Effie sat down on the neighboring revolving chair and looked at her; yes, she was pretty, but funny-looking. Effie almost thought she must be painted. Timidly she spoke to her; she had never before talked to a woman in whose complexion she did not put absolute confidence.

"Excuse me," said she, "but I think I saw you with Mr. Culkin just now at Greeley's—"

The woman looked at her with the expressionless expression of her kind; for some reason of her own, she was as ready to talk about Culkin as Effie was.

She nodded; and then assured the saleswoman with some annoyance that that wasn't the right sort of powder.

"Ain't you got the pinky kind?" she asked.

"I know Mr. Culkin pretty well," Effie went on, "and he's spoken to me about—a friend of his he's known a long while. I guess you're her, aren't you?"

"No, I guess I aren't," the woman returned. "I only met him at Coney last Sunday."

"What—aren't you Patty Fields?"

"Me—Patty Fields, I guess not! If I was, I wouldn't be lunching with Culkin, you can bet. Why, Pat and Culkin ain't seen one another in six months, since they had that last big row of theirs."

Effie leaned over the showcase and looked down with stony eyes at the little eyebrow brushes and powder puffs under the glass.

"Say," the woman went on inquisitively, "he's pretty rich, ain't he?"

"Why, I don't know. What—makes you think so?" Effie's voice sounded flat and dull.

"Oh, he's such a good sport," she answered. "A different girl every week, and he just spends his money like water sometimes." Then to the saleswoman: "Yes, that's more like it. Is that the kind that's perfumed with carnation? I always use everything with carnation perfume." She turned round to Effie's chair to ask Effie if she didn't think this was a real cute idea, but Effie had gone. "Well, what do you think of that?" she asked the empty chair.

Effie was in Sixth Avenue, walking along heedless of direction, her head a swirl of questions. What did it mean? The woman had said Culkin hadn't seen Patty Fields in six months, that he was spending money like water, that he was a—a good sport. What did it mean? What *could* it mean?

The answer came to her as she reached the corner at Sixteenth Street; it was simple, and it overturned her world: Culkin had made a fool of her.

When she reached the office, she found Mr. Bolton just back from lunch, and before she took her hat off she had told him the truth.

He listened, asked some questions, looked at the two bankbooks.

"How long have you known this?"

"Quite a while, sir," she confessed.

"And you didn't tell me; why was that?" Mr. Bolton, always more interested in human nature than in dollars, scented a little drama here, and was greatly interested.

"I didn't like to give him away."

"And now you don't mind?"

Effie was silent. Her teary eyes pleaded, and Mr. Bolton let her go without answering.

That night on the six thirty trolley, still a little pale and shaken, she met Willy.

He thought she looked sweeter than ever. He could have shouted with ecstasy when, unprotestingly, she let him pay her carfare.

"Well, how have you been, Eff?" he asked briskly, to hide his tenderness.

"Oh, all right," and then: "Say, Willy, you ain't been over in a long time. Won't you stop in this evening?"



WOMAN THE MYSTICAL

By John Hall Wheelock

WHERE is She and who is She
Whom across the wavering world
Like a beacon light I see?

In the words that shine and move
Down some poet's woven page
I have felt Her hate and love.

When the vampire in the night
Wets her lips with sleepy blood,
On Her lips the blood is bright.

The cold angel at God's throne
Blowing trumps of molten gold
Speaks of Her and Her alone.

The poor harlot in the street
Where the gaudy arclights flare—
There Her pulses burn and beat,

Turning vile things to the Human,
To the Human the Divine—
Angel, Antichrist and Woman!



WHEN a woman complains of loneliness, she wishes it understood that she is still good.

AT LARGE IN LONDON

By George Weems Perego

MACAULAY'S New Zealander, so I hear, will view the ruins of St. Paul's from London Bridge; but as for me, I prefer that more westerly arch which celebrates Waterloo, there to sniff and immerse myself in the town. The hour is eight o'clock *post meridiem* and the time is early summer. I have just rolled down Wellington Street from the Strand, smoking a ninepence Vuelta Abajo, humming an ancient air. One of Simpson's incomparable English dinners—salmon with lobster sauce, a cut from the joint, two vegetables, a cress salad, a slice of old Stilton and a mug of bitter—has lost itself, amazed and enchanted, in my interminable recesses. My board is paid at Morley's, I have some thirty-eight dollars to my credit at Brown's, a ticket home is sewn to my lingerie, there is a friendly jingle of shillings and sixpences in my pocket. The stone coping invites; I lay myself against it, fold my arms, blow a smoke ring toward the sunset, and give up my soul to reconcile and mellow meditation.

There are thirteen great bridges between Fulham Palace and the Isle of Dogs, and I have been at pains to try every one of them; but the best of all, for such needs as overtake a well fed and ruminative man on a summer evening, is that of Waterloo. Look westward and the towers of St. Stephen's are floating in the haze, a greenish slate color with edges of peroxide yellow and sea-shell pink. Look eastward and the fine old dome of St. Paul's is slipping softly into greasy shadows. Look downward and the river throws back its innumerable hues—all the coal tar dyes plus all the duns and drabs of Thames mud.

The tide is out, and along the south bank a score of squat barges are high and dry upon the flats. Opposite, on the Embankment, the lights are beginning to blink, and from the little hollow behind Charing Cross comes the faint, far-away braying of a brass band.

All bands are in tune four hundred yards, the reason whereof you must not ask me now. This one plays a melody I do not know, a melody plaintive and ingratiating, of clarinet arpeggios all compact. Some lay of amour, I venture, breathing the hot passion of the Viennese Jew who wrote it. But so heard, filtered through that golden haze, echoed back from that lovely panorama of stone and water, all flavor of human frailty has been taken out of it. There is, indeed, something wholly chastening and dephlogisticating in the scene, something which makes the joys and tumults of the flesh seem trivial and debasing. A man must be fed, of course, to yield himself to the suggestion, for hunger is frankly a brute; but once he has yielded he departs forthwith from his gorged carcass and flaps his transcendental wings. . . . Do honeymooners ever come to Waterloo Bridge? I doubt it. Imagine turning from that sublime sweep of grays and somber gilts, that perfect arrangement of blank masses and sweeping lines, to the mottled pink of a cheek lately virgin, the puny curve of a modish eyebrow, the hideous madness of a trousseau hat! . . .

Clowns argue, to be sure, that London is not beautiful. You have heard them and so have I. They have composed many volumes on the subject, and they write to the newspapers incessantly. The Houses of Parliament, it appears,

are defectively Gothic: here is a garboyle with the wrong ears, there is an oriel with corbels unfit for publication. Again, Somerset House has the color of a coal hole and the shape of a Philadelphia pie woman. Yet again, St. Paul's is spoiled and made a mock of by the fact that no one has ever torn down all the houses between it and the Temple and planted the ensuing desert with alfalfa and daffodils. Yet again, Trafalgar Square is the iron dream of a man with calcareous arteries, a graphic representation of a psychic arterio-sclerosis, a delirium of hardness, a corundum nightmare. Yet again, the common statues of the town are as glyptic patent medicine advertisements, or rather say warnings—gaunt effigies of kings and queens that never were on land or sea—horrible petrifications of super-osseous field marshals—gross, lithic libels upon the angels. Yet again, and to make an end, the river Thames is the most obscene of all the world's sewers, a foul tide of slime and dead cats, a stream too narrow to have dignity and too tortuous to have repose and too drab to wake the harmonious lyre.

Alas, what a caterwauling of pedants—what a forgetting of the forest in a row over the trees! Put away the Houses of Parliament and Somerset House and St. Paul's and Trafalgar Square, and have a look at London. Feast your eyes upon the grayest, dourdest, cruelest, dingiest, lordliest, loveliest town in all creation. Let your gaze sweep slowly from the towers of London Bridge, just visible on the eastern skyline, to the battlements of Lambeth, floating mistily in the west. At once those sore and dubious details drop back into the great drab picture. Now the river ceases to be a sewer and becomes a broad and beautiful curve, a magnificent "S," snaking out of the hitherto and into the yon. St. Stephen's, reduced but still dominating, is a dark mass, a blotch of greenish and diaphanous shadow, softening and mitigating that curve at its widest sweep. Somerset House is another and larger and darker mass, with hints of fathomless depths in its blackness. St. Paul's is

the apex of a great convergence of majestic lines, the crown surmounting a stupendous drapery, the Matterhorn of this luminous range of hills. And there, in the foreground, are the lights of the Embankment, a string of winking topazes, and above them the staring incandescence of the Strand hotels, and beyond the eternal lights o' London, sweeping up to the stars

Ugly? Pish! If London is ugly, thus melting into the dusk of a summer evening, then there is no beauty in the world.

II

AFLOAT upon such lofty and ennobling meditations, staring into the gathering night, my cigar gone out, my coattails brushed by the passing crowd, I am reunited to the bridge and the firm ground by a hand upon my shoulder. A massive, billowy man, smoking an American cigarette in a long amber holder, introduces himself: a Mr. McDannald of Virginia. I remember the fellow: in fact, we crossed the Atlantic together, and have dined together this evening and share a modest chamber at Morley's. His proposal is that we return to the Strand, board a 'bus, and proceed to Shaftesbury Avenue, there to look about for a vaudeville show. The journey is made in ten minutes, up the Strand to Trafalgar Square, around the huge lions into Cockspur Street, then up the Haymarket to Piccadilly Circus. Ten minutes—and we have come from a land of imposing lines and solemn shadows into a land of rouge and yellow light. Here, among the theaters, is where London tries to be Paris, just as she tries to be New York in Regent Street. Here is where the most moral town in Christendom discovers her native hoggishness. Here is the great slave market of the English.

But we are out for vaudeville and not for slaves, and so we pursue our virtuous way up the stream of amiable fair until we reach the Palace Music Hall, where a poster advertising a Russian dancer inspires us to part with half a dozen shillings. Luxurious seats of red velvet,

wide enough for a pair of German contraltos, invite to slumber, and the juggler on the stage does the rest. Twenty times he heaves a cannon ball into the air, and twenty times he catches it safely on his neck. The Russian dancer, we find, is booked for ten thirty, and it is now but eight fifty. "Why wait?" says McDannald. "It will never kill him." So we try another hall—and find a lady with a face like a tomato singing a song about the Derby, to an American tune that was stale in 1907. Yet another—and we are in the midst of a tedious ballet founded upon "Carmen," with the music reduced to jigtime and a flute playing out of tune. A fourth—and we suffer a pair of comedians who impersonate Americans by saying "Naow" and "Amurican." When they break into "My Cousin Carus" we depart by the fire escape, guided by the red light and pursued by two young women who labor under the delusion that they know us. We have now spent eight dollars on divertisement and have failed to be diverted. We take one more chance, and pick a prize—Little Tich, to wit, a harlequin no more than four feet in his shoes, but as full of humor as a fraternal order funeral.

Before these few lines find you well, Little Tich, I dare say, will be on Broadway, drawing his four thousand stage dollars a week and longing for a decent cut of mutton. But we saw him on his native heath, uncontaminated by press agents, unboomed by a vociferous press, undefiled by contact with acquitted murderers, eminent divorcées, "perfect" women, returned explorers who never got where they went, and suchlike prodigies and nuisances of the Broadway 'alls. Tich, as I have said, is but four feet from sole to crown, but there is little of the dwarf's distortion about him. He is simply a man in miniature: in aspect much like any other man. His specialty is impersonation. First he appears as a drill sergeant, then as a headwaiter, then as a gas collector, then as some other familiar fellow. But what keen insight and penetrating humor in every detail of the picture! How mirth bubbles out! Here we have burlesque, of

course, and there is even some horse-play in it, but at bottom how deft it is, and how close to life, and how wholly and irresistibly comical! You must see him do the headwaiter—hear him blarney and flabbergast the complaining guest, observe him reckon up his criminal bill, see the subtle condescension of his tip grabbing. This Tich, I assure you, is no common mountebank, but a first-rate comic actor. Given legs eighteen inches longer and an equator befitting the role, and he would make the best Falstaff of our generation. Even as he stands, he would do wonders with Bob Acres—and I'd give four dollars any day to see him play Marguerite Gautier.

McDannald entered the Tich 'all, whatever its name, full of the biles of hope deferred, but Tich soon had him shaking like a blanc-mange, and at the end he was in such high good humor that he proposed supper. But where? Simpson's was closed by now and the nearby restaurants were all gilded hells, inhospitable to a pair of gentlemen in brown gaiters and lavender shirts. Why not a trial of English oysters? Wasn't there an oyster house, or something of the sort, somewhere in the Strand? . . . We left the 'all of Tich and fought our way, by slow stages, through the jungle of easy ladies on the sidewalk. Mac got through with no worse damage than the thrust of a hatpin through his starboard ear, but I lost an eyebrow and a scarfpin and emerged all covered with strands of blonde and pseudo-blonde hair, like a Christmas tree with tinsel. And so, as Pepys would say, by hackney coach to the Strand, where we quickly mounted stools and ordered a couple of dozen "natives," such being the English name for oysters, apparently to distinguish them from clams.

They came on in their thin, greenish shells—slimy, saturnine, sad. Mac speared the largest with his fork and downed it at a gulp. A smile at once gallant and horrible, a smile of bitter duty, of politeness become pathological, flickered across his face. I asked the obvious question.

"Delicious," answered Mac. "I love

and revere the English. Believe me, we have no such oysters at home."

Still hanging back myself, I pursued him for more specific encomiums. He swallowed a second, blinked his eyes, and made reply.

"Let me answer you," said he, "with another question. Have you ever, developing photographic films or dry plates, lifted your gross, fuzzy hand from the fixing tray to feel of a loose tooth, or to push back a wayward tonsil?"

I answered no.

"Then," pursued Mac, "you have a new experience ahead of you. Eat, my boy, and be merry! You have never tasted the hyposulphite of soda of commerce, or, more accurately, sodium thio-sulphate, or, to speak symbolically, $\text{Na}_2\text{S}_2\text{O}_3 + 5\text{H}_2\text{O}$. And never having tasted $\text{Na}_2\text{S}_2\text{O}_3 + 5\text{H}_2\text{O}$, you have never tasted an English oyster. Feed and be hanged to you! *You* brought me here."

A palpable untruth—but I made a brave plunge, and so got that neglected knowledge. Of the hyposulphite of commerce I am now aware and wary. It is a brackish, sardonic victual, a hideous match for Philadelphia pepper pot, a blood brother to the glucose apple pie of Pittsburgh. But I ate it, or, at any rate, the English "natives" from which it is squeezed, and faced down the satirical Virginian. He, pale and staring, was in such obvious distress after the sixth that the waiter came to his aid.

"Will you have some condiment, sir? Perhaps a dash of—"

"Have you, by any chance, a few drops of fuming sulphuric acid? No? Or a pinch of quinine sulphate dissolved in dilute H_2SO_4 ? No? Or a couple of fingers of dry HCl ? No? Then give me the ammonia bottle."

The perfect English waiter was unruffled.

"Sorry, sir; we're just out. But here is a sauce you may like—favorite here in London, sir—best of all English sauces, sir—don't hesitate to recommend it, sir."

And he pushed forward a bottle of Worcestershire—with the name of Heinz upon the label!

III

AFTER all, not a novel experience in London. The Worcestershire sauce in half of the "old English" restaurants is Heinz's. So far has the American invasion gone. All Englishmen who have ever heard of America, and can afford it, wear American shoes—perhaps .0002 per cent. of the whole population. All English vaudevillians sing American songs, picking out the worst infallibly. The American garter hugs the slim legs of the nobility and gentry. American whiskey has begun to trickle down their throats, and before long, no doubt, it will rage like the Irrawaddy in flood. English newspapers are set up by American linotype machines and printed on American presses. The white paper they use—and also the green and pink paper—is the attenuated and endless corpse of the American (or, at least, the Canadian) birch, and scores of their bright young men are Americans, or Jews, which has come to mean the same thing. American bathtubs have changed the English bawth from an esoteric debauch into a genuine bout with soap and currycomb. The trolley car, the typewriter, ragtime, the phonograph, the incandescent light, detachable cuffs, floating soap, the union suit, the sectional bookcase, the slot machine, steam heat, the gas stove, the press agent, the shoot-the-chutes, the flying machine, graft, poker, condensed milk, fake Pilsener, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the twostep, the crayon portrait, the canned book review, the virtuous chorus girl and the telephone—all American inventions—have been adopted and naturalized by the English. There are now, indeed, almost as many telephones in London as in Toledo, O.

But you must go down into the City proper, into the regions lying fore and aft of the Bank of England, to get the full measure of this slow and fatal Americanization. This is the quarter of manufacturers' agents—and on all sides the signs announce familiar American wares. The Yale lock, the Remington typewriter, the Globe-Wernicke filing cabinet, the Gillette safety razor, the Heinz

pickle, Peruna, the Douglas shoe, the Campbell canned soup, Ivory soap, Horlick's malted milk, Huyler's chocolates, Omega oil, the Fairbanks scale, the Oliver plow, the Victor phonograph—all of these commercial commonplaces of our own fair land are fast becoming the commonplaces of England, too. But don't mistake me: there is a limit, and at times a sense of its rigidity is pressing. In all London you will not find a single American five-cent cigar. In the whole of the Strand and Fleet Street, between Trafalgar Square and Ludgate Circus, there is but one tobacconist who sells American plug tobacco—and he, as if to wring tribute for his daring, charges a shilling for a nickel plug. Search this capital of the world from center to perimenter and you will not find a single bootblack who knows his business, or a single barber who penetrates to the true technique of the hot towel, or a single real first-class soda fountain, or a single box of decent matches, or a single corn-cob pipe, or a single bartender with enough pride in his art to wear a diamond stud.

These great boons and usufructs of life in the United States are unknown to the Londoner. Never having been in the United States, and distrusting the sagas of those who have, he gets along without such things, just as he gets along without skyscrapers. In the same way, he still carries most of his money in heavy and inconvenient coin, instead of putting it sanely into five-, ten- and twenty-shilling bills; and he still fights for his luggage at railroad stations, instead of checking it and forgetting it; and he still wears shirts which do *not* open all the way down the façade and so have to be boarded by climbing through them from below. McDannald, greatly admiring English madras, sought half a dozen ready-made shirts in the Strand and Regent Street, but had to give it up: his arteries are too brittle for athletics.

"Why don't you make them like coats?" he asked the haberdasher. "Why ask a man to fight his way into them?"

"You mean in the American fash-

ion?" replied the haberdasher. "Well, I dare say we'll come to it. In fact, I have already tried it. I made up a dozen of your coat shirts and they went like hot cakes. Quite a success, in truth."

"Then why didn't you make some more?"

"Well, it *did* occur to me, and I dare say we'll come to it. You Americans are very original."

"And why don't you put tabs over the buttonholes to protect the neck?"

The thing had to be explained in greater detail.

"A jolly good idea," said the haberdasher. "I dare say we'll come to it. You Americans are . . ."

But that wasn't the real reason why my friend from Virginia didn't buy. To find that real reason you must regard his outlines: a series of convexities, an arrangement of interrupted arcs, a maze of graceful bulges and protuberances. In brief, the fellow is somewhat buncy, as I am myself—and the Englishmen for whom English shirts are made are as flat as so many mackerel. Walk Pall Mall from ten in the morning to five the next morning and you will not see a single paunch, leap-tick or corporation. John Bull, true enough, is always depicted as a man of girth, and some of the aldermen in the City, I suppose, have banqueted themselves into rotundity, but the normal Englishman, the average, the typical Englishman, presents an almost rectangular cross-section. Such a being, no doubt, is able to insert himself into the archaic English shirt, sinuously and without swearing. But as for Mac—! And as for me—!

IV

AND yet, as I have hinted, the English do not repine, nor is it recorded that they gnash their teeth. A slim and resilient race, they do not miss the delights of corpulence. A race devoted for countless generations to useless endeavor, and stewing in the unruffleable self-respect it breeds, they are content to enter their clothes like felons entering the fatal

noose. What is more, their contentment, if not in this case then at least in most other cases, is pretty well grounded and defended. If, for example, they have no skyscrapers, it is not because they are too stupid to build skyscrapers, or too timid, or too poor, but simply because they don't want them. Why should buildings be set on end when they might just as well be set on their sides? Why should a man travel six hundred feet into the air when it would be cheaper, quicker and safer to travel a thousand feet on the level? Do our own skyscrapers save us much time? I doubt it. Two blocks from most of them you will find vacant lots, or rows of tumble-down and useless houses. Wouldn't it be saner to utilize such waste space instead of stealing space from the archangels? And wouldn't it be easier to walk to the ensuing buildings, or even to crawl to them, than it is now to fight for a place in an elevator which stops at every floor, and is peopled to suffocation by a populace scented richly by nature and deliriously by art?

So argue the English, and the consequence is that London is one of the most spacious towns in the world. Its people are innumerable, but they are spread thin. Its streets do not run due north and south and due east and west, on the absurd theory that everybody wants to follow the parallels of latitude and longitude, but in every direction or directions the traffic of centuries has led. Half of the by-streets which open into Regent Street strike it at angles other than right angles. To get from the British Museum to Aldwych, you do not have to travel the sides of an angle, but may slide down its hypotenuse. The route from London Bridge to the Bank is not due north and then due west, but directly and gracefully north by west. That great thoroughfare which begins as Fleet Street and ends as Cannon Street is not a straight line but a long curve following the river. And so is that greater thoroughfare which begins as Cheapside and runs westward as Holborn, Oxford Street and the Bayswater Road, and eastward as Cornhill, Leadenhall Street and the Mile End Road. Thus the dif-

ference between a city that has grown up, naturally and comfortably, out of man's quarrel with his environment, and our cities of the New World, manufactured on drawing boards by rectanglo-maniacs.

Another result of this slow growing up is visible in London's enormous profusion of big and little parks—the lingering relics, nine times out of ten, of great houses which long defied the encroaching town and then tripped over it in the end. Was there ever a city with so many and so various breaks in the moraine of brick and mortar? Get out your map and have a look: the splotches of green make an almost continuous verdure from Hackney in the east to Putney bridge in the west. From the City onward to the West End they actually touch. Start in the cloistered Temple Gardens and follow the green. It takes you westward along the Embankment a good mile to the War Office, and there it leads you into crowded Whitehall, and then it beckons you through the arch of the Horse Guards and into St. James Park. Now it stretches ahead for two miles and a half in a whole archipelago of parks, each joined to the next one. After ancient St. James's, fragrant with noble scandals and the musks of yesteryear, comes the Green Park, its brother and rival, and cheek by jowl with the Green Park are the grounds of Buckingham Palace. Then comes Hyde Park Corner, and behold, the most famous of all the parks of the world lies before, with Rotten Row showing the way through it. Follow the Row for its historic mile and you will presently find yourself in the lovely meadows of Kensington Gardens, and beyond them you will see the royal doorway of Kensington Palace.

Four miles of green so far, but the end is not yet. A few blocks of asphalt and you are led onward and onward, now north and now north by east, by an apparently infinite series of little squares, some discreetly fenced and padlocked and some open to all who are weary—Princes Square, Leicester Square, Ladbroke, Pembridge, Porchester, Gloucester, Cambridge, Bry-

anston, Montague, Portman, Manchester and Dorset squares, to say nothing of Queens Gardens, Norfolk Crescent and Westbourne Terrace. The wide grounds of Regent's Park now open before you, with their botanical gardens, their zoo and their pretty lake, and beyond them rises Primrose Hill. But still the beacons of green show a further way, this time southeasterly to the place of beginning—Mornington Crescent, Amptill Square, Endsleigh Gardens, the interminable squares of Bloomsbury, and finally the superb old yards and gardens of the Inns of Court, Gray's, Lincoln's and the Temple. Ten miles of green—and all in the very heart of the largest city in the world!

These parks and squares of London are thrown together like the streets, upon any plan or no plan at all. No hot sweating of a landscape architect, busy with his callipers and T-square, is apparent in their arrangement. They are set down at random, often uselessly and sometimes even perversely. Not infrequently two competing squares are side by side. Gloucester Square and Hyde Park Square are no more than a stone's throw apart, and Sussex, Cambridge and Oxford squares are but a block away—and all five are within a minute's walk of Hyde Park. Euston Square and Endsleigh Gardens are on opposite sides of the Euston Road. Squares cluster about Kensington Gardens like puppies around their ma.

Nothing could be more exclusively ornamental, considering the practical uses to which green spaces are commonly put, than some of these little parks. Are they breathing spots? I fear not. Most of the people who live around them are out of London at the only time London air is breathable. Are they, then, resorts for rest and meditation, bowers of retirement in the heart of the town? Alas, most of them are surrounded by high iron rails, and one may not open the door without a key, and one may not have a key unless one owns or leases an adjacent house.

In truth, they are not public parks at all, save in a limited, visual sense, but strictly private parks, kept up at the

public expense for the benefit of the few who have inherited, bought, rented or borrowed the right to enter. It is the prerogative of the owner of such and such a house, his tenants, guests, heirs and assigns, to enter such and such a square between the hours of 8 A. M. and 10 P. M. There he lies in the grass when he is so inclined (which he never is), and there he pastures his children. If, by any chance, a stranger breaks in, four threes are sounded on a large, *fortissimo* whistle and a select and indignant *posse comitatus* drives him out. The papers are full of it next morning, and the invader is lucky if he gets off with thirty days. When the owner of such a key sells his house, he turns it over to the new owner in a solemn and even grisly manner, along with the deed, the memorandum of mortgages and the studbook of the resident roaches. To lose a key is as serious an offense as to break a window of Westminster Abbey, and for the same reason. Many of them have been handed down from father to son (or from bankrupt to creditor) for three or four thousand generations, and some of them, despite the inevitable wear and tear, still weigh five pounds.

But if the squares of London, and particularly the squares of Mayfair and Belgravia, are thus sniffish and intolerant of the vulgar, the great parks make up for it by offering careless and magnificent hospitality. True enough, there is a charge of a penny for sitting on a bench, but that penny, once expended, gives the spendthrift a monopoly of the bench for the rest of the day or night. Besides, the lawns are wholly free—and it is on the lawns that the weary Londoner prefers to do his lolling. Walk along the Ring road in Hyde Park on a summer day and you will fancy that you are at Gettysburg after the battle. Almost as far as the eye can reach are sprawling figures, some lying flat upon their faces, some on their backs with newspapers or caps over their eyes, some hunched into grotesque and startling shapes, some hideously grouped and commingled, like squads brought down by the vast blast of a field piece or machine gun. Now and then a sleeper rolls over, flinging his

arms and legs—for all the world like a man wounded and in pain. At rarer times some fellow with a conscience sits up, stricken, it would seem, by a sense of time wasting, and meditating a move. But I myself have never seen one rise to his legs and depart. It is done, I have no doubt, in the autumn, and perhaps every night, but though I have watched for hours and then circled the Serpentine and come back to watch again, I have not beheld it with these eyes. Once down on that grim field, a man is down for more than a cat nap.

The likeness to a battlefield is reinforced by the constant procession of nurses in their elaborate uniforms—long blue or purple cloaks, little round bonnets and flapping streamers of white. I mean hospital nurses and not the idle hussies who guard and torture the young. A dozen great hospitals are within a few minutes' walk of Hyde Park and the fair Samaritans use it for taking the air. Put red crosses on their arms and send them out into the field to disinfect the sleepers, and you would have your shambles to the life.

Shambles? After all, why not give this Inkerman of peace the name? These men are the killed and wounded of civilization, butchered and blown to pieces by the shells of industry, mowed down by the withering fire of competition, poisoned and blanched by bad rations, hacked and ground to pieces in the struggle for existence. These are the sub-Englishmen, the by-products of England's greatness, the anthropoid brothers of the pink and fit Englishmen you see in Pall Mall and the Strand. Christian charity has evolved a new and fearful race in this tight little island. Because it wrung tender hearts to see their grandfathers starve, they themselves, now increased and multiplied enormously, wallow here in the grass, useless, helpless, hopeless. In every hundred of them, there are not four with honest trades to excuse their living. In the best of imaginable times starvation is but three days behind them; in these hard and parlous days they are frank pensioners upon the castes above. Close the workhouses and soup-houses

of London and a hundred thousand of them would die before Wednesday week. Here they lie, by the flow of the inland river, mentally wounded, physically dying, socially dead. You may see their brothers at night on the Embankment, dodging about Covent Garden, swarming in the filthy lanes of the East End. Their wives are at the doors of the "pubs," cadging pennies from passers-by, a pack of blowzy, frowzy old harri-dans, the brood animals of this degraded and godforsaken species. Their daughters, if it be night, are in Piccadilly Circus.

V

BUT enough of this solemn stuff, this mad mixture of fashionable gossip and eugenics. Let us go back to Waterloo Bridge and look at the river. It is night, and a red theatrical moon is hanging over the towers of St. Stephen's. There below us, a crinkling tapestry of gilts, silvers and coppery pinks, is ancient Father Thames, the emperor and archbishop of all earthly streams. There are the harsh waters (but now so soft!) that the Romans braved, watching furtively for blue savages along the banks, and the Danes after the Romans, and the Normans after the Danes, and innumerable companies of hardy seafarers in the long years following. At this lovely turning, where the river flouts the geography books by flowing almost due northward for a mile, bloody battles must have been fought in those old, forgotten, far-off times—and battles, I venture, not always ending with Roman cheers. One pictures some young naval lieutenant, just out of the Tiber Annapolis, and brash and nose like his kind—one sees some such youngster pushing thus far in his light craft, and perhaps going aground on the mud of the south bank, and there fighting to the death with Britons of the fog-wrapped marshes, "hairy, horrible, human." And one sees, too, his return to the fleet so snug at Gravesend, an imperfect carcass lashed to a log, the pioneer and prophet of all that multitude of dead men who have since bobbed down this dirty tide.

Dead men—and men alive, men full of divine courage and high hopes, the great dreamers and experimenters of the race. Out of this sluggish sewer the Anglo-Saxon, that fabulous creature, has gone forth to his blundering conquest of the earth. And conquering, he has brought back his loot to the place of his beginning. The great liners, flashing along their policed and humdrum lanes, have long since abandoned London, but every turn of the tide brings up her fleet of cargo ships, straggling, weather-worn and gray, trudging in from ports far-flung and incredible—Surinam, Punta Arenas, Antofagasta, Port Banana, Tang-Chow, Noumea, Sarawak. If you think that commerce, yielding to steel and steam, has lost all romance, just give an idle day or two to the London docks. The very names upon the street signs are as exotic as a breath of frankincense. Mango Wharf, Kamchatka Wharf, Havannah Street, the Borneo Stores, Greenland Dock, Sealers' Yard—on all sides are these suggestions of adventure beyond the sky-rim, of soft, tropical moons and cold, arctic stars, of strange peoples, strange tongues and strange lands. In one Limehouse barroom you will find sailors from Beh-

ring Straits and the China Sea, the Baltic and the River Plate, the Congo and Labrador, all calling London home, all paying an orang-outang's devotions to the selfsame London barmaid, all drenched and paralyzed by London beer . . .

The *kaiserstadt* of the world, this grim and gray old London! And the river of rivers, this oily, sluggish, immemorial Thames! At its widest, I suppose, it might be doubled upon itself and squeezed into the lower Potomac, and no doubt the Mississippi, even at St. Louis, could swallow it without rising a foot—but it leads from London Bridge to every coast and headland of the world! Of all the pathways used by man this is the longest and the greatest. And not only the greatest, but the loveliest. Grant the Rhine its castles, the Hudson its hills, the Amazon its stupendous reaches. Not one of these can match the wonder and splendor of frail St. Stephen's, wrapped in the mists of a summer night, or the cool dignity of St. Paul's, crowning its historic mount, or the iron beauty of the bridges, or the magic of the ancient docks, or the twinkling lights o' London, sweeping upward to the stars . . .



THE CHILL OF DEATH

By Paul Scott Mowrer

A WIND leans over the breast of the sea,
A wind sings low in the arms of the wood;
There's a wind at the trembling lips of the grass,
And a wind on the hill.

But the joy of my strength has gone from me,
And the joy of my heart has gone from me;
I have seen the Clan of the White Isle pass,
Oh, swift and still.

And the eddying breath of their hurrying feet—
It was not the wind of the sea or the hill;
It was like the gray wind of an unborn dawn.

CARNIVAL NIGHT

By Philip Markhall

WHITE lights, and subtle laughs, pale hands white like cream:
Eyes that shift, and teeth that shine,
Girl cheeks red with rouge and wine—
A night gone drunk with a fluent dream. . . .
The call! And I feel the subtle gleam
Of her eyes in mine.

Out of the night and the silken crowd—out of the glare,
Glittering gold in her hair,
With a low laugh, hands like cream,
On her lips a dare, in her eyes a dream;
Out of the lyric, lilting stream,
Out of the silken crowd she came—
A stranger woman without a name.

Low lights, a subtle smile, white hands limp with sleep,
Young feet weary of to-and-fro,
But eyes aflame and body aglow—
A night of youth and Jacqueminot. . . .
The cold, white feet of the morning creep—
Silent as death, on the street below.



ALTERNATIVE—Another way just as bad.



THE Empress Josephine—Caviare to the General.



THE prude's version of a dirty joke: You can't throw mud without getting your hands soiled.

AT SEVENTY

By Julian Johnson

WHEN Bertie Faulkner married Perle he wore to the altar no heart scars, but instead the invisible medals of at least twoscore historic amorous conquests.

Before Bertie's father died, shortly after the Civil War, he had planted a stout young financial tree in bottomless soil, and all his life the son had remained shrewdly content in his parent's golden arbor. At ease within its ever-spreading shade he had studied women and the world—the world second always, because the world is merely a pretty woman's auxiliary. Women began to lay traps for Bertie when Madison Square was the social frontier. Bertie deftly avoided them; but the matrons and not a few of the maids, eternally Dienesque, continued the chase long after his temples wore winter, and even after most of the snow had gone. Before the last cracked ventricle was wholly mended, he made an innocuous week end visit to Baltimore, and there Cupid, thwarted for sixty-nine years and four months, winged a steel-jacketed missile into the Achillean heel.

Perle's fatality for Bertie must have been her unblemished, inconceivable innocence. Twenty years of age, the isolated child of a gloomy rich widower, she had come to adolescence in the middle of an estate big as a duchy, with a gray tutor, a gray maid, gray servants—an entire household frappé. She scarcely realized that her body was beautiful, or that her feet were small. It had never occurred to her that her mouth was red and full; that her ultramarine eyes were sometimes hearths of St. Elmo's fire. At seventeen, being visited by her cousin, an Annapolis scrub, she proposed

the exciting diversion of somersaults down a haystack. Red and trembling, he caught her in his arms and kissed her on her fourth displayful flip; whereat she slapped him and ran into the house, to remain secluded until he had gone. Her father had introduced her to several wholly impossible men—perhaps because he knew them to be impossible. Then came Bertie, to whom he was indebted for many, many things . . .

Bertie was the new Jove on Perle's select Olympus of classic romance. His clothes were marvelous; he had the chivalry of a Bayard. The smooth, spare cheeks which his man plumped daily; his European, upturned, white mustache; his perfectly kept hands; his astonishing knowledge of everything, and above all his anticipation rather than granting of her every wish, coupled with exquisitely firm denials, like father's negatives to baby, when she longed for what was not good for her, held the deep-sea eyes in fixed enchantment, the cardinal mouth agape with amaze.

Upon his part he was glad, with a very secret gladness, that he had tarried hymeneally through the long summer into sober, sensibly reflective autumn. Just as he had perfected his philosophy of women, Perle had burst upon him like a new sunrise, like the breath of an eternal spring. From his old, now worthless life, he retained one gem of precept: do not fuss with women. Never had the Faulkner serenity been ruffled by petticoat dispute. Whenever, wherever, whyever, soprano arguments had arisen, Bertie had answered in a reach for his hat. Bertie never ran after them, so invariably they came back to

Bertie. So it should be, always, with Perle.

To be sure, Bertie no longer had the lissome agility he had worn during Cleveland's first administration. When Perle galloped him about the Maryland farm he came to the block utterly spent. She danced him until he had palpitation of the heart; and it winded him to keep pace with her as she ran up and down stairs. Nevertheless, he was rather glad that his shanks were no longer statuesque beneath a bathing suit; that it was a decided task to raise Perle in his arms. His mind, relieved of the grossness of too youthful flesh, had never been so active. Across Perle's table, his wit was Cordon Rouge; he was a lingual mine of recounting, of comment, of Old World philosophy, of New World wit and even sage advice. Bertie was for the first time in his life, as he realized, wholly, completely happy. She loved him so! She sat at his feet and held his hand, or beside him with an arm about his neck, looking upon him with dawnlike wonder, wonder . . . sometimes he had vague stirrings of alarm lest she learn too rapidly. He had discovered Perle unable to discourse on anything save her horses and dogs; when they quitted the country, the day after their marriage and scarce two months from their first meeting, she would have graced old Versailles, and held her own, in a battle of phrase, with Pompadour.

The ensuing days were for Perle days of brilliant, restless fever—sun-and-candelabra days of awakening, of yearning—morning days in a country of Paradisial possibility.

Bertie was really annoyed, as he introduced her to Rector's, at the attention shown her. She was indeed a blazing, rose-tinted pearl, thrusting her damask hand right heartily into the big paws of the chaps who crowded round, gazing into their eyes as if seeking something, flashing back their boldly compliments in quick, spontaneous wit that enchanted: the echo of Bertie, grinning from the edge of his chair in unconsciously nervous pride.

"It's marvelous!" cried Perle, amid

the crystal-and-silver clangor of their second midnight. "I just love your friends! I love them all—I love everybody! Why did father always keep me in the country? Why didn't he let me live? Why couldn't I have—"

"Your father was a wise man." Grimly, Bertie bent to his pâté d'indigestion.

Her hair, her shoulders, her gown, even her finger tips, exhaled the thrilling perfume of potent youth. Bertie, affecting for the first time scenery a bit too sophomoric, shriveled as the loud male clamor again rose about her. Within the din her silver laugh was ever the dominant note. The wit of Bertie was discounted; gaunt, frowning, on the side lines he glowered like a gargoyle as she disappeared in a hollow square of black broadcloth.

"Thanks; I'll put her cloak about her," said Mr. Faulkner, to six.

"Just to think," she rhapsodized, "that I'm going to be here *always*—with you, of course, dear. To think that night after night, and day after day—"

"We go up the Hudson tomorrow, to Le Rêve," negatived Bertie, *sotto-voce*, but firmly. "My country place is even more beautiful than yours. You know, you love the country."

Perle indulged her first remembered pout.

Nevertheless, quietly and obediently, a dutiful wife, she went to Le Rêve.

By wire Bertie had ordered out some servants, and ordered others in.

As at her own home, Perle found them all sere, Decempered—save Bostwick.

It was Bostwick who, scowling, drew back the door as she entered. Looking into his face, she drew back affrighted. Bostwick sneered. She hastened by.

"Dearest, why have such a hideous, *hideous* butler?" murmured Perle to her husband, as they stood at the top of the swirled stair.

"He's no butler—the manager of my farms; honest, an economist, has ideas—altogether a very capable chap."

"He's appalling!" whispered Perle. "Really, I don't believe I can have him about."

Bertie chuckled. "Oh, you'll get used to him, I'm sure."

In truth, Bostwick was no ornament. Neither was he socially in place. Bostwick would have been perfectly happy only had some dreadful cataclysm overwhelmed the whole world. Then, watching a young nation slide under glacial ice, or a metropolis drowning beneath a mad ocean, or a million shriveling in the inferno of stellar collision, he would have supervised the final, universal convulsion, and passed into nothingness serenely content. He was thirty-two years of age; his hair was gray at the temples; his shoulders were broad as a barn door; his hands might crush a gun barrel; his face was horribly vivisected by the slashes of four dueling sabres at Jena.

Bostwick's father had been a shipping clerk in Liverpool; his mother, genteel and poor, came from London. They married at Manchester. Since the family of the clerk desired their son to marry a green grocer's daughter, well financed, he dared not take his shillingless bride home. She, in turn, was equally unwilling to exhibit her bourgeois spouse to her father, who sat in his club every afternoon, who often persuaded his daughter to negotiate small loans from affluent gentlemen who admired her, and who boasted that neither he nor any member of his family had ever been in trade. So they came to Montreal. The shipping clerk himself became a green grocer upon St. Catherine Street West. They had a son whose body was his father's, and whose mind was his mother's direct bequest. Educated at Oxford and on the Continent, his heart was all the time in the keeping of a pretty girl on Sherbrooke Street. Suddenly the father took ardently to liquor, his business institution dissolved in the strong waters, and when the younger Bostwick came back across the Atlantic he found one parent dead of alcoholism, the other, fading out of life. Having buried his mother, he set about marrying the girl on Sherbrooke Street. Glancing into his ledger, she saw only ciphers on the credit side, laughed and turned away.

Upon womankind Bostwick thenceforth became an avenging spirit. But his tragedy stalked within the mask of his own hideousness. He did not break the hearts he had vowed to break—because he could not get them. He buried himself in the country, his youth festered inwardly, and, upon sight, he determined to abuse Perle with all the gorilla might that was his.

Nevertheless, Perle's first days at Le Rêve were peaceful enough. Instinctively, Bostwick had his mother's gentility.

The summary of Bertie's life was his effort to please his wife, and not only to make, but to keep her perfectly content and happy.

He rode with her about the great estate until he reeled in his saddle and tottered as he walked. He took hill-and-dale strolls that caused the boots to be cut from his swollen feet. He rowed upon the little lake until he collapsed in the sun; whereupon one oar, swinging rhythmically between Perle's hard, satiny forearms, paddled them quickly to shore, and before Bostwick, running, could reach the pebble beach, Perle had lifted her unconscious husband to the shaded dock.

Though somewhat weakened, Bertie soon recovered his usual poise, plus an unpleasant realization of his physical limitations. But he could, and did, adapt himself with a philosopher's ease to any and all circumstances. When he rode thereafter it was behind six cylinders. For a new diversion, he began to instruct Perle in French, and she passed whole days lulled by his exquisite intonation. Beginning to read, she ordered a novel—which he promptly confiscated and burned, much to her bewilderment and vexation. He would not explain.

Perle had never dreamed of a house so complete, of an apartment so wonderful. Her bedroom, her boudoir, her sitting room, her bath with its tiling of Florentine mosaic—her suite was entire, individual, as sacredly private as the nest of a maidenly princess. She could quite close her petite palace against even her husband's rooms; and often, for no rea-

son at all that she could think of, she did.

When the novelties of *Le Rêve* had ceased to be novelties, Perle was infected by terrible restlessness. At night she would rise and pace her balcony. Sometimes she had an absurd fancy that even the moonbeams burned her skin. Shudders and tinglings such as she had never felt would leap between her shoulders, charge down her spine, course her thighs and even cause her fursandaled toes to twitch.

Sometimes the smile, the philosophic calm, the suavity of Bertie irritated her horribly. One morning—she had met him at the breakfast table—he was mellifluously chanting a poem of Hugo's across the coffee things, when, with a scream, she leaped from her place, overturning chair and table, and ran at top speed the full length of the glassed veranda upon which they sat. She threw her hands impotently and high against the panes, and pitifully, weakly, began to sob.

"My child! Why, my child!" soothed Bertie, coming after her.

"Go away! Go away!" Perle's voice was high-pitched and shrill. Her eyes suddenly went dry. Her hands fluttered babyishly.

"But, darling—"

"Go away! I don't wish you to touch me!"

"Then what is the matter? Are you in pain?"

"No! No-o-o!" The last negative was a long, shuddering cry, as the girl-wife turned like a sprite and ran back toward the overturned repast, where a servant stood embarrassed, wondering.

"Dear—tell me!" Bertie, still pursuing, spoke in a tone of genuine anxiety.

"I don't know," shivered Perle, backing against the panel as though her ancient spouse were an affright; "I just want to get out of doors, and run and run and run, and never stop running. I didn't sleep at all last night—something in me keeps calling, calling—*please* don't lay your hands on me—*please*—I ask you!"

Bertie was provoked. For the first time in his life a woman defied him. In

a moment of senile, unguarded temper he snatched at her wrist. With another high, elfish cry she dropped, supplely, almost to the floor; his stiff arm shot out impotently above her smooth head, and, like a harried doe, she dashed behind a screen at the chair. The stair divided: the grand staircase, paneled in Circassian wood, flowed down into the *salon*; behind, there dropped a little service stair of oak, with a door to shut it off. Laughing to herself, for the moment a runaway child playing hide-and-seek, her nervous explosion forgotten, Perle softly put herself behind that door, and continued to laugh, thoughtlessly, as she heard Bertie going rapidly but heavily down the other way. At the bottom of the roguish flight of truancy she opened a door into the kitchens.

"Well?" interrogated the Monster, eying her without a smile, blocking the path without movement.

"Let me pass, please," murmured Perle haughtily.

"Go back upstairs," said Bostwick quietly. He had been using the kitchens as a route to the stables.

"I am not accustomed to a *servant's* orders!" Perle's voice rang unguardedly.

"Go back upstairs," repeated Bostwick dully.

"Let me pass!" Her tone, face and attitude were a mimodrama of rage.

"Go back upstairs, or I'll carry you upstairs. I could not help overhearing your clamor."

"You *dare* touch me—"

Bostwick made no reply. Instead, without haste, and with no more force than was necessary, he seized Perle's two hands, whirled her about, pinioned her arms with his left forearm, bent her backward, and, as she sank helplessly, caught her beneath the knees with his right arm, and that way—lightly, unconcernedly, effortlessly, he ran rapidly up the steps she had just descended.

Perle did not know that it was possible for one to pass so quickly between the poles of the emotions. When she had faced Bostwick her whole being had flashed into a veritable tornado, a ty-

phoon of furious, insane energy—energy double that she had wasted in her futile cries and tears in the breakfast room. Now, as he softly closed the door and disappeared behind it, as she stood alone, she was weaker than a half-drowned swimmer; every nerve in her body cried for rest—rest. Languidly, she fell against the window seat; her head drooped into the violet portière.

"There you are! Darling, I was so frightened!" Bertie, quite out of breath, paused upon the landing, at a respectful distance. Perle extended a hand that trembled from sheer fatigue.

"Take me to the table—and forgive me. Have Mervin bring me some coffee—quickly. I am so faint."

"Mr. Bostwick will ride with you," said the indulgent Bertie the following Saturday. They had been getting on splendidly.

"But I don't wish to ride today!" A sudden fear, a perplexed, uncharted fear, sprang into Perle's eyes.

"I've ordered the horses up, but I suppose—"

"I'll ride, then! I think it would be very good for me!" For worlds, Perle could not have told why she so suddenly reversed her decision.

Silently, bareheaded, with no more than a curt nod by way of salutation, Bostwick extended his broad palm for her narrow boot. His hand gave not an inch under her weight, yet as she sat in her military saddle she gripped her horse's shoulders with her knees to keep from trembling. Bostwick leaped into his own saddle with such violence that he went almost over his mount. She touched her bay's flank with her whip; Bostwick savagely struck with his spur in an effort to catch her; neither heard Bertie's somewhat quavering call of farewell and warning. For a mile the horses galloped together. Bostwick noted with unconscious admiration that she rode with the grace and surety of an Indian; she saw that he sat like a husar. They paced about the lake in silence, sometimes walking their horses, sometimes going at a brisk trot. Perle's horse, she found to her delight, could singlefoot beautifully. As the path

turned under the maples, and down the long avenue the house loomed distantly, Perle gave her animal the whip and threw back a challenge of laughter. The laugh struck Bostwick like a blow. He spurred his horse furiously. The beast made a noble effort; Bostwick was heavy; panting, he fell back. Unwilling to abuse his horse, the man reined in, and Perle, tumultuously red and wind-raveled, finished gaily alone. A stable boy took their mounts.

"Let's row," suggested Bostwick, like a surly boy. Perle glanced up; the gallery was deserted; evidently Bertie had motored to the village.

"You're on!" she cried. "Me for the cutter!"

Clattering into the little, light boat, she gave two hard thrusts with her oars before she sat down. The svelte, slender boat of polished wood fairly leaped ahead. Before Bostwick had pushed the obese craft remaining off the pebbles, she was rods out in the lake. Wondering, even as she drew her own stroke, she saw him throw off his coat, and, in two movements, bare his arms to the shoulders. His great, gleaming muscles rose and fell, fell and rose, as, with clean, prodigious cuts his crazy craft drew nearer and nearer her aqueous greyhound—passed, and, as he rattled his stubby bow against the green rocks of the opposite shore, left her perspiring and discomfited, afar. He was laughing as she pulled in, cutting badly and splashing. It was the first time she had ever seen him laugh. His teeth were surprisingly strong and white.

"Ever catch a real wild blueberry?" asked Bostwick, extending his hand to help her out. He was still smiling.

"Only on a fork," laughed Perle in return.

"Come on then. I'll lead you straight to a lair of the terrible creatures!" Massively but lightly he ran ahead; he parted a thicket, and held the brambles high above her hair as she passed through. He saw her bootlace dragging, and stopped her to tie it. They found the blueberries. . . . Her face was stained as a little girl's in a jam pot, and

she giggled as she made him, in some embarrassment, wipe the stains away with his handkerchief. He showed her a trout pool which not even the old gardener—a genuine descendant of Izaak Walton—knew; with a bent pin taken from her belt, his own bootlace, and bait which he clawed from the earth, they fished merrily, if without success. First Perle did the talking; then Bostwick's tongue slipped its leash of years. In wonder she listened to the conversation of a clever, cultured man of the world: sentences tinged with the saffron of cynicism, but stinging with the virility of matured, unwasted youth.

The sun was setting when, with boats side by side, they rowed slowly across the lake to the mansion of Le Rêve.

"What's your first name, Mr. Bostwick?" prattled Perle.

"David," replied her companion.

"Well, didn't we have a perfectly wonderful time—David?" Perle rested her oar, and turned up eyes of arch innocence.

"This has been the happiest afternoon of my life, Mrs. Faulkner." Bostwick bent over his oars and thrust hard at the water.

And the good time continued, too, after they reached the Circassian stair and Bertie. Bertie was a bit annoyed, and vaguely troubled, but he was pleasantly polite—gay, even. Perle ate like a little savage. Early she ran away to her room, and, in her night slip of thin pink silk, fairly tumbled into her pillows. The morning clock rang nine before she so much as turned over.

Perle quite forgot Bostwick's scarred face. Bostwick quite forgot his misanthropy. They had many superb days together. When he could, Bostwick made Bertie accompany them. Laboriously climbing after, Bertie christened Bostwick the cave man, Perle, the tree woman. But he, who had been a champion sprinter when Grant was President, found that now he could neither run nor climb.

There was absolutely no sentiment, no high romance, no latter day suggestion of soul-mating, between Bostwick

and Perle. Perle was unconsciously pure, young, healthy and human; Bostwick was healthy, human, not old: carefully, consciously pure. Perle's renewal of her lifelong outdoor existence redoubled her always exuberant vitality.

Suddenly the nerves came upon her again. She sat in her own room for days, or walked alone. She would see neither Bertie nor Bostwick. She cried, sometimes for hours. Presently she philosophized; she *knew*. She saw Bertie as he was; herself as nature had constituted her; Bost—no, not for a long time would she admit Bostwick as the base of her triangle of personal calculation. She even debated the proprieties, at last. "Why," she murmured to herself, "has man decreed that man shall speak, as he will, and that woman shall keep eternal silence, speaking never? Why cannot I go to him, and say . . ." But she would never finish that sentence.

As she sat alone by her window, in a midnight of moonlight broken by wind-harried stormclouds, Bertie, robed and slippered, came to her. The veiling smile he had always worn, the cloak of pretty speech, were neither visible nor audible as he abruptly touched the electric switch. He had not knocked, and he did not sit down. In the white-yellow blaze he was bent, broken—horrible. The cords in his neck drew out like ridiculous whips above the band of his collarless shirt. His hair, no longer carefully arranged, showed his bald pate through the thinning strands.

"Well," he said, pausing at the portal, "I've discharged your lover."

Perle leaped to her feet with a little cry of indignation. Bertie waited for her to speak. His wizened, haggard face implored her speech.

"I do not know what you mean," she said presently. It was the most commonplace, meaningless, falsest thing that she could have said; but their lives were false now, and so perhaps might as well be their speech.

"Yes, you do," persisted her husband. "*David* goes in the morning."

"I swear to you that you are doing *him* the greatest injustice. About my-

self—I pass that. Your accusation is contemptible. It's unworthy my reply. But I must tell you that Mr. Bostwick has never spoken one word of love to me—never—not a word by mouth or pen or sign. I would swear that—"

"Oh, don't lie." Bertie's voice was utterly spent and weary.

"Are you calling me a liar?" A flame began in Perle's white neck and like a conflagration leaped to her brow. The little girl had quite disappeared; it was a passionate, poised woman, her dignity outraged, who stood silent before the dry old ruin, biting her underlip into purple, the nerves in both eyelids twitching automatically.

"Oh, I don't misjudge either one of you. I got what a man usually gets when he is kind to a woman. I took you from a Robinson Crusoe existence to New York. I saw how it would be, in town that night at Rector's—that first night. So I brought you here; but when a woman's bad she's bad, and, somehow, she'd be bad in a nailed-up barrel on a barren rock in mid-Atlantic. At least, she'd corrupt the rescue party." Bertie's voice was high, nasal, shrill; a senile whine. "So I suppose you'd be bad, somehow, anywhere. I've been watching you for weeks. You *have* cheated me, haven't you, Mrs. Faulkner? . . . *Haven't* you? . . . Answer me!"

Perle gazed steadily at her husband; in the long glass hung a reflection of herself. More fully than ever, she saw him as pitifully miswritten history; herself she realized as a present plus a future. She realized, too, that the weak suspicion of age, fallen like the pall of the grave, could never be wholly lifted. And she was, truly, quite innocent. Neither she nor Bostwick had ever spoken or suggested a word or gesture of love, and so it would have continued, doubtless, in the agonized silence of an eternal decorum. Bostwick would have gone, eventually, or she would have gone . . . Now, in five minutes, it was all changed. Bertie, deliberately, had made the irreparable breach.

"Bertie," replied Perle, after a long silence, speaking as if she were at least

his equal in years, "I can only say good night." She bowed her head. The gesture was final. Bertie stood motionless for a half-minute, vibrant with pent-up anger. Assuredly, here was the ludicrous end of that sort of "fuss with a woman" at which he had laughed superiorly his life long.

"Good night!" he snarled. Going out, he left her door wide open.

Quietly, almost pensively, she gently closed it.

Then, with a convulsive shudder of her arm, she shunted off her light. She threw herself at length across her bed. She was lightly clad, the window was opened, and the night was chill, but she would not have sensed a zero blast. Her fingers again and again knotted and unknotted, in swollen veined tensivity, above her head.

An hour later Celeste entered the room. Seeing that her mistress was awake, Celeste sat upon a little stool and stared disinterestedly into the fitfully bright night.

Suddenly Perle leaped to her dressing table, and, kindling merely the little green-shaded lamp, began hastily to arrange her hair. Peering anxiously within the glass, she tried to rub away the little nerve wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. The bow of her lips received the faintest touch of vermeil. She gave a glance to her nails. Rising, she rained through her hair a single spray from a jasmine atomizer. Darkening the apartment, she passed out with soft, firm steps. As the door closed a little ivory clock upon her chiffonier chimed two.

The hall lamps were extinguished, but, with fingers that were sensitive antennae against the cold walls, Perle found the rising stair. The third floor was darkness, too, save for a dim ray coming through the transom of Bostwick's room at the end of the east wing. Perle turned resolutely toward that light.

Dawn stood bravely advanced when the low click of the latch aroused the maid. Celeste was chilled; she knew that she had been long asleep, perhaps even now was not fully awake; yet it

seemed to her that Perle was not Perle, but another woman who merely resembled her. Her nervousness, the furtive haunt in her eyes, her querulousness, the mad restlessness—these all were gone. Perle busied herself at her dressing table, and even in that most uninspired hour she sang, very softly. Her crooning voice was low, but it had a richness and fullness that Celeste had never observed. The stand lamp, which she had pulled up, played in her eyes, and Celeste saw a wonderful new light in them—a fire that was mystic, calm, steady. There were unfading roses in her cheeks. Once she glanced at her own face in the quicksilver, and the roses burst into fuller bloom, and she smiled a bit to herself. Everything that was Perle reflected the peace, the majesty, the sublimity of the woman fullborn.

Perle and Bertie met at the breakfast table.

"Sleep well?" he asked casually.

"Not very," answered she; then added: "But I rested."

"Mr. Bostwick, sir," said Mervin, at the door.

Bostwick, dropping his bag at the

threshold, entered briskly. He glanced at Perle, who did not raise her eyes. Bertie extended his right hand and shook Bostwick's hand heartily.

"Dreadfully sorry to have you leave us," said the elder man. "As I explained to you last night, it's merely a question of money with me—"

"I understand, sir," interrupted Bostwick with equal cordiality. "I'm going to wish you the best of luck, and be on my way. I have scarce twenty minutes."

"By the way," continued Bertie, still hanging to Bostwick's hand; "I sent a pretty strong letter to that Pittsburgh address—corner Fifth Avenue and Smithfield, wasn't it?" . . . "Don't ever pass Le Rêve, old man, without peering in!" Bertie resumed his chair, as Bostwick passed to the door.

"Well—good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" smiled Perle—turning quickly and hungrily again to her plate.

"He'll do well in Pittsburgh," commented Bertie, flashing into his old-time form. "Going into the brass manufacturing trade, he told me."

"Is that so?" Perle's eyes were innocent and wide. "Will you have Mervin bring some hot coffee, dear?"



DROUGHT

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

SILENCE—and in the air
A stare.

One bush, the color of rust,
Stands in the endless lane;
And farther on, hot, hard of pane,
With roof shrunk black,
Headlong against the sky
A house is thrust;
Betwixt the twain,
Like meal poured from a sack,
Stirless, foot high—
The dust.

"HE KISSED HER"

By Miniver Klutch

AS TORTURED BY GEORGE MEREDITH:

Let us not somersault into the feelings of starving women! But Dianitia was a woman with brains. She thought of Sir Rodenberry's finger nails; really incomparable finger nails! His advances flagellated her soul; and she shunted her glances. The poison of doubt masticated her emotions. Who was she? Who was he? Who was anybody? Who loved her? She was sponging her mind with an ambidextrous syllogism. Sir Rodenberry could not wait for the liquefying of the frost. He flapped his arms about her, resembling the windmilling of the wings of enormous birds. The ammunition of arguments in her arsenal had been exhausted. Dianitia ironed out her corrugated forehead. Five minutes writhed by, and when Sir Rodenberry's lips hopped upon her cheek, heart and mind became bifurcated. The one clog-danced hotly; the other oscillated aloof (so much against her nature had been her resignation). Life was a shambles. Behold the boa-constrictor deplete the rabbit: the hawk toenail the trout. Shambles! The word curry-combed her. Thus was the marriage state (and even love, for that matter), a psychic abattoir. Oh, to be elsewhere—elsewhere! She pistoned from Sir Rodenberry's embrace and swam out of the room.

AS SUGGESTED BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS:

A strange, inevitable impulse drew him to her. He caught her in his arms, half tenderly, half savagely. A momentary instinct made her resist him—though in obeying it she knew it was futile. Suddenly, generously, she yielded. Their

lips clung. They stood heart to heart.

"Angostura!"

In the distance a cuckoo called softly.

"Angostura!"

The odor of hyacinths drifted to them.

"Angostura!"

The world stood still.

AS SYNTAXED BY HENRY JAMES:

Having a demur, which was immediately followed by an apprehension of support in his uncertainty, and, under embarrassment lest she force again upon him the ugly particular defeat he had undergone previous to the installation of his now revived emotion, he opened his arms to her, and, without referring to the, as he would have called it, ungracious attention she had a few moments since shown to the conversation which their recent intimate relation had been the subject of, she, with culpable lightness, flew into them, while he (and no one else could have done it so ultimately) touched her forehead with his lips, grateful for her soft method of silence which, after battles of talk, was the best balm she could offer his wounds without reviving the apprehension that he might have begun to balance against her past unreasonable diffidence.

AS TOUCHED UPON BY JANE AUSTEN:

"Really, Mr. Hopkins," said Elizabeth, with a trace of warmth, "as I have hitherto remarked, you puzzle me exceedingly."

"Forgive me, my dear Miss Elizabeth," said Mr. Hopkins, with a formal blow of the nose; "I assure you, I had no unamiable intention of infringing upon the usual practices of elegant females like yourself."

"I in turn assure you, sir," replied she, with an immaculate gesture of refinement, "I have no pretensions whatever beyond those of the other elegant females of my sex, or of discouraging the refined advances of respectable males. I am indeed sensible of the impeccable honor of your desire of osculation, but in justice to my better self, I must request that you deport yourself less intimately. Need I be plainer? You are too hasty, sir, for a gentleman to whom I am not yet legally bound."

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth," replied Mr. Hopkins, with an elegant air of gallantry, "you are uniformly charming, and your refined modesty, far indeed from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections."

AS PROBED BY IVAN TURGENIEFF:

Dmitry Petrovitch Insaroff was born at two o'clock. He was *très distingué*, given to vodka and had coarse, thin hair—he could not fail to please. He met the Princess R... at a ball in St. Petersburg. He danced eighteen mazurkas with her. Why she dressed with such elegance—God only knows! She had a stupid husband (Pavel Kalnykitch) but no children. During the Sonata-Fantasia in C minor, Dmitry Petrovitch Insaroff, felt for the hand of Vasilina R..., found it and clutched it tightly. She returned the pressure; but she did not look at him, neither did he look at her; they did not look at each other. They were both looking elsewhere. . . . There is no need to narrate the rest. . . . The unexpected news of Vasilina's *affaire de cœur* with Dmitry Petrovitch Insaroff almost killed Selma Antemavitch. She took to her bed. Dmitry lived to be a hundred and two. He had four illegitimate sons—Bazaroff, Pushkin, Arkatevsky and Gamboff. Gamboff was an epileptic and ate goulash with his feet.

AS ANALYZED BY GEORGE MOORE:

Spring is—is it not, gentle reader?—a stale season. One feels it in thinking of the art of Degas. Terniers is better, for he does not think so much of execution—*la pâte, la peinture au premier coup*. . . .

My straying thoughts return to Madame —. I always think of Madame — when one speaks of Terniers. It seems strange that I should think of Madame — and not of Marguerite. However, I always think of women; and why should I not think of women? What would you have me think of? Creamed spinach? I like to think of Madame —. I remember one morning, years ago, she and I were walking together under the lime trees. I wondered why more people did not use lime for decorative purposes. But to return to Madame —. Her husband was indoors painting. The landscape about us was a Manet landscape—no, Manet could not have painted it. He would have put too much cerise in the trees, but Delacroix would have gloried in it. Did not those hawthorn bushes look like fine lingerie? Yes, Delacroix would have expressed it. Why should I not kiss Madame —? I thought. "How do you feel?" I asked. "Very well, indeed," she answered, "and you?" "Like a Bouguereau nude," I responded meditatively. Then: "I want to kiss you," I said. "Why hesitate?" she replied. It seems to me strange that I should remember that kiss: I have kissed so many women. There was L—, who always wore pale blue chiffon. Tiopolo would have loved to paint her—would he not? Her knees were a little large and her tibia was short, but she was filled with temperament. Her husband was a stevedore. Yes, I thought to myself, sculpture ceased with the Greeks. Rodin is an imbecile.

AS RELATED BY MARK LEE LUTHER:

"But I—ah, I am so utterly miserable—" She wept, and clung sobbingly to him, a dead, desolate weight. "You—ah, you go to glory—you will become the most sought-after honorary pallbearer in Washington—gorgeous, triumphant in your black mittens and green-gold apron. Ah, you have your future—but I"—she gulped—"what of me?"

He staggered under his limp, clinging burden, his gray, firm eyes on her perfectly modeled shoulder blades which quivered and jerked seductively under her asthmatic tortured breathing. He

recalled a fragment of poetry by Baudelaire—something about "morbid, mellifluous, maniacal shoulder blades" which he had overheard in the Senate chamber. "Morbid" had seemed an inept word then, but now—he began to spy out a certain fitness. . . . The house was still—too still, in fact,—dangerously still; the stillness of espionage, of rubber heels. With an almost feminine flash of intuition, he dragged his eyes from the morbid shoulder blades and looked toward the door—there stood the legal owner of those blades.

AS DESCRIBED BY HERRMANN SUDERMANN:

She dashed up the stairs.
Twelve flights up—a way she well knew.
She panted.
Each one must meet his fate.
And why not?
Then again—

On! On! On!
Whither?
The studio smelled of garlic.
Herr Haffenschnitzler was in his slippers.
Half past eight o'clock.
The old *ganuf!*
He was heaving.
Her glances were as prickly heat.
Suddenly he dashed into the air. He hurled his chair out of the window, and kicked over the jardinière.
"Donnerwetter!" she cried.
He tried to kiss her.
No! No!
She feebly attempted to resist.
But no use.
And she really did not want to.
The next day he sent her a copy of "Das Gefährliche Alter."
And all was as before.

AS REVISED BY G. B. S.:
She kissed him.



AT DUSK

By Naomi Lange

FIRST glaring ochre overhead,
Then red—
O the red of a sunset sky,
Fringed by clouds of gold;
The sea is red with the dye,
And the breezes wayward-souled
And gypsy-led.

First the bloom of your mouth is fled,
Then red—
O the red that my lips impart
In the dusk as I closely hold
Your dream-weary head to my heart;
For our love is wayward-souled
And gypsy-led.

TO A YOUNG POET WHO KILLED HIMSELF

By Joyce Kilmer

WHEN you had played with life a space
And made it drink and lust and sing,
You flung it back into God's face
And thought you did a noble thing.
"Lo, I have lived and loved," you said,
"And sung to fools too dull to hear me.
Now for a cool and grassy bed
With violets in blossom near me."

Well, rest is good for weary feet,
Although they ran for no great prize;
And violets are very sweet
Although their roots are in your eyes.
But hark to what the earthworms say
Who share with you your muddy haven:
"The fight was on—you ran away.
You are a coward and a craven."

The rug is ruined where you bled;
It was a dirty way to die!
To put a bullet through your head
And make a silly woman cry!
You could not vex the merry stars
Nor make them heed you, dead or living.
Not all your puny anger mars
God's irresistible forgiving.

Yes, God forgives and men forget,
And you're forgiven and forgotten.
You might be gaily sinning yet
And quick and fresh instead of rotten.
And when you think of love and fame
And all that might have come to pass,
Then don't you feel a little shame?
And don't you think you were an ass?



THE man who never kissed a woman doesn't deserve to.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLYMAN

By Marian Craig

NOW it came to pass, in the twentieth year of the reign of King Solyman the Wise, that Hosea the Elder, who tarried in Tyre to traffic there, did die and was gathered unto his fathers.

Hosea had dwelt long in the land of Israel. Not only possessed he shiploads of fine linen and purples, and heaped measures of pearls and many talents of pure gold, and claim unto a great part of the cedar forest of Lebanon, implements of war from the smithies of Greece and vast store of the beaten brasses of Babylon, but many wives, not a few of whom were beautiful. For throughout life Hosea had set one eye upon possessions, and the other upon women. Not only could he drape about smooth shoulders cloaks of priceless stuffs; he had the ways of a lover. Not only did he bestow upon his women the fatness of the land; he pleased them. Hosea the Elder was so strong that his blood went bounding even when his body was full of years. When his gray beard swept his waist the gentle Naomi had found his persuasion stronger than the necks of the temple oxen; and he took also to wife, about that time, Ayesha: fair, like Naomi, with hair that might be moondrip from the plunged javelin of Ibrahim, the Arabic archer of the sky—but imperious as Sheba. Naomi, velvet of voice, was also unbendable as a fir tree.

Strangely, until these marriages, Hosea was without issue. Of Hosea's many wives, Naomi and Ayesha were the chiefest, but between them there was ever strife, and in his latter days the old man dwelt much afar—for peace. He was cunning. He had not only a dwell-

ing in Jerusalem, but a goodly house in Tyre; a house kept for him by no concubine, but by his daughter Myrrzha, fourteen years of age, white as a shaft of sunlight on a clear morning, full of smiles as a blue sky, with lips like Cyprian coral, small, slender fingers of snow beneath a ruddy sunset, and eyes as are the black pearls beneath the hot waters that wash North Africa.

Fourteen years before, Naomi and Ayesha had, together, been with child in Egypt. On the same day were they delivered—while Hosea bargained with voice and hands in the marketplace of Cairo. As Hosea was full of years, his further issue, from that day, might well cease to be. In one great spacious hall, with a rug of Smyrna beating back the heat, slept Ayesha and Naomi and their children—both girls. On the tenth morning one of the twain—alike as to feature, color, weight and swaddling—lay dead, while the other called lustily for its natural refreshment. Ayesha cried out that the child of Naomi had perished, while Naomi vowed, as firmly if more gently, that were Sarah the wife of Abraham to appear before her, she would swear that the living babe was hers. Nor were the attendants able to designate the mother of the living and her that had borne the dead; and there was great noise of voices, and confusion even unto the coming of Hosea—and still Ayesha, weeping, fondled the toothless infant, and still Naomi would thrust her hands away.

Not in the space of a year was Hosea able to discern justice and imposture, and his great house beneath the Shiloh gate was like unto Babel. After crying down the exorbitance of the Phoenicians

and railing against the trickery of the Arabs throughout the day, the weary man, seeking peace, would enter this Gehenna.

When the child of two mothers was twelve months old and a few days more, Hosea put sackcloth upon his back, and giving to the High Priest for a burnt offering six fat bullocks from the plain of lower Jordan, knelt without the Holy of Holies and besought Jehovah for guidance. With offerings and tithes he had served the Lord of Hosts since youth, and from the potent loins of his best beloved women God had let come not his long-desired sons, but a single daughter whose name should be Trouble, and whose mothers, jointly, should be called Distraction. When with ashes falling over his coarse robe, Hosea rose from his sweet converse with the Lord, it seemed to him that home ties should no longer bind him. So, leaving servants and goods, and silver and gold for the comfort if not the sweet pleasure of Naomi and Ayesha, Hosea dyed his beard, trimmed it, and again cultivating the innocent smile of the stripling, wandered over all the earth in his merchandising, and, as he willed, looked upon strange women.

When Myrrzha—for so Hosea had called her—was ten years of age, her warring mothers agreed sufficiently to send her upon the path of her gay though ancient parent, who for many months had forgotten to bestow talents of corn and wine, or even shekels of brass, upon his erstwhile connubial companions in Jerusalem.

Now Hosea was indeed growing old. He bore upon his staff as he walked, and it had come to him, somewhat painfully, that the damsels of Sidon leaned no longer against the hollow of his arm for love, but for his rustling silks of Persia and bright white stones from beyond the Sahara.

Myrrzha pleased and comforted him greatly. Modest she was, and her eyes had the gentle radiance of a summer night, while her sweet smile flowed on like a river. She loved her father, and was kind to him. At twelve she was a woman, and had made for him, in Tyre,

a home. Though his best beloveds had vouchsafed him no son, Hosea was pleased with his daughter, and thanked God for her.

When he died, he gave many offerings to the Temple, and a tithe to the King, and modest maintenance for his household—and to Myrrzha, the Pearl of Tyre, his forests of cedar, his mines of gold in the Valley of the Euphrates, his warehouses of priceless cloths and precious stones. There was not in Tyre or Sidon, or in all Judea, so rich a woman as Myrrzha.

Whereupon both her mothers rose and cried that such a thing should not be. Myrrzha was, after all, a woman-child, said they, and according to the customs of Israel and the precedents of Mosaic law, so great a fortune could not be bestowed legitimately upon her. They sent servants and camels and an escort of horsemen with spears to Tyre, to fetch her to Jerusalem. Sweet and obedient, Myrrzha came, wondering.

When she had heard the matter, and knew in her shrewd, still soul that goods and lands, and not she herself, were the issue—at least with one of the women—Myrrzha said that she would give to her real mother all that she had, and would dwell with her forever—that is, unless she went to wife herself, which she was soon quite likely to do. Thereupon all was again as upon that dazzling Egyptian morning when Myrrzha lay squalling for pap, with her half-sister dead beside her.

Abimilech the lawyer, Matthew the learned doctor, Joshua the wise man from Damascus—these could make neither caput nor caudal of the wretched enigma of parentage, and presently Myrrzha herself, with tears of genuine woe in eyes that were as the pool of Bethesda, went before Ezekiel the High Priest, mitered, imposing and terrible at the Altar of Burnt Offerings. Ezekiel pitied the girl, and communed with the Lord, but no heavenly answer was vouchsafed.

The Priest hated much to disturb King Solyman the Wise, for that Grand Monarch, building a golden house for some four hundred queens, was sore

distraught by a sudden conspiracy of all his laborers, who were demanding two shekels of brass a day instead of one, and surcease of toil a full hour before sunset. Nevertheless, Ezekiel awaited the opportune moment, and laid before the ruler the whole story of Hosea and his dual affair, and the mystery of Myrrzha's motherhood.

"Let there be brought before me Ayesha, Naomi, Myrrzha," said King Solyman.

"And their old servants, and their acquaintances, O King! And the papyri of Hosea—"

"Hold!" The King was wroth. "Wert thou not the anointed servant of the Most High, Ezekiel, I would smite thee for juggling with my words. I demanded not the rabble, nor half the population of Judea, nor a library; I said Ayesha, Naomi, Myrrzha."

Ezekiel bowed to the ground, and the royal feet, in passing, brushed his brow.

In his small chamber Solyman received the three women.

Naomi, the ripe but not over-ripe, came with her hair in a fillet of spun gold, a robe of purple mesh, starred with points of hammered gold, about her; sandals of spicewood were upon her feet, and bands of gold and silver tinkled sweetly upon her wrists and ankles. Ayesha, who was still beautiful as the full moon, moved in an air of languid intoxication wrought by perfumes of mid-Asia; her gown was one band of Carthaginian scarlet, not draped, but rather hurled across her right shoulder, while beneath the eyes of the King her perfect left arm and part of a breast that might have been modeled by the chisellers of Nineveh were naked. Her feet were shod with gold. Her golden hair was held back by a circlet of blood red stones, and her hands were lifeless beneath their weight of rings. Ayesha sat upon the right, and Naomi on the left; and between them, on a little stool of carved cedar, the girl Myrrzha, in white, with hair unbound and cascading

over her shoulders, her hands and limbs devoid of any jewels, her perfect little feet bare save for the thinnest and plainest of sandals, her eyes full of childlike trust, as, at last, she beheld the great King.

Upon a dais, at the end of the room, brooded Solyman. He put his chin in the hollow of his hand, and looked steadfastly upon Myrrzha, saying nothing.

The two women shifted uneasily in their places, and, anon, coughed. But Myrrzha, neither surprised nor alarmed, returned the King's gaze unflinchingly.

"O King, what thinkest thou?" asked the Chamberlain, behind him.

"I think," said Solyman in a loud voice, his eyes still unplucked from the countenance of Myrrzha, "that I am beholding the most beautiful creature in the world!"

"It is evident," said the beautiful Ayesha, rising wrathfully, but not forgetting a deep obeisance, "that my Lord has now wearied of *women*, and is letting his fancy feed upon the unformed bodies of children! Myrrzha is a fair child, but as for beauty—"

"Thou infamous thing!" It was Naomi, also upon her feet, who interrupted. Ayesha in her surprise and rage forgot even to breathe, and Naomi, stretching her arms in infinite tenderness toward the startled girl, addressed herself to Solyman, though she did not look at him, and had even forgotten to salaam: "Thou art indeed the All-Wise, O great King, for Myrrzha is the loveliest of all God's creatures! Thy words bring rejoicing, since when King Solyman himself hath acclaimed her perfection, what more—"

"There is no more," interrupted the King, brusquely descending from his petty throne. "Do thou, good Naomi, take thy daughter to thy home; and as for thee, boldly beauteous impostor through almost five leagues of years—get thee hence with the trouble makers of industry I have just evicted from my golden house!"



THE DAZZLING MISERY

By Yvonne Lemaistre

TO all save one of the members of The Book, sitting at the dinner which gave her special honor, Anne Barnstable's face had been until this night unknown. That one member was a cousin, of whom she was very fond; and it was known that she had accepted the lionizing of the club only on his insistence, to give him pleasure, after a first refusal. Among a dozen men she sat, their only feminine guest; such had been her wish, with the usual fine disregard of convention which marked her. Celebrated as were her books, her photograph was not extant. She refused herself to interviews, and, lately, to every form, almost, of social intercourse. Prolonged absences abroad made her more and more remote from a public which awaited avidly every line of her pen. Her appearances in New York were very brief. For a writer of her vogue her legend was singularly meager.

She was a bit bearish, and, physically, quite hopelessly plain; that much was known. But the reputation for plainness, like that of beauty, is elastic, and means little till one is confronted with the aspect which really merits it. Especially in the case of an interesting woman like Anne, the word has in the distance a cavalier elegance, a fascination all its own; one associates it with a peculiar and invincible charm, for which the French have coined the term "*belle laideur*." One awaits instinctively, as a promise, that wave smile which transforms a face, makes it a soul offering itself. But Anne's plainness was not of that sort.

Marvelously intuitive as she was, she felt that her hosts were looking with vague disappointment upon the pale,

lethargic and slightly grotesque little woman before them, and esteemed that her aspect gave little hint of the power of her singular and audacious books. That was to her an old story. But habit and time could not soften the pang it always gave.

The table had been talking shop, as is fatal when birds of a feather commingle. Four or five of the diners had, like herself, attained satisfying renown. Most had spoken in all sincerity of an irresistible vocation, of a need of expression, in them, imperious, insistent, which demanded the course they took; a something luring them which was veritably a call, a voice crying as a miraculous guide in the night, showing the path that was sure. Listening to the voice brought them whatever rest and hope they knew and, when they best listened and most faithfully followed the path it showed, a tranquil assurance of fulfillment, as if life had really given them to drink of the waters suited to their particular avidity. Anne listened with a whimsical smile on her pale lips; several times pressed to speak her own case, she had turned off her questioners with a little shake of the head. "Oh, I?" she said with a little laugh. "I assure you that I do not count. I am only a whitened sepulcher, among you but not of you." But they had become insistent.

She leaned the tips of her fingers on the edge of the table, with a curious gesture usual with her when she was about to speak, and gazed at them several seconds in silence. Her hands were beautiful; pale, slender, nervous, intelligent, eager to grasp life and yet conscious of a debt they owed to their own beauty, which counseled, demanded a

slow grace of movement, an indolence. In them the beauty of the flesh seemed married to an intelligence. They were divine hands. But they were all that Anne possessed of beauty.

"People will tell you," she began, "people who know me well, that I am foolishly vain of my hands. It is so. This open vanity would make me ridiculous were I not so hopelessly unattractive every other way. But people forgive. They say: 'Poor thing, they are all she has.'" She carried around the table an amused glance; her hosts looked a bit startled and conscious, and her smile deepened.

"You speak," she resumed, "of irresistible vocations, of calls to art. Such is not my case; decidedly not. I shall tell you the very simple truth. You may call it, afterward, what you will: unsatisfied vanity perhaps, or—well, what you will.

"I began to write because I am ugly. I worked to win such fame I have only because I am ugly. Had I been beautiful, I should have been wholly happy, satisfied, satiated, *drunk* with being just that: a beautiful woman. I should have asked for nothing better; to my mind there is nothing above having a face and a body which compel love as the sun compels the flower.

"Women are never consoled for the lack of beauty in themselves. Do not believe one who tells you that she is. But a brilliant woman likes to think that she consoles herself with the foolish belief—quite unproved—that brains seldom go with beauty. In her heart of hearts she knows better. Nature is too arrogantly unjust to arrange things so beautifully. But it is wise not to look too closely at a consoling thought.

"Sometimes one may be ugly a long time, even a lifetime, without realizing the full horror of one's fate—of one's face. When one is very rich, say, or a princess; in other words, when there are sycophants. To her grave, Elizabeth of England thought herself beautiful. But even in Elizabeth's case there was the beautiful cousin, Mary of the Scots, to cause bitter comparisons. There is nearly always a beautiful cousin.

"In my case it was a beautiful sister.

"It may be possible for an ugly woman not to mind her ugliness enormously. It may be possible. I don't know. But I think I should look upon such a woman as a monster, if she lives.

"I am loving and I am vain. I am intensely loving and intensely vain. I want people to love me; I want them to notice me, to admire me, to consider me, to pet me, to look when I pass, to stop talking when I appear. My coming into a room must be an event.

"All this a beautiful woman gets without trying. She is a queen for just being. Her sway is more imperious and sure than fate. And she has not lifted a finger to deserve it. Men may have been created free and equal, but it is very different with women. No more arrogant privilege of caste exists than that of the beautiful, ruling by a pure caprice of fate. No democracy is possible where eyes govern, where lips charm men's reason away.

"I knew very early that I was ugly. I began to understand when I was only seven. Theologians have called seven the age of reason; you may know at that ripe age, it appears, whether you sin or not. I certainly began to sin then, if you will call sin the piteous jealousy of the ugly child craving love, craving attention, who sees all eyes ignore her for one whose face is a flower.

"My sister was five years older than I. When two little girls are seven and twelve, respectively, the advantage, when they are of equal good looks, is with the little one. At twelve, one has lost much of the appealing baby charm. But Aline was so beautiful, and I so ugly, that no one saw me. Hands drew her, arms clasped her, kisses sought the unwillingly submissive loveliness of her cheeks; eyes dwelt on her hungrily, at length, reluctant to travel from that glowing face, as powerful a royalty as any head wearing a crown. We passed. It was as if I had not been.

"On rare occasions, some kind soul would note that I was pale, and little for my age. Aline grew superbly, with the vigor of a young tree. She had one of those admirable bodies, wide of

shoulder and lithe of waist, over which any rag drapes itself sculpturally. She moved with the slow grace of a seagull skimming the waves. I have always had the sort of figure described by that lamentable term, 'no figure.'

"So we grew into women, each keeping the promise of the years. Aline had in her heart the same fire that I had, craving love with an insane intensity. But she never knew what it was to crave in vain. So much was laid at her feet that she never realized that she needed that much. She even deluded herself into the belief that she was unloving. The flame in her was smothered; in me, unfed.

"It is not true that mothers prefer the ugly duckling. I suppose that my parents loved me. They were charming, considerate. But they were normal human folks. Their eyes dwelt on Aline's face unconsciously, deserting mine as naturally as one deserts a grave when the last prayers have been said. She was hopes, dreams, to them; all that was fair weather. I represented nothing particularly interesting. I did not arouse dreams. At best I could have a small, gray fate. I did not suggest a Prince Charming, a castle in Spain, a Newport villa or an English duke. If I married a sensible lawyer, like my father, one could count me lucky. They subconsciously supposed that I would never marry at all.

"My childhood had accustomed me to neglect, but with girlhood a new element of humiliation was naturally added to my cup: the indifference of the men. When my twentieth birthday came, no man had yet loved me, had even tried to give me the illusion, in a mild flirtation, that he did. I was not surprised, precisely, by this; I think that, subconsciously, I had perhaps expected it; but youthful hope is tenacious, and only the actual breaking of the cloud portends the storm. I had hoped that by some divine miracle love should come to me also, once at least. It was so often laid at Aline's feet! For a long time, however, the way love always passed me by, with cruel, blind eyes, to seek Aline only, remained a vague, uncentered sorrow—till he came.

"The inevitable happened. When I was twenty the great love came. In vain, naturally. It was the old story. I might have known, fled to the ends of the earth, anything rather than let this passion grow within me. But at twenty is one so wise?

"She did not love him. He was one of many. She did not take particular notice of him. He was distinguished, and she may have been slightly flattered. But he was like me physically—singularly unmagnetic. She told him a little brutally, for toward the last he had become feverishly insistent and a bit tiresome, that it was of no use. Soon afterward she married the other man. And then he killed himself, foolishly, theatrically, on her wedding night.

"I bore it. One thinks one won't bear certain things, but one does. The hardest thing was that I was not able to *hide* and *shriek* when folks spoke of it! Circumstances served me somewhat at this juncture. An uncle left me at his death a comfortable sum. My majority came soon. In the teeth of my protesting family, and of the astonished town, I left home for Italy, to make an indefinite stay. To my knowledge no one had divined the cause, not even Aline. I said I wanted to study. I had always been bookish, the sort of ugly little worm one expects 'to go in for those things.' It was not a bad reason.

"In Florence I began to write, but not at once. For a year I remained inert and, as was my most ardent wish, alone and hidden. Those that life has scorned, bruised, trampled, love to hide thus. Silence, solitude, sleep! I wanted nothing else. The relief of letting my ugly little face speak the truth of the heart beneath was joy enough in itself. So long had I made it give the world a message not its own! It soothed like taking off a stifling mask, like shaking off a burden which wounds the back.

"Evidently I became then more 'interesting,' if not more comely. Behind the ugly mask the soul seemed more to live. Perhaps it was the first time that there seemed to be a soul. Heaven knows how carefully I had hidden it before! The sensitive Florentines saw it.

For the first time in my life, eyes dwelt on my face with some vague interest. They found me '*simpatica*.' Myself, I grew to adore the childlike, spontaneous friendliness of the race. In the delicious old gardens strangers spoke to me often, children, women, men young and old. I met their friendliness with a foolish sense of pleasure. I was *attracting* people. Once a youth spontaneously offered me some grapes he carried. 'Why do you do this?' I asked curiously. 'Because you are so sad,' he said. 'And is that all?' I pressed him. 'No, it is not all,' he replied. I could have cried with joy.

"When I began to write, success came quickly. The long introspection had ripened me, I suppose, beyond my youth. My 'stuff' appealed. My first book was full of crudities, but it pleased. I am today much the better artist, but artistry, the knowledge of the *métier*, was never what counted much in my case. My books are human, nothing more. Critics have long assigned me, on that score, the place which I may claim.

"For five long years I wrote feverishly, pushed by I know not what fury of action. Work became life itself to me, meat and drink, sleep and air, all the essential things. This fever of work, if you have known it, is but the wish to get out of one's self, to shed the old wounded soul and embrace a new one, if one can. If one can!

"With success, I ceased, of course, to be ignored. I went home, after six years of expatriation, to be fêted, cajoled, caressed, lionized. Things were enormously changed. In the eyes which had passed over me, in my girlhood, with the smooth indifference of the unseeing, I saw more than absorbed—*envious*—attention. I excited jealousy, and did not know whether to smile or weep. I was able to observe at my very elbow that peculiar form of vanity which makes certain types seek a celebrity for the feeble glow of reflected glory which may come therefrom to themselves.

"My enormous vanity was fed, of course, by the homage. Still, that homage went to the *writer*, remember—the worker, the silkworm, the ant—not to the woman. After years of effort and

weariness, I had what Aline had always had simply by being, by appearing to the glance. I had it, yet I never felt that I intimately *possessed* it. It was not to myself, to that ugly, thin, black little woman, that the incense went. The smiling, smirking fools before me were bowing to a pile of six books behind my head.

"I had at last what Aline had always had, I have said. This is a misuse of words. Adulation has come my way assuredly, and of a wider sort, you will say, than the one she has enjoyed. But the essential, primal triumph of woman, showered on her so lavishly, that for which every one of us, were she frank, will tell you that she breathes and lives, has not come my way. I have never been loved.

"Men seek me, out of curiosity. Their curiosity appeased, they go the other way. Brilliant men can find among themselves the intellectual companionship they need. That is not what they demand of woman.

"Aline is the mother of growing children. Years have passed. She inspires passion still. When she appears men turn from me to lose themselves in the including caress of her soft eyes, to look with yearning upon the warm redness of her mouth. She embodies their dream of the eternal Eve. Hers is the greater force. Unconsciously, the gravest of them feel the potency of her womanhood, yearn for one thing: to kiss her lips.

"Mine, no. I am an ugly woman. Do the damned, I wonder, know this particular form of torture? I suppose not. In the flock where all are black sheep, there is no black sheep. It is only the white ewe lamb with the pink ribbon around her neck who makes all the trouble. I have wanted love. It has been denied. What I do possess is as nothing. The land of dreams is the one to which you have never been.

"So I live the pitiful years of my 'success.' I am envied. I am *envied*! What a word! Mine is a glittering misery. I am a dazzling wretch."

As Anne ceased speaking there fell upon the room that silence which comes when men have looked upon death.

'LILITH'

By Louis Untermeyer

HE answered to her wildness and the fresh
Lure of her wanton flesh . . .
"May Death withhold his hands till I have been
Held in your fluent hair as in a mesh;
Unpenitent and glad, exulting in
Some splendid sin.

"Give me your lips again, your hands so frail,
Your beauty, young and pale;
Your eyes that tremble like a startled wren!
Here is my solace; here all wisdoms fail;
Here is more strength than in a world of men—
Your lips—again . . ."

* * *

Then, like a flame, the madness leaped and died;
Passion grew hollow-eyed.
Her voice no longer swayed; the music thinned . . .
And as, with sickening soul, he turned aside,
The moon, a goblin riding on the wind,
Peered down—and grinned.



PRAYER

By Sara Teasdale

UNTIL I lose my soul and lie
Blind to the beauty of the earth,
Deaf though a lyric wind goes by
Dumb in a storm of mirth;
Until my heart is quenched at length,
And I have left the land of men,
Oh, let me love with all my strength,
Careless if I am loved again.

THE HEART OF A TENOR*

By Frank Wedekind

CHARACTERS

GERARDO (*Wagnerian tenor, thirty-six years old*)
HELEN MAROVA (*a beautiful dark-haired woman of twenty-five*)
PROFESSOR DUHRING (*sixty, the typical "misunderstood genius"*)
MISS ISABEL CŒURNE (*a blonde English girl of sixteen*)
MULLER (*hotel manager*)
A VALET
A BELL BOY
AN UNKNOWN WOMAN

TIME: *The present.*

PLACE: *A city in Austria.*

SCENE—*A large hotel room. There are doors at the right and in the center, and at the left a window with heavy portières. Behind a grand piano at the right stands a Japanese screen which conceals the fireplace. There are several large trunks, open; bunches of flowers are all over the room; many bouquets are piled up on the piano.*

VALET (*entering from the "adjoining room carrying an armful of clothes which he proceeds to pack in one of the trunks. There is a knock at the door*)

Come in.

BELL BOY

There is a lady who wants to know if the Maestro is in.

VALET

He isn't in. (*Exit BELL BOY. The VALET goes into the adjoining room and returns with another armful of clothes. There is another knock at the door. He puts the clothes on a chair and goes to the door.*) What's this again? (*He opens the door and someone hands him several large bunches of flowers, which he places carefully on the piano; then he goes back to his packing. There is another knock. He opens the door and takes a handful of letters. He glances at the addresses and reads aloud: "Mister Gerardo. Mon-*

sieur Gerardo. Gerardo Esquire. Signor Gerardo." *He drops the letters on a tray and resumes his packing.*)

(*Enter GERARDO.*)

GERARDO

Haven't you finished packing yet? How much longer will it take you?

VALET

I'll be through in a minute, sir.

GERARDO

Hurry! I still have things to do. Let me see. (*He reaches for something in a trunk.*) God Almighty! Don't you know how to fold a pair of trousers? (*Taking the trousers out*) This is what you call packing! Look here! You still have something to learn from me, after all. You take the trousers like this. . . . You lock this up here. . . . Then you take hold of these buttons. Watch

* "Kammersänger." Adapted and copyrighted, 1913, by André Tridon.
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these buttons here, that's the important thing. Then—you pull them straight . . . There. . . . There. . . . Then you fold them here. . . See. . . . Now these trousers would keep their shape for a hundred years.

VALET (*respectfully, with downcast eyes*)
You must have been a tailor once, sir.

GERARDO
What! Well, not exactly . . . (*He gives the trousers to the VALET.*) Pack those up, but be quick about it. Now about that train. You are sure this is the last one we can take?

VALET
It is the only one that gets you there in time, sir. The next train does not reach Brussels until ten o'clock.

GERARDO
Well, then, we must catch this one. I will just have time to go over the second act. Unless I go over that. . . . Now don't let anybody . . . I am out to everybody.

VALET
All right, sir. There are some letters for you, sir.

GERARDO
I have seen them.

VALET
And flowers!

GERARDO
Yes, all right. (*He takes the letters from the tray and throws them on a chair before the piano. Then he opens the letters, glances over them with beaming eyes, crumples them up and throws them under the chair.*) Remember! I am out to everybody.

VALET
I know, sir. (*He locks the trunks.*)

GERARDO
To everybody.

VALET
You needn't worry, sir. (*Giving him the trunk keys*) Here are the keys, sir.

GERARDO (*pocketing the keys*)
To everybody!

VALET
The trunks will be taken down at once.
(*He goes out.*)

GERARDO (*looking at his watch*)
Forty minutes. (*He pulls the score of "Tristan" from underneath the flowers on the piano and walks up and down humming*) "Isoldel Geliebte! Bist du mein? Hab' ich dich wieder? Darf ich dich fassen?" (*He clears his throat, strikes a chord on the piano and starts again.*) "Isoldel Geliebte! Bist du mein? Hab' ich dich wieder? . . ." (*He clears his throat.*) The air is dead here. (*He sings.*) "Isoldel Geliebte! . . ." It's oppressive here. Let's have a little fresh air. (*He goes to the window at the left and fumbles for the curtain cord.*) Where is the thing? On the other side! Here! (*He pulls the cord and throws his head back with an annoyed expression when he sees MISS CŒURNE.*)

MISS CŒURNE (*in three-quarter length skirt, her blonde hair down her back, holding a bunch of red roses; she speaks with an English accent and looks straight at GERARDO*)

Oh, please don't send me away.

GERARDO
What else can I do? God knows, I haven't asked you to come here. Do not take it badly, dear young lady, but I have to sing tomorrow night in Brussels. I must confess, I hoped I would have this half-hour to myself. I had just given positive orders not to let anyone, whoever it might be, come up to my rooms.

MISS CŒURNE (*coming down stage*)
Don't send me away. I heard you yesterday in "Tannhäuser," and I was just bringing you these roses, and—

GERARDO
And—and what?

MISS CŒURNE
And myself. . . . I don't know whether you understand me.

GERARDO (*holding the back of a chair; he hesitates, then shakes his head*)
Who are you?

MISS CŒURNE
My name is Miss Cœurne.

GERARDO
Yes. . . . Well?

MISS CŒURNE
I am very silly.

GERARDO
I know. Come here, my dear girl. (*He sits down in an armchair and she stands before him.*) Let's have a good earnest talk, such as you have never had in your life—and seem to need. An artist like myself—don't misunderstand me; you are—how old are you?

MISS CŒURNE
Twenty-two.

GERARDO
You are sixteen or perhaps seventeen. You make yourself a little older so as to appear more—tempting. Well? Yes, you are very silly. It is really none of my business, as an artist, to cure you of your silliness. . . . Don't take this badly. . . . Now then! Why are you staring away like this?

MISS CŒURNE
I said I was very silly, because I thought you Germans liked that in a young girl.

GERARDO
I am not a German, but just the same . . .

MISS CŒURNE
What! I am not as silly as all that.

GERARDO
Now look here, my dear girl—you have your tennis court, your skating club; you have your riding class, your dances; you have all a young girl can wish for. What on earth made you come to me?

MISS CŒURNE
Because all those things are awful, and they bore me to death.

GERARDO
I will not dispute that. Personally, I must tell you, I know life from an entirely different side. But, my child, I am a man; I am thirty-six. The time will come when you, too, will claim a fuller existence. Wait another two years and there will be someone for you, and then you won't need to—hide yourself behind curtains, in my room, in the room of a man who—never asked you, and whom you don't know any better than—the whole continent of Europe knows him—in order to look at life from his—wonderful point of view. (*MISS CŒURNE sighs deeply.*) Now then . . . Many thanks from the bottom of my heart for your roses. (*He presses her hand.*) Will this do for today?

MISS CŒURNE
I had never in all my life thought of a man, until I saw you on the stage last night in "Tannhäuser." And I promise you—

GERARDO
Oh, don't promise me anything, my child. What good could your promise do me? The burden of it would all fall upon you. You see, I am talking to you as lovingly as the most loving father could. Be thankful to God that with your recklessness you haven't fallen into the hands of another artist. (*He presses her hand again.*) Let this be a lesson to you and never try it again.

MISS CŒURNE (*holding her handkerchief to her face but shedding no tears*)
Am I so homely?

GERARDO
Homely! Not homely, but young and indiscreet. (*He rises nervously, goes to the right, comes back, puts his arm around her waist and takes her hand.*) Listen to me, child. You are not homely because I have to be a singer, because I have to be an artist. Don't misunderstand me, but I can't see why I should simply, because I am an artist, have to assure you

that I appreciate your youthful freshness and beauty. It is a question of time. Two hundred, maybe three hundred, nice, lovely girls of your age saw me last night in the role of Tannhäuser. Now if every one of those girls made the same demands upon me which you are making—what would become of my singing? What would become of my voice? What would become of my art?

(MISS CŒURNE *sinks into a seat, covers her face and weeps.*)

GERARDO (*leaning over the back of her chair, in a friendly tone*)

It is a crime for you, child, to weep over the fact that you are still so young. Your whole life is ahead of you. Is it my fault if you fell in love with me? They all do. That is what I am for. Now won't you be a good girl and let me, for the few minutes I have left, prepare myself for tomorrow's appearance?

MISS CŒURNE (*rising and drying her tears*)

I can't believe that any other girl would have acted the way I have.

GERARDO (*leading her to the door*)
No, dear child.

MISS CŒURNE (*with sobs in her voice*)
At least, not if—

GERARDO
If my valet had stood before the door.

MISS CŒURNE
If—

GERARDO
If the girl had been as beautiful and youthfully fresh as you.

MISS CŒURNE
If—

GERARDO
If she had heard me only once in "Tannhäuser."

MISS CŒURNE (*indignant*)
If she were as respectable as I am!

GERARDO (*pointing to the piano*)
Before saying good-bye to me, child,

have a look at all those flowers. May this be a warning to you in case you feel tempted again to fall in love with a singer. See how fresh they all are. And I have to let them wither, dry up, or I give them to the porter. And look at those letters. (*He takes a handful of them from a tray.*) I don't know any of those women. Don't worry; I leave them all to their fate. What else could I do? But I'll wager with you that every one of your lovely young friends sent in her little note.

MISS CŒURNE

Well, I promise not to do it again, not to hide myself behind your curtains. But don't send me away.

GERARDO

My time, my time, dear child. If I were not on the point of taking a train! I have already told you, I am very sorry for you. But my train leaves in twenty-five minutes. What do you expect?

MISS CŒURNE

A kiss.

GERARDO (*stiffening up*)
From me?

MISS CŒURNE

Yes.

GERARDO (*holding her around the waist and looking very serious*)

You rob Art of its dignity, my child. I do not wish to appear an unfeeling brute, and I am going to give you my picture. Give me your word that after that you will leave me.

MISS CŒURNE

Yes.

GERARDO

Good. (*He sits at the table and autographs one of his pictures.*) You should try to become interested in the operas themselves instead of the men who sing them. You would probably derive much greater enjoyment.

MISS CŒURNE (*to herself*)
I am too young yet.

GERARDO

Sacrifice yourself to music. (*He comes down stage and gives her the picture.*) Don't see in me a famous tenor but a mere tool in the hands of a noble master. Look at all the married women among your acquaintances. All Wagnerians. Study Wagner's works; learn to understand his *leit motifs*. That will save you from further foolishness.

MISS CŒURNE

I thank you.

(*GERARDO leads her out and rings the bell. He takes up his piano score again. There is a knock at the door.*)

VALET (*coming in out of breath*)

Yes, sir.

GERARDO

Are you standing at the door?

VALET

Not just now, sir.

GERARDO

Of course not! Be sure not to let anybody come up here.

VALET

There were three ladies who asked for you, sir.

GERARDO

Don't you dare to let any one of them come up, whatever she may tell you.

VALET

And then here are some more letters.

GERARDO

Oh, all right. (*The VALET places the letters on a tray.*) And don't you dare to let anyone come up.

VALET (*at the door*)

No, sir.

GERARDO

Even if she offers to settle a fortune upon you.

VALET

No, sir.

(*He goes out.*)

GERARDO (*singing*)

"*Isolde! Geliebte! Bist du . . .*" Well, if women don't get tired of me— Only the world is so full of them; and I am only one man. Everyone has his burden to carry. (*He strikes a chord on the piano.*)

(*PROF. DUHRING, dressed all in black, with a long white beard, a red hooked nose, gold spectacles, Prince Albert coat and silk hat, an opera score under his arm, enters without knocking.*)

GERARDO

What do you want?

DUHRING

Maestro—I—I—have—an opera.

GERARDO

How did you get in?

DUHRING

I have been watching for two hours for a chance to run up the stairs unnoticed.

GERARDO

But, my dear good man, I have no time.

DUHRING

Oh, I will not play the whole opera for you.

GERARDO

I haven't the time. My train leaves in forty minutes.

DUHRING

You haven't the time! What should I say? You are thirty and successful. You have your whole life to live yet. Just listen to your part in my opera. You promised to listen to it when you came to this city.

GERARDO

What is the use? I am not a free agent—

DUHRING

Please! Please! Please, Maestro! I stand before you an old man, ready to fall on my knees before you; an old man who has never cared for anything in the world but his art. For fifty years I have been a willing victim to the tyranny of art—

GERARDO (*interrupting him*)

Yes, I understand; I understand, but—

DUHRING (*excitedly*)

No, you don't understand. You could not understand. How could you, the favorite of fortune, you understand what fifty years of bootless work means? But I will try to make you understand it. You see, I am too old to take my own life. People who do that do it at twenty-five, and I let the time pass by. I must now drag along to the end of my days. Please sir, please don't let these moments pass in vain for me, even if you have to lose a day thereby, a week even. This is in your own interest. A week ago, when you first came for your special appearances, you promised to let me play my opera for you. I have come here every day since; either you had a rehearsal or a woman caller. And now you are on the point of going away. You have only to say one word: I will sing the part of Hermann—and they will produce my opera. You will then thank God for my insistence. . . . Of course you sing Siegfried, you sing Florestan—but you have no role like Hermann in your repertoire, no role better suited to your middle register.

(GERARDO *leans against the mantelpiece; while drumming on the top with his right hand, he discovers something behind the screen; he suddenly stretches out his arm and pulls out a woman in a gray gown, whom he leads out of the room through the middle door; after closing the door, he turns to DUHRING.*)

GERARDO

Oh, are you still there?

DUHRING (*undisturbed*)

This opera is good; it is dramatic; it is a financial success. I can show you letters from Liszt, from Wagner, from Rubinstein, in which they consider me as a superior man. And why hasn't my opera ever been produced? Because I am not crying my wares on the marketplace. And then you know our directors: they will revive ten dead men before they give a live man a chance.

Their walls are well guarded. At thirty you are in. At sixty I am still out. One word from you and I shall be in, too. This is why I have come, and (*Raising his voice*) if you are not an unfeeling brute, if success has not killed in you the last spark of artistic sympathy, you will not refuse to hear my work.

GERARDO

I will give you an answer in a week. I will go over your opera. Let me have it.

DUHRING

No, I am too old, Maestro. In a week, in what you call a week, I shall be dead and buried. In a week—that is what they all say; and then they keep it for years.

GERARDO

I am very sorry but—

DUHRING

Tomorrow perhaps you will be on your knees before me; you will boast of knowing me . . . and today, in your sordid lust for gold, you cannot even spare the half-hour which would mean the breaking of my fetters.

GERARDO

No, really, I have only thirty-five minutes left, and unless I go over a few passages . . . You know I sing Tristan in Brussels tomorrow night. (*He pulls out his watch.*) I haven't even half an hour . . .

DUHRING

Half an hour . . . Oh, then, let me play to you your big aria at the end of the first act. (*He attempts to sit down on the piano bench. GERARDO restrains him.*)

GERARDO

Now, frankly, my dear sir . . . I am a singer; I am not a critic. If you wish to have your opera produced, address yourself to those gentlemen who are paid to know what is good and what is not. People scorn and ignore my opinions in such matters as completely as they appreciate and admire my singing.

DUHRING

My dear Maestro, you may take it from me that I myself attach no im-

portance whatever to your judgment. What do I care about your opinions? I know you tenors; I would like to play my score for you so that you could say: "I would like to sing the role of Hermann."

GERARDO

If you only knew how many things I would like to do and which I have to renounce, and how many things I must do for which I do not care in the least! Half a million a year does not repay me for the many joys of life which I must sacrifice for the sake of my profession. I am not a free man. But you were a free man all your life. Why didn't you go to the marketplace and cry your wares?

DUHRING

Oh, the vulgarity of it . . . I have tried it a hundred times. I am a composer, Maestro, and nothing more.

GERARDO

By which you mean that you have exhausted all your strength in the writing of your operas and kept none of it to secure their production.

DUHRING

That is true.

GERARDO

The composers I know reverse the process. They get their operas written somehow and then spend all their strength in an effort to get them produced.

DUHRING

That is the type of artist I despise.

GERARDO

Well, I despise the type of man that wastes his life in useless endeavor. What have you done in those fifty years of struggle, for yourself or for the world? Fifty years of useless struggle! That should convince the worst blockhead of the impracticability of his dreams. What have you done with your life? You have wasted it shamefully. If I had wasted my life as you have wasted yours—of course I am only speaking for myself—I don't think I should have the courage to look anyone in the face.

DUHRING

I am not doing it for myself; I am doing it for my art.

GERARDO (*scornfully*)

Art, my dear man! Let me tell you that art is quite different from what the papers tell us it is.

DUHRING

To me it is the highest thing in the world.

GERARDO

You may believe that, but nobody else does. We artists are merely a luxury for the use of the *bourgeoisie*. When I stand there on the stage I feel absolutely certain that not one solitary human being in the audience takes the slightest interest in what we, the artists, are doing. If they did, how could they listen to "Die Walküre," for instance? Why, it is an indecent story which could not be mentioned anywhere in polite society. And yet, when I sing Siegmund, the most puritanical mothers bring their fourteen-year-old daughters to hear me. This, you see, is the meaning of whatever you call art. This is what you have sacrificed fifty years of your life to. Find out how many people came to hear me sing and how many came to gape at me as they would at the Emperor of China if he should turn up here tomorrow. Do you know what the artistic wants of the public consist in? To applaud, to send flowers, to have a subject for conversation, to see and be seen. They pay me half a million, but then I make business for hundreds of cabbies, writers, dressmakers, restaurant keepers. It keeps money circulating; it keeps blood running. It gets girls engaged, spinsters married, wives tempted, old cronies supplied with gossip; a woman loses her pocketbook in the crowd, a fellow becomes insane during the performance. Doctors, lawyers make . . . (*He coughs.*) And with this I must sing Tristan in Brussels tomorrow night! I tell you all this, not out of vanity, but to cure you of your delusions. The measure of a man's worth is the world's opinion of him, not the inner belief

which one finally adopts after brooding over it for years. Don't imagine that you are a misunderstood genius. There are no misunderstood geniuses.

DUHRING

Let me just play to you the first scene of the second act. A park landscape as in the painting, "Embarkation for the Isle of Cythera."

GERARDO

I repeat to you I have no time. And furthermore, since Wagner's death the need for new operas has never been felt by anyone. If you come with new music, you set against yourself all the music schools, the artists, the public. If you want to succeed just steal enough out of Wagner's works to make up a whole opera. Why should I cudgel my brains with your new music when I have cudgelled them cruelly with the old?

DUHRING (*holding out his trembling hand*)

I am afraid I am too old to learn how to steal. Unless one begins very young, one can never learn it.

GERARDO

Don't feel hurt. My dear sir—if I could . . . The thought of how you have to struggle . . . I happen to have received some five hundred marks more than my fee . . .

DUHRING (*turning to the door*)

Don't! Please don't! Do not say that. I did not try to show you my opera in order to work a touch. No, I think too much of this child of my brain . . . No, Maestro.

(*He goes out through the center door.*)

GERARDO (*following him to the door*)

I beg your pardon. . . . Pleased to have met you.

(*He closes the door and sinks into an armchair. A voice is heard outside: "I will not let that man step in my way."*) HELEN rushes into the room followed by the VALET. She is an unusually beautiful young woman in street dress.)

HELEN

That man stood there to prevent me from seeing you!

GERARDO

Helen!

HELEN

You knew that I would come to see you.

VALET (*rubbing his cheek*)

I did all I could, sir, but this lady actually—

HELEN

Yes, I slapped his face.

GERARDO

Helen!

HELEN

Should I have let him insult me?

GERARDO (*to the VALET*)

Please leave us.

(*The VALET goes out.*)

HELEN (*placing her muff on a chair*)

I can no longer live without you. Either you take me with you or I will kill myself.

GERARDO

Helen!

HELEN

Yes, kill myself. A day like yesterday, without even seeing you—no I could not live through that again. I am not strong enough. I beseech you, Oscar, take me with you.

GERARDO

I couldn't.

HELEN

You could if you wanted to. You can't leave me without killing me. These are not mere words. This isn't a threat. It is a fact: I will die if I can no longer have you. You must take me with you—it is your duty—if only for a short time.

GERARDO

I give you my word of honor, Helen, I can't—I give you my word.

HELEN

You must, Oscar. Whether you can or not, you must bear the consequences of your acts. I love life, but to me life

and you are one and the same thing. Take me with you, Oscar, if you don't want to have my blood on your hands.

GERARDO

Do you remember what I said to you the first day we were together here?

HELEN

I remember, but what good does that do me?

GERARDO

I said that there couldn't be any question of love between us.

HELEN

I can't help that. I didn't know you then. I never knew what a man could be to me until I met you. You knew very well that it would come to this, otherwise you wouldn't have obliged me to promise not to make you a parting scene.

GERARDO

I simply cannot take you with me.

HELEN

Oh, God! I knew you would say that! I knew it when I came here. That's what you say to every woman. And I am just one of a hundred. I know it. But, Oscar, I am lovesick; I am dying of love. This is your work, and you can save me without any sacrifice on your part, without assuming any burden. Why can't you do it?

GERARDO (*very slowly*)

Because my contract forbids me to marry or to travel in the company of a woman.

HELEN (*disturbed*)

What can prevent you?

GERARDO

My contract.

HELEN

You cannot . . .

GERARDO

I cannot marry until my contract expires.

HELEN

And you cannot . . .

GERARDO

I cannot travel in the company of a woman.

HELEN

That is incredible. And whom in the world should it concern?

GERARDO

My manager.

HELEN

Your manager! What business is it of his?

GERARDO

It is precisely his business.

HELEN

Is it perhaps because it might—
affect your voice?

GERARDO

Yes.

HELEN

That is preposterous. Does it affect your voice?

(GERARDO *chuckles*.)

HELEN

Does your manager believe that nonsense?

GERARDO

No, he doesn't.

HELEN

This is beyond me. I can't understand how a decent man could sign such a contract.

GERARDO

I am an artist first and a man next.

HELEN

Yes, that's what you are—a great artist—an eminent artist. Can't you understand how much I must love you? You are the first man whose superiority I have felt and whom I desired to please, and you despise me for it. I have bitten my lips many a time not to let you suspect how much you meant to me; I was so afraid I might bore you. Yesterday, however, put me in a state of mind which no woman can endure. If I didn't love you so insanely, Oscar, you would think more of me. That is the terrible thing about you—that you must

scorn a woman who thinks the world of you.

GERARDO

Helen!

HELEN

Your contract! Don't use your contract as a weapon to murder me with. Let me go with you, Oscar. You will see if your manager ever mentions a breach of contract. He would not do such a thing. I know men. And if he says a word, it will be time then for me to die.

GERARDO

We have no right to do that, Helen. You are just as little free to follow me, as I am to shoulder such a responsibility. I don't belong to myself; I belong to my art.

HELEN

Oh, leave your art alone. What do I care about your art? Has God created a man like you to make a puppet of himself every night? You should be ashamed of it instead of boasting of it. You see, I overlooked the fact that you were merely an artist. What wouldn't I overlook for a god like you? Even if you were a convict, Oscar, my feelings would be the same. I would lie in the dust at your feet and beg for your pity. I would face death as I am facing it now.

GERARDO (*laughing*)

Facing death, Helen! Women who are endowed with your gift for enjoying life don't make away with themselves. You know even better than I do the value of life.

HELEN (*dreamily*)

Oscar, I didn't say that I would shoot myself. When did I say that? Where would I find the courage to do that? I only said that I will die, if you don't take me with you. I will die as I would of an illness, for I only live when I am with you. I can live without my home, without my children, but not without you, Oscar. I cannot live without you.

GERARDO

Helen, if you don't calm yourself . . . You put me in an awful position. . . .

I have only ten minutes left . . . I can't explain in court that your excitement made me break my contract . . . I can only give you ten minutes. . . . If you don't calm yourself in that time . . . I can't leave you alone in this condition. Think all you have at stake!

HELEN

As though I had anything else at stake!

GERARDO

You can lose your position in society.

HELEN

I can lose you!

GERARDO

And your family?

HELEN

I care for no one but you.

GERARDO

But I cannot be yours.

HELEN

Then I have nothing to lose but my life.

GERARDO

Your children!

HELEN

Who has taken me from them, Oscar? Who has taken me from my children?

GERARDO

Did I make any advances to you?

HELEN (*passionately*)

No, no. I have thrown myself at you, and would throw myself at you again. Neither my husband nor my children could keep me back. When I die, at least I will have lived; thanks to you, Oscar! I thank you, Oscar, for revealing me to myself. I thank you for that.

GERARDO

Helen, calm yourself and listen to me.

HELEN

Yes, yes, for ten minutes.

GERARDO

Listen to me. (*Both sit down on the divan.*)

HELEN (*staring at him*)

Yes, I thank you for it.

GERARDO

Helen!

HELEN

I don't even ask you to love me. Let me only breathe the air you breathe.

GERARDO (*trying to be calm*)

Helen—a man of my type cannot be swayed by any of the bourgeois ideas. I have known society women in every country of the world. Some made parting scenes to me, but at least they all knew what they owed to their position. This is the first time in my life that I have witnessed such an outburst of passion. . . . Helen, the temptation comes to me daily to step with some woman into an idyllic Arcadia. But every human being has his duties; you have your duties as I have mine, and the call of duty is the highest thing in the world . . .

HELEN

I know better than you do what the highest duty is.

GERARDO

What, then? Your love for me? That's what they all say. Whatever a woman has set her heart on winning is to her good; whatever crosses her plans is evil. It is the fault of our playwrights. To draw full houses they set the world upside down, and when a woman abandons her children and her family to follow her instincts they call that—oh, broad-mindedness. I personally wouldn't mind living the way turtle doves live. But since I am a part of this world I must obey my duty first. Then whenever the opportunity arises I quaff of the cup of joy. Whoever refuses to do his duty has no right to make any demands upon another fellow being.

HELEN (*staring absent-mindedly*)

That does not bring the dead back to life.

GERARDO (*nervously*)

Helen, I will give you back your life. I will give you back what you have sacrificed for me. For God's sake take it. What does it come to, after all? Helen, how can a woman lower herself to that point? Where is your pride? What am I in the eyes of the world? A man who makes a puppet of himself every night! Helen, are you going to kill yourself for a man whom hundreds of women loved before you, whom hundreds of women will love after you without letting their feelings disturb their life one second? Will you, by shedding your warm red blood, make yourself ridiculous before God and the world?

HELEN (*looking away from him*)

I know I am asking a good deal, but—what else can I do?

GERARDO

Helen, you said I should bear the consequences of my acts. Will you reproach for not refusing to receive you when you first came here, ostensibly to ask me to try your voice? What can a man do in such a case? You are the beauty of this town. Either I would be known as the bear among artists who denies himself to all women callers, or I might have received you and pretended that I didn't understand what you meant and then pass for a fool. Or the very first day I might have talked to you as frankly as I am talking now. Dangerous business. You would have called me a conceited idiot. Tell me, Helen—what else could I do?

HELEN (*staring at him with imploring eyes, shuddering and making an effort to speak*)

Oh, God! Oh, God! Oscar, what would you say if tomorrow I should go and be as happy with another man as I have been with you? Oscar—what would you say?

GERARDO (*after a silence*)

Nothing. (*He looks at his watch.*)
Helen—

HELEN

Oscar! (*She kneels before him.*) For the last time, I implore you. . . . You

don't know what you are doing. . . . It isn't your fault—but don't let me die. . . . Save me—save me!

GERARDO (*raising her up*)

Helen, I am not such a wonderful man. How many men have you known? The more men you come to know, the lower all men will fall in your estimation. When you know men better you will not take your life for any one of them. You will not think any more of them than I do of women.

HELEN

I am not like you in that respect.

GERARDO

I speak earnestly, Helen. We don't fall in love with one person or another; we fall in love with our type, which we find everywhere in the world if we only look sharply enough.

HELEN

And when we meet our type, are we sure then of being loved again?

GERARDO (*angrily*)

You have no right to complain of your husband. Was any girl ever compelled to marry against her will? That is all rot. It is only the women who have sold themselves for certain material advantages and then try to dodge their obligations who try to make us believe that nonsense.

HELEN (*smiling*)

They break their contracts.

GERARDO (*pounding his chest*)

When I sell myself, at least I am honest about it.

HELEN

Isn't love honest?

GERARDO

No! Love is a beastly bourgeois virtue. Love is the last refuge of the mollicoddle, of the coward. In my world every man has his actual value, and when two human beings make up a pact they know exactly what to expect

from each other. Love has nothing to do with it, either.

HELEN

Won't you lead me into your world, then?

GERARDO

Helen, will you compromise the happiness of your life and the happiness of your dear ones for just a few days' pleasure?

HELEN

No.

GERARDO (*much relieved*)

Will you promise me to go home quietly now?

HELEN

Yes.

GERARDO

And will you promise me that you will not die . . .

HELEN

Yes.

GERARDO

You promise me that?

HELEN

Yes.

GERARDO

And you promise me to fulfill your duties as mother and—as wife?

HELEN

Yes.

GERARDO

Helen!

HELEN

Yes. What else do you want? I will promise anything.

GERARDO

And now may I go away in peace?

HELEN (*rising*)

Yes.

GERARDO

A last kiss?

HELEN

Yes, yes, yes.

(*They kiss passionately.*)

GERARDO

In a year I am booked again to sing here, Helen.

HELEN
In a year! Oh, I am glad!

GERARDO (*tenderly*)
Helen!

(HELEN *presses his hand, takes a revolver out of her muff, shoots herself and falls.*)

GERARDO
Helen! (*He totters and collapses in an armchair.*)

BELL BOY (*rushing in*)
My God! Mr. Gerardo! (GERARDO *remains motionless; the BELL BOY rushes toward HELEN.*)

GERARDO (*jumping up, running to the door and colliding with the manager of the hotel*)

Send for the police! I must be arrested! If I went away now I should be a brute, and if I stay I break my contract. I still have (*Looking at his watch*) one minute and ten seconds.

MANAGER
Fred, run and get a policeman.

BELL BOY
All right, sir.

MANAGER
Be quick about it. (*To GERARDO*)
Don't take it too hard, sir. Those things happen once in a while.

GERARDO (*knocking before HELEN's body and taking her hand*)

Helen! . . . She still lives—she still lives! If I am arrested I am not willfully breaking my contract. . . . And my trunks? Is the carriage at the door?

MANAGER
It has been waiting twenty minutes, Mr. Gerardo. (*He opens the door for the porter, who takes down one of the trunks.*)

GERARDO (*bending over her*)
Helen! (*To himself*) Well, after all . . .
(*To MULLER*) Have you called a doctor?

MANAGER
Yes, we had the doctor called at once. He will be here at any minute.

GERARDO (*holding her under the arms*)
Helen! Don't you know me any more? Helen! The doctor will be here right away, Helen. This is your Oscar.

BELL BOY (*appearing in the door at the center*)
Can't find any policeman, sir.

GERARDO (*letting HELEN's body drop back*)

Well, if I can't get arrested, that settles it. I must catch that train and sing in Brussels tomorrow night.

(*He takes up his score and runs out through the center door, bumping against several chairs.*)

CURTAIN.



IT'S a beautiful thing to live close to nature—unless you have to.



THE dictionaries tell us that love comes shortly before matrimony.



EAT, drink, and—be careful.

GHOSTS

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

THEY call you cold New England,
But underneath your snow
Is blood as red as the roses
That in your gardens blow.

The God that lights your forests
With torch of cardinal flower,
Forbids that ever the Puritan
Escape his crimson hour.

The flame that skims brown furrows—
The scarlet tanager's breast,
Is sign to preacher and ploughman
Of dreams that haunt their rest.

When witch and warlock perished
By fagot, scaffold and tree,
Their torturers slew their bodies
But set their spirits free!

In freedom gliding, gloating,
Through the haunts their children claim
The swollen ghosts of the wicked
Grow fat on new-wrought shame.

The old, sweet evil lingers,
The demon of uncontrol,
And madness creeps and crouches
In every haggard soul.

And he who held moon revels
In Salem forests deep,
Well loves his hypocrite servants
Nor seeks to spoil their sleep.

They call you cold New England—
But surely even your snow
Is drift not of ice but of ashes,
To guard the flames below!

COMÉDIE

Par Florian-Parmentier

LE lieutenant Gontran de Nybert était revenu d'Afrique pour épouser sa cousine, la charmante Yvonne, qu'il n'avait pas revue depuis bientôt cinq ans. C'était son oncle qui avait préparé lui-même ce mariage. L'officier n'avait eu qu'à donner son approbation. Et, comme le parti qu'on lui offrait était des plus brillants, on pense bien que cette approbation ne s'était point fait attendre.

En arrivant à Paris, M. de Nybert s'en fut chez un de ses anciens amis de l'Ecole militaire, le beau Robert de La Villaye, soldat médiocre et qui, du reste, n'avait pas tardé à démissionner, mais mondain accompli qui, jamais, n'avait cessé de compter parmi les hôtes les plus élégants, les plus étourdissants de verve, des véritables salons parisiens.

— Mon cher Gontran, dit Robert en s'avancant vers son ancien condisciple, si tu arrives directement de ton désert africain, tu n'as pu encore recevoir ma lettre, par laquelle je t'annonçais une si grande nouvelle?

— En effet, je n'ai rien reçu. Mais quelle est-elle donc, cette nouvelle?

— Hé bien, mon ami, c'est que je suis marié, marié depuis huit jours, et absolument ravi de l'être.

Le lieutenant de Nybert fut quelque peu suffoqué d'apprendre ce mariage, qui était bien la dernière chose à laquelle il pût s'attendre de la part de cet écervelé Robert. Pourtant, après avoir bégayé quelques mots de félicitation, il se retrouva sur son terrain en parlant de ses propres fiançailles, qui lui promettaient une vie, toute nouvelle pour lui, de luxe authentique et de considération dans le monde.

— Alors, demanda de La Villaye, tu ne retournes plus en Afrique?

— Assurément non. Mon oncle fait bien les choses, et il n'a rien négligé pour obtenir ma permutation avec un pauvre diable qui rêve un avancement plus rapide. Et maintenant que je suis à Paris, je vais m'efforcer d'y rester le plus longtemps possible.

— Charmant! charmant! Nous allons donc redevenir une vraie paire d'amis, comme autrefois. Tiens! viens donc par ici, que je te présente à ma femme.

Lorsque Gontran se trouva devant Mme de La Villaye, il fut pris d'un étourdissement. Il passa plusieurs fois sa main sur ses yeux, comme quelqu'un qui veut chasser une hallucination. Mais ce qu'il voyait était bien réel.

Ni Mme de La Villaye ni son mari ne parurent, d'ailleurs, s'apercevoir du trouble du lieutenant de Nybert. Ils sonnèrent une domestique et firent servir le thé. Ils dirent à Gontran, dont l'esprit restait absent, mille choses plus aimables les unes que les autres, firent des projets pour le temps où lui-même serait marié, lui proposèrent de les introduire, sa femme et lui, dans toutes leurs relations, et lui offrirent de les emmener souvent à l'Opéra et au Français, où ils avaient *naturellement* leurs entrées.

Lorsque de Nybert sortit de chez eux, il eut peine à se reconnaître. Tout était bouleversé dans sa tête. Il héla un fiacre, pour se faire reconduire au plus vite à l'hôtel.

L'épreuve qu'il venait de subir l'avait comme assommé. Il se sentait un grand besoin de solitude et de repos. Il lui tardait de retrouver assez de calme pour mettre de l'ordre dans ses idées et assez

de force pour envisager en face l'extraordinaire événement qui venait de se révéler à lui. . . .

La femme que La Villaye avait présentée à Gontran était une jeune actrice d'une merveilleuse beauté. A l'époque où l'officier était encore à Paris, il s'en était sottement épris, comme un petit collégien, à la suite d'une représentation du Français. Durant des mois, il lui avait envoyé des fleurs chaque matin, avec des lettres brûlantes, la suppliant de lui accorder un entretien, lui jurant avec des accents d'une absolue sincérité qu'il voulait l'épouser, et protestant que, pour elle, il renoncerait aussitôt à la carrière des armes et ferait les efforts les plus insensés pour se créer rapidement la situation qu'elle préférerait.

Mais la comédienne ambitionnait beaucoup plus que d'être la femme d'un petit sous-lieutenant en rupture de ban, pût-il signer, comme celui-ci, "vicomte de Nybert." Aussi n'avait-elle jamais répondu au jeune officier. Une consigne sévère avait tenu sa porte obstinément close.

En huit mois, Gontran n'avait pas réussi à approcher une seule fois la belle actrice. Si bien que, désespéré, il avait fini par prendre le parti de se faire envoyer en Afrique.

On conçoit quelle commotion il dut ressentir lorsqu'il se trouva face à face avec l'actrice et que son ancien camarade la lui présenta comme sa femme. La blessure qu'il croyait cicatrisée depuis longtemps s'était aussitôt rouverte et le poignard de la jalousie avait élargi, lacéré, envenimé la plaie. Le calme de cette femme, son hypocrite amabilité, sa grâce, qui lui paraissait à présent diabolique, avaient aggravé sa torture. Un immense amour et une haine implacable s'étaient partagés les lambeaux de son cœur, en une minute infernale.

Tout cela le remua si profondément qu'il dut s'aliter.

La fièvre s'accrocha à lui et le mordit

avec une violence qu'il ne lui avait jamais connue, en Afrique, dans ses assauts les plus perfides. Le bruit courut que l'on devait avoir de sérieuses craintes pour sa raison.

Après de longs mois de maladie, les médecins l'envoyèrent en convalescence dans un coin perdu des Pyrénées. Son oncle, revenu sur ses intentions, avait cessé de lui écrire. Gontran, de son côté, n'essaya point de renouer les relations, car il ne voulait plus, désormais, entendre parler de mariage. Quand sa santé le lui permit, il se rembarqua pour la terre africaine. Un an après, on annonçait qu'il venait de tomber avec sa troupe dans une embuscade. Une balle marocaine lui avait traversé le cœur.

C'est égal, dit de La Villaye à la comédienne, en apprenant cette nouvelle, je ne pensais pas que l'affaire prendrait une tournure si tragique.

— Tu m'as faite la complice d'un meurtre, répondit l'actrice, en affectant un air lointain.

— Oh! fit Robert, n'exagérons rien. Jenepouvais pas prévoir ce dénouement. Toi-même t'imaginais comme moi qu'il n'aurait qu'une idée: te reprendre et te garder avec toute la sauvagerie de son caractère. Tu lui laissais croire alors, pendant quelque temps, que tu regrettais de l'avoir méconnu autrefois—et moi j'épousais sa cousine et les millions qu'il dédaignait. Rien n'était plus simple. Nous ne voulions pas le tuer pour cela.

— Evidemment, c'est un peu sa faute.

— Si c'est sa faute! je crois bien. . . .

— Enfin, ne pensons plus à cela, mon ami. Tu as épousé Mlle. Yvonne de Nybert. . . .

— . . . et, avec sa dot, j'ai fait de toi la reine de Paris. N'assombrissons pas notre bonheur avec le souvenir de ce pitoyable amoureux.

— Il n'avait pas la tête bien solide, vois-tu. . . .



A NIETZSCHEAN, A SWEDENBORGIAN AND OTHER QUEER FOWL

By H. L. Mencken

MORE and more unearthly grow the heroes and heroines of our current Thackerays and Dostoevskys. A while back, as you may recall, the Hon. Will Levington Comfort, a clever fellow, was asking us to listen to the melancholy, metaphysical harangues of one Andrew Bedient, ship's cook and New Thoughter—all about Mystic Motherhood, the Third Lustrous Dimension, the Big Deep, the Bhagavad Gita and other such trappings and delusions of the Zeitgeist. Then came John Masefield, with a bacteriologist fighting the sleeping sickness on the shores of the upper Congo. And then came A. E. W. Mason, with an explorer homesick for the pemmican and chilblains of the Antarctic. And after Mason came H. G. Wells, with a millionaire physicist laid up with a broken leg in the Labrador hinterland; and A. Conan Doyle, with a mad, rip-snorting Barnum of *pterichthyidæ* and *mastodontinæ*; and Edith Wharton, with a soiled maiden who blabbed the story of her own folly; and Gerhart Hauptmann, with a German stage-door Johnnie; and Alfred Ollivant, with a Cockney tanner dying of tuberculosis; and George Moore, with himself. Finally, no longer than a month ago, there was Elizabeth Robins, with a heroine trapped by White Slavers and sold into gilded but hideous captivity.

And yet no rest, no escape from this bizarrerie, no blessed return to the safe and sane old key of C major! In most of the new books, indeed, we fare even further from the John Smiths and Mary Browns of everyday. Here, for exam-

ple, comes T. Everett Harré, a debutante, with a half-caste Eskimo heroine named Annadoah, loved by young Ootah and debauched by the terrible Olafaksoah. And here comes E. Hofer, another novice, with a heroine who is a trained nurse in a lunatic asylum. And here is Nina Wilcox Putnam, with a heroine who wears pantaloons and suspenders, and takes to the highway with a trained bear. And here is Jeffery Farnol, he of "The Broad Highway," with a hero who is the only son and heir of a heavy-weight champion of England. And here is Frances Newton Symmes Allen, with a hero named Stefan Posadowski. And here is Della Campbell MacLeod, with a hero who falls in love with a frock he sees in a cleaner's show window—a frock of "pale blue ribbon and lace, a row of lace alternating with one of ribbon," and breaking into "a perfect sea foam of lace about the bottom." And here is Oliver Kent, with a heroine who stakes her all on Eugenics, that fashionable successor to the Emmanuel Movement, ping-pong, Babaism, *l'art nouveau*, the Montessori Method and such-like raves of yesteryear. And here is the anonymous author of "To M. L. G.," with a heroine who serves ten years in prison for murder. And here is Stephen French Whitman, with a hero who is a Nietzschean, making mock of God and man. And here, to come to an end, is William Dean Howells, with a hero who is a Swedenborgian.

This Howells hero is the most fearsome of them all, at least to my private taste. Given a lonely heath and a dark night, I would rather meet a Christian

Endeavor leader or even a Vice Crusader than a Swedenborgian. I do not defend this dread intellectually: I know very well, in fact, that the average Swedenborgian is a harmless fellow, that the average Dunkard or hard shell Baptist is ten times as dangerous. But there falls upon me from my lost youth the shadow of Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," read dutifully by a boy too eager to believe in all apparently serious books, and the lingering relic of that cruel perplexity and stupefaction is the aforesaid skittishness. A man bears forever the scars of such early tortures. If I revile Chopin today, denouncing him absurdly as a perjurer, a fop and a sucker of eggs, then blame it on my struggles with the banal scales of the *Valse du petit chien*, Op. 64, No. 1, in the year 1890—so long, long ago! And if I am cold to Poe, then blame the Poeomaniacs who haunted my school-days in Poe-ridden Baltimore, mixing piffish local pride with more piffish literary criticism. And if I am unjust to the Swedenborgians, then collect the fine from Swedenborg.

But for all this, I am free to admit that the Howells book, "NEW LEAF MILLS" by name (*Harper*), is the best, and by long odds, of all the fictions of this current boiling, if only because it shows the ease and fluency of a veteran hand. The ancient Howells, indeed, has every virtue that one demands of a first-rate journeyman. He lays out his work with precision, he selects the proper tools with care, and he proceeds to the actual labor with calm and confidence. There is never any sense of difficulties slowly battered down; there is never any heaving and blowing; there is never any wasted effort. The less experienced craftsman, however talented, seldom produces any such effect of perfect facility, of magnificent adroitness, of ready virtuosity. You can feel that lesser fellow laboring damnably in spots; you can see him overburdened with inspiration in other spots. He is never content to let well enough alone: he is always impatient to put in everything he can think of, to gild his lily until it shines like a set of false teeth.

Not so the venerable and consummate Howells. He doesn't waste upon one book the stuff that might serve for two books, or three books. He never surges over the strict limits of his frame. He never drags in extraneous persons and events, merely because he knows about them and is eager to show it. In brief, he composes prose fiction (not to mention other things) much as old Johann Sebastian Bach used to compose fugues—with the end in sight from the very beginning, and a straight line connecting the two points. Not, of course, that he is as towering a genius as Johann Sebastian—nor, indeed, as relentless a formalist. But there is still something suggestively Bachian about his stark, sophisticated method, and particularly about his careful economy of materials.

The scene of "New Leaf Mills" is the rural Ohio of the year or two following the Mexican War, and the Swedenborgian hero is one Owen Powell. Scratch an Emmanuel Mover and you will find a Psychical Researcher; scratch a Psychical Researcher and you will find a Vegetarian, and if not a Vegetarian, then a Eugenist. So with the Swedenborgians: their interest in archangels is always accompanied by other enthusiasms. This Powell is also an Abolitionist and a Communist. His dream is of a little Utopia in the wilderness, a pastoral Paradise of a dozen or more families, with plenty of hams in the smokehouse, plenty of children in the dooryards, and a friendly welcome for all strangers, white or black, free or fugitive. He interests two of his brothers in the enterprise, and with money supplied by one of them—he is a pathetic bankrupt himself—he buys a small flour mill. This is to be the beginning and corner stone of his roseate colony. Until things settle a bit, he will keep on grinding wheat, but eventually he will change the flour mill into a paper mill, and paper-making will become the central industry of a busy and happy community—a community spread out over a whole countryside and basking in the plenty of the Lord. Thus the dream of Owen Powell, Swedenborgian.

Alas for its fulfilment! Fate is against

it, indeed, from the start. The rude hinds of the vicinage are but little impressed by communism, and even less by Swedenborgianism. They laugh at Owen behind his back, and mingled with their guffaws is a subtle distrust of one dissenting from the prevalent theology. In the case of one of them, Overdale, the practical miller at the mill, this distrust takes the form of open hostility. Overdale is a gloomy and churlish ignoramus, eternally full of bad whiskey, and it is only accident that keeps him from an actual attempt upon Owen's life. But even worse than these outward handicaps upon the great enterprise are handicaps within. Owen is not the man to carry such things through. He lacks the hard sagacity, the unsentimental common sense. Working day and night, he yet accomplishes nothing. His wife and children wallow in a three-room hut while their new house progresses by inches—and then stops progressing altogether. The paper machinery never arrives; the necessary converts are never made; the desert refuses to blossom. In the end, poor Owen goes back to the city, hopeful still, but a failure unutterable. As he passes from the scene he is preparing to take over a Swedenborgian bookstore and start a Swedenborgian monthly.

The perfect type of the fantastic visionary and chronic incompetent. We of today are prone to forget the part played by such benign asses in the early history of the republic. We remember only the pioneer who was successful—the flinty, indomitable fellow who faced the sunset and tamed the wilderness. We forget the vast company of dreamers and impossibilists who hung at his heels—founders of empires that come to nothing, preachers of outlandish and incomprehensible religions, believers in brummagem millenniums, the grotesque white crows and black swans of the humdrum East. Their bones are scattered from end to end of our West Country; they pushed over the Alleghenies but a few miles behind the trappers and railsplitters. Something of their childish faith in the incredible still lingers in our people; nowhere else on

earth is it so easy to launch a new political panacea or a new invention in theology. Our progress, in its main current, may be wholly materialistic and even sordid, but upon that current there has always floated a froth of divine folly. Only in the United States is it possible to imagine such a puerile thing as the New Thought becoming a widespread and important cult, with a whole literature to interpret it, and agents to defend it upon the floor of the national legislature, and millions of fools trying to live according to its gratuitous and incoherent tenets, and thousands of prophets and mad mullahs fattening upon the fools.

It is this typically American weakness for the sonorous, this national defect of character, that Mr. Howells has sought to describe and illumine in "New Leaf Mills," and his success is unmistakable. True enough, he has not gone very far; he has not ploughed too deeply and scientifically into the psychology of Owen Powell. But so far as he has actually gone, he has carried sympathy and understanding with him. He has made the man real, and what is more, he has made him pitiful. One somehow leaves the chronicle with a fellow feeling for this preposterous amateur theologian, dreaming his vain dreams, groping through his endless shadows, bruised and beaten by the oafs of his gray world. And there is poignancy, too, in the picture of the dreamer's wife, for Ann Powell shares all of the penalties of Owen's dreaming without quite sharing his dream. Her feet are ever on the earth. She knows the precise difference between a stony hillside and the Elysian Fields. And yet she sticks to the poor fool, her lord and master, to the very end, easing the agonies of his disillusion, bravely striving for a way out. A pair of careful, lifelike, appealing portraits. A tale with something of youth's freshness and earnestness in it, for all the author's three score and sixteen years. A useful model for those young novelists who have not yet learned the value of careful planning, ruthless selection and straightforward, simple writing.

The Nietzschean invented by Stephen

French Whitman bears the dark, forbidding name of Sebastian Maure, and his deviltries are set forth at length in "THE ISLE OF LIFE" (*Scribner*). Not Nietzsche himself, nor even Zarathustra, was more assiduously immoral than this Mr. Maure. Rich, handsome and a social favorite, he divides his leisure into two sections. The first section he devotes to the composition of frightfully improper novels, and the second section he gives over to living their plots. There is not a capital in Europe that he has not staggered with his studied debaucheries, his stupendous feats of wine-bibbing and amour; there is scarcely a town in which he has not left some poor girl ruining a delirious, fatal day. Once, in the distant Caucasus, he dragged a proud beauty from her father's castle and went galloping over the mountains, her relatives in hot pursuit. Another time—in Cairo, was it? Or Warsaw? Or Edinburgh? Or Munich?—But let us come at once to his diabolical kidnapping of Ghirlaine Bellamy, the beautiful young American girl, rich like himself, but as pure as the driven snow. Ghirlaine, of course, is not exactly a *backfisch*. She has made the Grand Tour; she has been wooed by dukes and men; she has seen something of ballrooms, and even of the adjacent cozy corners and conservatories. But these fleeting descents into the abyss have not "affected her ideas of love and marriage" in the slightest. She still believes that "there must be, in this life, but one man for one woman." To quote:

They two should meet, at last, as if on a wind-swept mountain-top, all the world's ignoble rumors inaudible far below, their souls full of reverence for the God who had brought them heart to heart.

Such is Ghirlaine when she gives her young heart to Lieut. the Hon. Vincent Pamfort, brother and heir to the dying Earl of Lemster. And such is Ghirlaine when she rivets the rolling, licentious eye of Sebastian Maure. Ah, sweet Ghirlaine, how little thou knowest what it meaneth to be desired by that soulless voluptuary, that moral sarcophagus! Ah, honest Vincent, how little thou

suspecteth the fate of thy beloved! . . . It is night. The ship has set sail from Naples. Ghirlaine is lured to the deck by a forged letter. A hairy, prehensile arm encircles her waist. She is dragged to the rail. A moment's struggle, tense and silent. She ceases to move. "Death!" she gasps. "Or life!" adds Sebastian Maure. And with that he leaps forth into space, and the two of them are engulfed by the Mediterranean Sea. . . .

Drowned? Not on your popping orb, your pale, pale cheek! Can't you hear the fishing boat galloping up, its crew ready with the grapples? Can't you see, through the inky night, the dim outlines of L'Isola da Vita, the mysterious Isle of Life, where Sebastian Maure has his secret den, and will betray Ghirlaine at his leisure? Of course you can! You are an old hand at novel-reading; you know the tricks of seducers; not even a Nietzschean can fool you! And you know, too, that Sebastian Maure, once he gets Ghirlaine to his moral shambles, will stand before her abashed, that his better nature will be awakened by her innocence, that he will leave her unsullied. And you know, finally, that she will see through his surface deviltry and into his manly heart, that she will respond to his renescent honor, that she will end by loving him madly, that she will forget the Hon. Vincent Pamfort completely. So, indeed, it falls out. As we part from them, Ghirlaine and Sebastian are on their "wind-swept mountain-top," with "all the world's ignoble rumors inaudible far below," and "their souls full of reverence for the God who has brought them heart to heart."

Such is the mad, glad story of Sebastian and Ghirlaine. And such is the sad, sad story of Stephen French Whitman. A year or so ago this Mr. Whitman made his bow with a novel called "Predestined," an incisive and painstaking character sketch, serious in plan and execution, bright with promise. It got the sort of reception that it deserved. The reviews, as I recall them, even had a note of jubilation in them. Every critic in the land was eager to welcome

a newcomer with courage enough to rise out of the conventional rut, and skill enough to do it gracefully. And now, as his thank-offering, Mr. Whitman comes forward with this absurd and irritating melodrama, this tawdry piece of trade goods, this trifling, intolerable bosh! Such is his fashion of justifying the kind things said of him, the hearty encouragement he got! Such is his ironic answer to those who hailed him with joy! I know of no more astounding defeat of promise, even in this land of one-book men. I know of no more lamentable collapse of a talent clearly pledged to serious and dignified things.

But in this falling short of his, Mr. Whitman, unluckily enough, is in good company. For example, here is William J. Locke, he of "Septimus" and "Simon the Jester," with "STELLA MARIS" (*Lane*), a labored and disappointing piece of sentimentality. Not a trace of Lockian humor is in it from end to end: it has a crippled heroine from the Sunday school books and two prigs for heroes. The saving rascality of Aristide Pujol is not there; one waits in vain for the smile that never comes. What is more, there is tin-pot melodrama in place of Lockian intrigue, usually so ingenious and delightful. One of the heroes has a low-caste wife who goes to prison for maltreating a servant girl. He tries to make it up with the girl by taking her into his house and treating her as his daughter. She falls in love with him, of course, as soon as her skirts touch her ankles. The convict wife, discharged about this time, essays to black-mail him. One day the girl calls on the wife, shoots her dead, and then commits suicide. The crippled heroine, restored to her legs by some unexplained magic, marries the other fellow. . . . Well, well, let us forgive good Locke for this single transgression. If "Stella Maris" proves insupportable, there is always "The Belovèd Vagabond" to go back on, not to mention "The Glory of Clementina" and "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne." And here and there, I dare say, there even lurks a reader who will enjoy "Stella Maris." There are

readers, indeed, who still enjoy "Soldiers of Fortune." A soft, susceptible world!

Another flopper is Prof. Dr. Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, for the realism in his "ONE WOMAN'S LIFE" (*Macmillan*) leans heavily upon the grotesque and improbable, and he seldom gets beneath the externals of his heroine. Her name is Milly Ridge and her face is all her fortune. She has, however, a very active social talent and so she makes quick progress in the hospitable Chicago of World's Fair days. She is received in the best houses; she is wooed by the opulent and ichthyoid Clarence Albert. But it is not Clarence who marries her, but Jack Bragdon, the promising young artist. Alas, for poor Jack! Milly has tasted social success: she is no wife for a poor man. Bit by bit she forces her husband into degrading money-making; one by one his ideals wither and perish. And so, in the end, he dies, bankrupt and obscure—and Milly is forced to scratch for herself. She grafts upon Jack's relatives and friends, she becomes housekeeper to a low-comedy German woman, she opens a pastry shop in Chicago. Finally she marries an old lover, Edgar Duncan, and goes with him to his ranch in California. "Let us assume," says the author, "that she lives happily ever after." The last and least assumption of a tale that gives the general effect of superficiality. The things that Prof. Herrick has to tell us about his heroine are things that give us no surprise, and what is more, that seldom touch our emotions. It is not that she is trivial in herself—for so is Emmy Moran in "A Song of Sixpence"—but that she is presented trivially.

Books of amour! For example, "THE AMATEUR GENTLEMEN," by Jeffery Farnol (*Little-Brown*), an old-fashioned, sentimental story about a pugilist's son who inherits \$3,500,000, goes to London to see life, is taken in hand by a very human duchess, and passes from our vision in the arms of his beloved. This Mr. Farnol is an accomplished romancer—not a Stevenson, perhaps, nor even an R. N. Stephens—but all the same he gives entertainment to those

who love honest sentiment and derring-do, and are shocked by the complex adulteries of our pseudo-psychological novels. More sweet stuff in "THE IMPOSSIBLE BOY," by Nina Wilcox Putnam (*Bobbs-Merrill*), a tale of disguise and tender adventure. And yet more in "THE INVADERS," by Frances N. S. Allen (*Houghton-Mifflin*), a story of conflict between hunkorous native and pushing immigrant in decadent New England, with love bringing peace. And yet more in "THE MAIDEN MANIFEST," by Della Campbell MacLeod (*Little-Brown*), and "THE LOVERS OF SKYE," by Frank Waller Allen (*Bobbs-Merrill*). And if you like to be shocked and thrilled, if your taste is for mysteries and bafflements that lift the pulse to 150, then I direct you to "THE CRYSTAL STOPPER," by Maurice Leblanc (*Doubleday-Page*), with its unparalleled guillotine scene; and to "MISS MYSTERY," by Etta Anthony Baker (*Little-Brown*), a tale of lost identity; and to "THE WOMAN IN BLACK," by Edmund C. Bently (*Century Co.*), a detective yarn; and to "THE LIFE MASK," by the anonymous author of "To M. L. G." (*Stokes*), in which the beautiful heroine, after serving ten years in prison for killing her husband, discovers that she didn't kill him after all!

"HER RIGHT DIVINE," by Oliver Kent (*Dillingham*), is bound in brilliant scarlet, which is sufficient indication to the connoisseur that there is passion within. Even so. The beautiful Daphne What's-her-name, lured into an alliance with the dark, fascinating Richard Lambert, discovers during the retreat from the altar that he is what M. Brioux denominates damaged goods. So she gives him a pension and goes to live alone. But happiness is not hers: her craving is for a child. Enter Gordon Hilary, handsome, agreeable, pure. A row of stars. . . . Extra! Extra! Richard Lambert Killed in Auto Crash! Daphne and Gordon are married in time for the christening. . . . Beth Manning, in "THE SOULS OF MEN," by Martha M. Stanley (*Dillingham*), has a more orthodox conscience—and a better husband. But all the same, she

is dragged to the very brink by Captain Reeves, a polished scoundrel. ("He would strive for a thing desired, even to the point of consulting seers, when his own scheming ability and intuition failed.") Not until page 341 is it certain that she will return to her husband unscathed. . . . In "JACK NORTON," by E. Hofer (*Badger*), nothing happens at all. Jack, who is married, middle-aged and well-to-do, spends 211 pages making love to a trained nurse in a lunatic asylum, but in the end she resists him. And why? Because she is patriotic! "An unlawful relation," she argues, "is in violation of the Constitution. You are dragging in the mire the flag of our country." So Jack gives it up.

"THE ETERNAL MAIDEN," by T. Everett Harré (*Kennerley*), takes us far afield—to wit, to the bleak shores of Greenland, where little Annadoah, the half-caste Eskimo maiden, falls in love with Olafaksoah, the terrible white whaler. A bitter day for little Annadoah! When Olafaksoah responds, the other Eskimo girls grow jealous, and spread the story that she is a witch. And when her baby is born, after Olafaksoah has sailed southward and forgotten her, it is blind. (The eugenics motive!) Blind babies, among the Eskimos, are strangled and thrown overboard. But young Ootah, who loves Annadoah despite her erring, decides that this one must escape. Vain Ootah! The baby is duly drowned—and he himself with it. Then Annadoah kneels in the snow and is frozen to death. . . . A novel and interesting tale, for all its burdening with such gruesome words as *ookiah*, *qiligtusset*, *nannook*, *ahtee*, *torn-arssuit* and *ilistok*. The one trouble with Mr. Harré is that he occasionally falls into a stilted, brummagem sort of eloquence. Writing more simply, he would obtain far better effects.

A difficult style is also a handicap to "WAR," by John Luther Long (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Mr. Long tries to tell all save the last chapter of a long story in the uncouth speech of a German farmer, and the result, in many a passage, is the breaking down of the illusion. The scene is Western Maryland at the time

of the Civil War and the usual thrills of a war novel are all there. A beautiful Southern girl, living with Northern relatives, plays the hazardous role of a Confederate spy. When she is at the point of detection, one of her two lovers diverts suspicion to himself, and is forced to flee to Lee's army. The other lover, his brother, shouldered a musket on the Federal side. At Gettysburg both are colonels, the one in blue and the other in gray. They meet in battle, face to face. One is killed. The other disappears and is never heard of again. More war is in "THE HEART OF THE HILLS," by John Fox, Jr. (Scribner)—not the war between the States this time, but the even more savage conflict between incomprehensible factions in the Kentucky hills. The shooting of Goebel is an important incident: the young mountain hero is accused of the crime. But the charm of the story is not in any such melodrama of the towns, but in its picture of the hills and their people. This remote and mysterious region Mr. Fox has marked out for his own. He has made the feudists human. He has led us to understand their point of view, and even to grant it something of excuse and reasonableness.

"AN AFFAIR OF STATE," by J. C. Snaith (Doubleday-Page), is so wholly English that not many American readers, I fear, will find it interesting, despite the abounding vitality of the characters. It deals with a political crisis and is full of the minutiae of British politics. The opposing giants are James Draper, a Progressive with reservations, and the Duke of Rockingham, leader of the stand-patters. Draper's wife is in love with the duke, and the duchess is sweet on Draper. No wonder the King himself has to step in at one stage of the combat! And no wonder a duel between Draper and the duke is narrowly averted! And no wonder the duke commits suicide in the end! In "THE DAUGHTER OF BRAHMA," by I. A. R. Wylie (Bobbs-Merrill), we are again among British officials of a high mightiness, but this time the scene is India, and so the political element is overshadowed by the romantic. Young

David Hurst, son of a murdered sub-ruler of that strange land, starts out in life with a heavy handicap—his mother's contempt, no less. Jean Hurst admires strong, clean-limbed men: David is weak and crippled. She likes dominating, even brutal personalities: David is diffident and a dreamer. But this very contempt, ruthlessly rubbed in, is really the boy's salvation, for it goads him on to reckless daring, and when he passes from the scene at last, it is as a heaven-kissing hero. Moral: Lay on, Macduff!

Short stories—a few volumes only. "FINERTY OF THE SANDHOUSE," by Charles D. Stewart (Century Co.), is a mere collection of anecdotes, humorous enough, in their extravagant, Dooleyish fashion, but scarcely worth lingering over. "THE GREEN BOUGH," by Mary Austin (Doubleday-Page), is a clumsy attempt to retell the story of Christ's appearance after the Crucifixion, with the supernatural element left out. For poetry and charm, I prefer the accounts in Matthew xxviii, Mark xvi, Luke xxiv and John xx and xxi. For logical persuasiveness, I prefer the famous speculation of Thomas Henry Huxley. (You will find it under the title of "Agnosticism: a Rejoinder" in the fifth volume of his Collected Essays.) Which brings us to "THE NEST," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Century Co.), a collection of five tales of widely varying merit. The best of them, I think, is that one which gives the book its name. Nicholas Holland, an Englishman approaching middle age, receives two staggering shocks in a single day. The first comes when his physician tells him that he has but a month to live; the second when he discovers his wife in the arms of Sir Walter Jones-Jones, a neighbor. But Nicholas makes no scene. Instead, he merely begs the erring Kitty to defer the elopement until after his death, to avoid a needless scandal. Kitty replies with protestations of fidelity. It is Nicholas that she really loves, and not Sir Walter: her one craving is for husbandly devotion. So there begins a new honeymoon—sad, soft, dripping with honey. In two weeks, of

course, both are thoroughly tired of it. And when, at the end of the month, Nicholas fools his doctor by living on, they return to their old life of mutual avoidance and suspicion. An amusing story, told with considerable skill. But what a masterpiece Henry James would have made of it!

Enough of fiction! More interesting than the best of the current crop, and by far, are such serious books as "HUMAN QUINTESSENCE," by Sigurd Ibsen (*Huebsch*), and "THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE," by H. G. Wells (*Huebsch*). Dr. Ibsen is the son of old Henrik, and suffers, like all such sons, from the blinding fame of his father. Because he has never written a play better than "Ghosts," nor, indeed, any play at all, it is commonly assumed that he is a commonplace, and even stupid fellow. But nothing could be further from the truth, as you will quickly find on reading any one of the essays—say "Nature and Man," "Of Great Men," or "Why Politics Lags Behind"—in his present book. Here, indeed, are the well-ordered reflections of a man of alert and penetrating mind, a sharp critic of popular delusions, a subtle psychologist, a resourceful analyst. The essay on politics is of particular vigor and sagacity: I know of no other discussion of the problem of government which gets closer to fundamentals and is less corrupted by false assumptions and conventional poppycock. But every one of these discourses is full of sense. The least of them will give you new points of view and stimulate you to profitable thought. So will the little book of Mr. Wells. Its aim is to show how the scientific progress of the past century has changed completely the outlook of man—how it has enabled us, for the first time, to peep into the future with seeing eyes—how the solution of the great problems that remain is ceasing to be a clumsy groping and fast becoming an organized and measurably exact enterprise, with success growing more certain year by year.

You will find much thoughtful stuff, too, in Havelock Ellis's "THE TASK OF SOCIAL HYGIENE" (*Houghton-Mifflin*),

though here the sweep of the author's vision is so wide that he sometimes passes over interesting subjects a bit too hurriedly. One of the essays, however, is thoroughly worked out. Its title is "Immorality and the Law," and it deals acutely with that snouting puritanism which is one of the chronic nuisances of life in the United States. There is scarcely an American city, large or small, without its well-organized posse of professional moralists, devoted frankly to ordering the private morals of the whole population. Sumptuary and intolerable legislation is proposed and put through; evil-doers of all sorts are raided and rowelled; the police and other public officials are given impossible tasks and denounced as scoundrels for not performing them. As Mr. Ellis shows, the one effect of this pious mountebankery is to destroy all respect for the laws. The average healthy citizen cannot get through a week without violating the more preposterous of them, and so he gradually grows indifferent to all of them. And the secondary effect is to paralyze and corrupt the police. They know by experience that it is wholly beyond their power to stamp out gambling, prostitution, Sunday liquor selling and other such purely artificial crimes, and so they end by making compromises with the offenders. However honest their efforts at the start, they are called grafters for their pains. No wonder they so often become grafters in reality! I wish every militant moralist could be forced to read Mr. Ellis's extraordinary discussion of the problem.

Two more books, and I let you go. One of them is "THE STOCK EXCHANGE FROM WITHIN," by W. C. Van Antwerp (*Doubleday-Page*), a clear explanation of the purposes and *modus operandi* of the exchange by one who understands it thoroughly and is a firm believer in its usefulness. The other is "SYNDICALISM, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM AND SOCIALISM," by John Spargo (*Huebsch*), an equally clear explanation of the aims and methods of the three warring factions into which the saviors of the osseocaputs are now happily divided.

UPLIFTING THE DRAMA—SERIES 2496

By George Jean Nathan

THE most luscious mode of the day in these American States is uplifting the drama. Copious leagues, lusty with speech and pamphlet, are engaged in the holy intrigue. Pulpiteers, brave and bouncing, are wielding tongues in vigorous crusade. Millionaires are casting themselves into the breach with obese wallets, waving aloft purifying pennons. Professors are making words in the public prints and profound actors are making words on the rostrums. Hotel parlors are knee-deep with seers, swamis and prophets. Housewives, deserting their pots and kettles, are fleeing to serve on evangelical boards of directors. Babies are left bawling while mothers cower with rolling eyeballs before platforms supporting gesticulating champions of the cause. The mails are choked with feuilletons and broadsides beseeching gamy infidels to give ear: mayors, governors, commissioners of police and street-cleaning heads are lending their voices to the frenzied fugue. In short, there is hell to pay!

Frankly, I confess I do not know what it is all about. Rarely does the morning come and go that my servant does not present me at the breakfast board with letters urging me to contribute my shoulder to the wheel of some drama-elevating society, with sweet-scented notes from fair ladies requesting me to make a talk at some tea gathering on the vital and momentous problem, with blanks to be filled out and signed, with printed compendiums showing me the impressive list of august souls who already are part and parcel of this and that organization. Why? I ask you—why? That there is an imposing necessity for a

wholesale culturing, directing and an improving of public taste in drama, not even I can deny. And I usually am prepared to deny almost anything. But that this public taste can be improved to any healthful and final degree by the public itself—for that is all the proposition reduced to elemental terms amounts to—seems elaborately dubious to me. The engagement in the carnival of several of my respected colleagues in criticism—worthy gentlemen and sincere—smites my ear only daintily in rebuttal; for if, instead of contriving societies, holding meetings and getting out spectacular letter-heads, those wishing to improve their dramatic tastes will quietly and privately read the critical scrivenings of these able commentators, the result will be quite as salutary, so far as I can figure out, as the effect gained by ambo orgies. One observes a strange reticence on the part of cooler consciences in the matter of speaking honestly of this flood of theatrical uplifterei. The saner managers may not speak because of the danger of diverting cash from their box-offices. The saner playwrights may not because of the risk of losing the organizations' considerable support of their wares. The magazines are fearful of losing circulation; newspapers, on general principles, will, of course, not begin to think about the case until it is practically a dead issue; and where is there the writer who relishes courting so wide a hostility as must inevitably be born where one levels his lance at an institution presumably so idealistic, constructive, benevolent and unanimously endorsed?

It is to be noticed that the majority of persons who belong to these guilds for

the purpose of exhorting themselves to bestow their patronage on meritorious drama, are of the class that would patronize meritorious drama anyway. It is to be noticed that the vaster array of the proletariat, a million, two million, five million, strong—the vaster array that always does and always will make such dumpling dramaturgy as “The Argyle Case,” “The Conspiracy” and “The Master Mind” theatrically successful—cannot be lured into these guilds. And it is this latter element in the playhouse public that should be and is not—and cannot be—influenced. The person who has to be urged, implored and conjured to attend “Fanny’s First Play” or “The Poor Little Rich Girl” will attend the Ziegfeld Follies, or something similar, the very next night. All the drama societies in the kingdom will not avail to “uplift” him. And why? I’ll tell you. Because an adult, after the nature of the beast, dislikes being advised or dictated to. He may permit himself to succumb once, twice, thrice; but eventually the human feeling of resentment assails him. This is why dramatic criticism never has had, never can have, an embracing tonic effect upon the public. All the adverse criticism in Manhattan could not kill “The Master Mind.” All the ecstatic ravings of the pressmen over the virtues of “Rutherford and Son” and “Hindle Wakes” and “The Yellow Jacket” could not bring the public to these presentations in paying numbers. For instance, if every drama uplift society in the archduchy, if every walking delegate on the communal pavements, if every newspaper critic (here, obviously, we get into the realm of mythology) were to join vocal tones today in depreciation of a Belasco production, however unworthy, do you think the public would listen? The public would put its thumb to its nose and giggle its misgiving. As well try in logical speech and calmly intelligent script to convince that other portion of the public which has resolved itself into a drama-cleansing Ku Klux that if there is any real, any valid, any true native theatrical uplifting to be accomplished, attention primarily must be centered not

on the public, but on the playwright. With the willingest of publics, with the willingest of producers, where are there more than one or, at most, two dramatists known to us in these States brave enough to engage their quills in intrinsically worth-while, if intrinsically uncommercial, products? I should like, indeed, to hear a recitation of their names.

But it is not this prefatory phase of the situation that interests me this day. I seek to address the jury on that genus of uplifter who, being possessed of a cumbersome bank account and no regular job, seeks celebrity for himself by building a small theater and hanging out a shingle announcing himself a pioneer and savior of the American drama. This species of uplifter has become as promiscuous a plant in the native soil as the Illinois moralist who rudely disturbs a Chicago sales-girl in the midst of a volitional amour in order to get testimony as to the reasons for her night errantry. The originality of purpose and wealth of inventiveness displayed by this brand of uplifter invariably takes one of two forms. One—copying everything done by Granville Barker. Two—producing “The Importance of Being Earnest,” “Ghosts,” and a new American-made play that is so genuinely bad from every point of view that every regular manager has refused to produce it. The recently opened Little Theater of Philadelphia—series 2496 in the Uplifting of the Drama—regarding which I will pipe a ballad today, is in the second class.

Before proceeding to perspire over the body laid out for embalming, I find that I still have a word or two to deliver on the subject matter of the foregoing paragraph. The words may seem irrelevant, but somehow it is frequently the irrelevant words which contain the most pertinent kernels of wisdom. My first word is of Barker. Just as it took an Englishman to discover Brieux for Englishmen and Americans, so will it take an American to un-discover Barker for Americans and Englishmen. A man of diversified capabilities this Barker assuredly is; but a dramatist of imposing note and superlatively beneficent

influence in the theater, not at all. Owing what fame is his to that small but powerful group of London writers and publicists who, utilizing their full strength, have even succeeded in impressing their fellow countrymen and most Americans that Cicely Hamilton is possessed of an uncommon talent, Granville Barker reveals himself to the discriminating as little more than a worker in Shavian clay, as one who exploits a laborious point of view more mouthy than meaty, as the institutor of a repertory theater whose herculean coups include productions of Ibsen's "Master Builder," Meredith's "Sentimentalists," Masefield's "Nan," Jenson's "Witch," Murray's translation of "Iphigenia," together with his own "Rococo" and "Voysey Inheritance." A scholar and a man of ideals, yes—but one who would seem to be too feeble to attain to them even remotely. With all the American ado over Granville Barker, all the imitation of him, where the reason, the personal investigation? Everything, as usual, taken for granted. Our critics have said of him, in the language of the dubious Ashley Dukes, "He thrusts at the world with all the brutality of pure intellect, then recoils querulously to make up his mind; the attitude remains undiscovered." But might not the same thing have been written as far back as 1899 of that vague and poetizing Gaul, François de Curel? Show me, in the later Barker, theme or philosophy which improves upon the text-socialism of "Les Repas du Lion," or the aristocracy of "Les Fossiles"; show me one-quarter the original philosophical fertility of the mother-child doctrinism of "L'Invitée," of the smiling love analysis of "L'Amour Brodé," of the conflict between faith and science and faith and reason in "La Nouvelle Idole" and "La Fille Sauvage." And how many blind Barker apostles in this befuddled commonwealth are there to give answer? Although I cannot agree with the learned M. Allard, anti-Briouxan and pro-Curelian before Harvard College, that this Gaul is the leader over Brioux in the modern French drama, I cannot but deduce the inferior-

ity of the over-lauded Briton to this comparatively neglected Parisian of whom he vaguely, remotely, puts one in mind.

My second irrelevant word concerns the recently exploited and truly commendable, if seemingly vain, endeavor of one of our uplifters, Mr. Winthrop Ames, to bring to light meritorious, native drama through the offer of a ten-thousand-dollar reward. Although it be in poor taste, as subsequent happenings may prove, something impels me to prophesy adversely upon the outcome of such an enterprise. What the drama of this nation needs is not plays, but ideas. The encouragement, however hearty, of promiscuous and helter-skelter playwriting (five months is the time limit specified) can be provocative of little of deep value. The encouragement of dramatic thought, of the breeding of new and vivid dramatic ideas and themes, might be provocative of much of deep value. Let Mr. Ames or one of his more presbyopic brothers offer ten thousand dollars—or even one thousand dollars—for the best native dramatic theme submitted to his jury and he might accomplish something profoundly beneficial.

And now at last, good people, we come to the contemplation of No. 2496—the Little Theater of Uplift in our neighboring city. Following rule two, the exhibits divulged up to the hour of writing have been a tragically inept domestic product called "The Adventures of Chloe" (an instantaneous failure), Ibsen's "Ghosts," Wilde's "Importance of Being Earnest," and the three short plays I shall presently discuss. Before going further, I may add that the enterprise is the ecstatic dream of one Beulah E. Jay, heretofore unknown to me. The intent witnessed in the presentation of the short plays at Way Station 2496 is to be endorsed with whole heart. So much, first. Furthermore, the selection of one of the brief plays was marked with a keen sense of discernment, the selection of another with a nice appreciative sense of easy humor. So far, so good. But—the X indicates where the wreck occurred.

With Frank Wedekind's satire "Der

Kammersänger," called in this translation, "The Court Tenor," as the resistance piece; and with Tristan Bernard's farce, "French As He Is Spoke," and François Coppée's "Pater Noster" following in the bill of the evening, I sat me deep down in my chair and spake softly to myself thuswise: "George, old boy, tonight you are going to enjoy yourself and then, when you get back to your desk, you are going to write a piece proving that where Little Uplift Station No. 1321, in Forty-fourth Street, New York, has so often failed to uplift anything but the neatness of theater programs, this Little Uplift Station No. 2496, in Philadelphia, has really succeeded in turning itself to good account. Yes, George, old rooster, it is going to be a large and salubrious evening." But, as I have remarked, the X indicates where the train went over the embankment. Six minutes after the curtain had been lugged into the flies, George told himself that in the matter of stage direction, proper interpretation of the manuscript previous to rehearsals, acting and theatrical intelligence, the Little Theater of Philadelphia was about as incompetent and amateurish a gymnasium as it had been his displeasure to inspect in all the years since, professionally, he had ceased to live off father.

The Wedekind play, which is printed in this issue of the magazine under the rather liberal title of "The Heart of a Tenor," is, as the reader may observe for himself, a witty and juicy satiric appraisal of what is known as the musical temperament. Although I seem to be unable to persuade myself to be of one mind with the excellent Huneker that, in the matter of its psychology, the Wedekind effort makes Bahr's "The Concert" seem "mere piffle, sawdust and simian gestures" in comparison, it is readily to be granted that Wedekind, with his usual cunning, has sliced off the proposition in dripping and lip-smacking layers. For sheer ignorance in the way of conceiving and conveying the spirit of this little play and in the way of the enactment of it, however, the Philadelphia lyceum would have to search

far and deep—even in New York—to find a match.

Despite the loud protests of the author, "Der Kammersänger" suffered an editing of its ending after it had been visible for a period on the boards of Berlin. In this revision, designed with the usual reason attaching to arbitrary blissful endings, Helen Marowa merely shammed death and, once the tenor Gerard was on his way, climbed to her feet with an ejaculatory "Well, it wasn't worth it!" Or, in another experimental variation, with a "Well, I've wasted another gown for nothing." With sweet benignity, the moving spirits of the Philadelphia institution incorporated this foreign and senseless finale in the presentation, thereby perverting it. Perverting it, indeed, as thoroughly as Brieux voluntarily—and unbelievably—perverted his "Blanchette" when, at a late day, he pandered to the sentimentality of French audiences by making his heroine marry her seducer and thus give an air of righteousness to her parents' acceptance of her body-made gold; as thoroughly as this same allegedly honest and sincere Brieux ruined his "Simone" by changing things so at the dress rehearsal that the daughter forgave her father for his crime.

"Pater Noster," a torrent of Coppée's grandiloquent rhetoric relating in primitive manner an episode of the Commune, was murdered where it stood by a concerted mummer assault upon the Anglo-Saxon parts of speech, upon the reading of poetry, upon the first principles of dramatic deportment and upon emphasis, the "conflict of emotions," facial expression, gestures and—dramatic pauses. The trivial and inconsequent, but pleasing, humors of M. Bernard's farcical jamboree relating the tumult into which an incapable interpreter casts a British hotel, were similarly distorted beyond all recognition. The program carried this memorandum: "It is a note of especial interest that in 1909 Robert Whittier played the same part he is here playing with M. de Feraudy as M. Villiers in a tour through France." Inasmuch as Robert Whittier, practically singlehanded, succeeded in mak-

ing the Bernard piece the tiresome event it was so far as the Little Theater was concerned, and inasmuch as he gave every evidence of a complete lack of farce training, the note was, indeed, of *especial* interest.

The artists constituting this remarkable Little Theater company are, in addition to Mr. Whittier, Mr. William Lewers, Mr. John Macfarlane, Mr. Harrington Reynolds, Mr. Eric Blind, Miss Oza Waldrop, Miss Mabel Wright, Miss Hilda Englund and Miss Rebecca Warren. Of the gallant crew, all save the last named are such exceedingly untoward performers that we may confidently expect to see them in New York whenever next Mr. Joe Weber skirmishes around for a cast to appear in one of his intermittent dramatic ventures down at the old Music Hall.

The almightily denominated National Federation of Theater Clubs, personified on this occasion by a strange and esoteric *etwas* known as the Sydney Rosenfeld Production Company, once again intrepidly rushed to the fore in the uplift revolution during the month with Exhibit No. 825, class B, series 2497. This latter assumed a shape designated on the playbill as "a new poetic drama founded on a Swedish legend, entitled 'The Necken,' by Elizabeth G. Crane." If the status of the drama in this land is ever to be improved through such wares as this, condemn me now and forevermore to the vastly more inspiring and inspired quality of dramaturgy to be found in the burlesque houses, where the thematic action innocently and unpretentiously lies in the spectacle of a Teutonic zany pinching an imposing blonde porker in the cream-colored tights and giving the spectators his assurance that it is real. My tastes, ordinarily, are not so base, yet after a serious contemplation of such primitive rhymings, hollow metaphors and slabby metrical composition presented seriously in the name of dramatic art, I groan for almost any kind of relief. With the motive of all these altruistic folk who are seeking to better the quality of domestic drama, my heart beats in fond accord. But, by the winds of the world, the manner in which

periodically they seem to resolve that motive into concrete form reminds one of nothing quite so much as the stratagems of the ancient melodramatist Bouchardy. Bouchardy, for example, would cause one of his principal characters to be killed in the first act of a play, would cause him to come to life again whenever he deemed the character's presence once more necessary and interesting to his action and, when driven into a corner to explain the strange resurrection, would ingeniously cause the character to place his forefinger mysteriously to his lips and whisper, "Sh! It is a secret that I must carry with me to the grave." It is one thing to provoke interest; but it is another thing to justify the provocation of such interest with logical results.

We now come to that current form of rabies known as "revivals." First, "Rosedale," the Lester Wallack infatuation of a day when the gypsy was still regarded as a dramatic figure. Curious, how the gypsy points off the progressive proscenium taste! A half-century ago an object for quivering dramatic thrill, the Romany presently found himself relegated to the musical stage. There, too, interest in him came at length to a snicker and he died from the boards. Efforts to bring him back to his own at this later day have failed. His presence in a libretto ("The Gypsy") was greeted with a condescending smile; his presence in drama (the "Egypt" of Edward Sheldon) with mirthful dismay and abject rout. Second, "The Geisha," nicely tuned and dainty as miladi's eyelash, here rendered harsh and crass through an injection of a number of inefficient actors of the class known in the theatrical vernacular as "stars." Third, the witty "Divorçons" of Sardou and Najac—the play that our young American playwrights write at least once a year—with the superb comedy artiste, Miss Grace George, in her well-adapted, rapturous role of Cyprienne. Fourth, Pinero's satiric roughhouse, "The Amazons." Fifth, the commendable coterie of Gilbert and Sullivan copers at the Casino. And sixth and last, up to the time of closing the forms,

"What Happened to Mary," by Owen Davis—one of the oldest plays ever revived on the metropolitan stage.

In the dim yesterdays of the native theater, there were three dramatic themes that cuddled particularly close to the hearts of the great unwashed. In that era of theatrical sunrise, the pot-wallopper's mind was caressed, his emotions massaged, his vertebrae agitated, through the exercise of the following formulas:

1. A baby girl deserted near a lighthouse, befriended by a gruff but kindly old sea-captain given to the constant use of 'backy, and subsequently, to everyone's great surprise, discovered to be of proud lineage and bulky estate.

2. A young man beloved of a young woman of high position; parental opposition to their union on the ground of the young man's inferior social caste; the dénouement bringing to light the astounding fact that the young man is really of titled birth, having been stolen from the Manor House by gypsies when a mere babe in arms.

3. A mortgage on the estates, held by a rascally cousin (who loves the heroine but who is spurned by her), is about to be foreclosed. This will deprive the heroine and her mother of a home and will cast them penniless upon the cold world. The hero, who also loves the heroine, seeks to baffle the cousin in his nefarious scheme. This the hero finally accomplishes (and wins the girl) by proving that the rascally cousin forged the codicil to the will.

"What Happened to Mary" is of the deserted baby girl fabric. Why so coy and antique a specimen was ever presented in this modern epoch under the guise of new drama must remain a mystery forevermore. My scouts bring me intelligence that the piece was produced by a member of the Guggenheim menage of millionaires. In the words of the good Sir Adams—"reason XXXIV for the spread of socialism."

Why all this fuss and fury and cock-a-whoop beating of kettle-drums over the presentation of Brieux's "*Les Avariés*" ("*Damaged Goods*," in the translation)? The stew over the affair cannot bear upon the play itself, that is, the play as a play—for it is one of the striking French dramatist's poorest, containing as it does but a single scene of even moderately authentic merit.

And a poor play justifies no such noise either of endorsement or diatribe. Nor can the pounding of breasts—be it in glee or in wrath—be founded upon the theme of the play, a theme that has done valiant service from the "Ghosts" of Ibsen to "The Son of Don Juan" of Echegaray, a theme that was approached ten years before Brieux in almost the precise manner of Brieux by Arthur Conan Doyle in his narrative, "The Third Generation," with its parallel Dr. Horace Selby and young Norton who was engaged to marry on the morrow. No, the entire hysterical *danse du ventre* is based on just one thing—the articulation of the word "syphilis" in public? This and nothing more. And why, pray? Is the word any more or any less repellent, any more or any less shocking, than "cancer" or "pulmonary hemorrhage" or "goitre" or "tumor" or "leprosy"—or is it any more or any less defiant of public verbal convention? If M. Brieux had used the synonym "blood poisoning," his play would have been read, talked over and produced with tranquillity and complaisant nonchalance. Ah me, the extravagant humor of this Anglo-Saxon world of ours!

Read you this typical and illustrative passage from the play and then answer me if, in any sober individual, such an exhibit should command aught save a composed audition and a silent clinical reflection. The doctor is speaking. "Above all else syphilis is a child-murderer. Every year produces a fresh massacre of the innocents. Herod still reigns in France and all the world over. And though it is my business to preserve life, I tell you that those who die are the lucky ones. If you want to see the children of syphilitic parents, go round the children's hospitals. We know the type: it has become classical. Any doctor can pick them out from the rest; little creatures old from their birth, stamped with the marks of every human infirmity and decay. * * *"

"A large proportion of all these are the victims of parents who were married in ignorance of what you now know."

I am waiting for your reply.

SOMETHING PERSONAL

THE Brooklyn *Standard Union*:

Willard Huntington Wright knows the difference between a story that is merely offensive and a story that expresses an idea. The result is a magazine piquant, interesting and readable.

The New York *Globe*:

The April SMART SET is the first issue under the new belligerent editorship of Willard Huntington Wright. If Floyd Dell's short story, "Jessica Screams," and George Jean Nathan's one-act play, "The Eternal Mystery," are to be taken as samples of what the new editorial policy is going to give us, we fear the worst.

The Toronto *Globe*:

THE SMART SET has passed under new management. Its new editor, Willard Huntington Wright, boldly announces that merit will be the one standard of acceptance of manuscripts. We always thought that was understood!

The Los Angeles *Graphic*:

When Willard Huntington Wright settles down to the grind, after relieving his system of sundry pet articles long cherished therein, he ought to prove a valuable find for the publisher of THE SMART SET. For in spite of his idiosyncrasies of style, Wright is original and alert and has just the qualifications that should make him popular with the clientele that his magazine has attracted in the past. A trifle bizarre, inclined to scoff at all conventions, diaphanous as to morals, fond of triangular problems, given to risqué situations and with a supreme contempt for the individualist woman, I shall watch his SMART SET with interest. It may transcend the proprieties, but it will not be banal so long as its new editor is given *carte blanche*.

The *Literary Digest*:

THE SMART SET has recently called a poet to its editorial chair, and the April number contains a noticeably large amount of verse well worth reading.

From the *International*:

Willard Huntington Wright for years has waged a relentless war against formalism and sentimentalism in American literature. He has taken an earnest stand against effeminacy and has given the sort of destructive impetus to our native criticism which was most needed. . . .

Mr. Wright's attitude is European rather than American, and the sort of magazine that

he is making of THE SMART SET is the first of its kind to be attempted in this country.

From the Chicago *Evening Post*:

Of course the interesting announcement of policy which THE SMART SET made in its issue of March was read with a good deal of skepticism by most of those who saw it. Magazine promises are always read with skepticism.

Magazine proprietors have created a tradition in this country of promising to do something worth while, failing to do it, and excusing themselves on the ground that the experiment they never tried didn't pay.

And so the startling thing about THE SMART SET is that it fulfills the promise made in the March issue. . . .

From Omaha, Nebraska:

I read several of the short stories in the May number last night. While they are doubtless bright and interesting they are rather strong meat for young people. I happen to have several children who are omnivorous readers of magazines and without any intention to be offensive I do not care to have them read such stories. I would, therefore, ask that you take my name off your mailing list.

From a man who has at his finger ends the inner history of every leading publication existing today:

I do not want to throw any bouquets to you or anybody else, but there is one thing that became very prominent as I went through the selections and their arrangement and noted their general excellence: There is no amateur running that publication.

I really believe, and you can make a record of this and put it in your portfolio to refer to in the future: if you keep the standard of THE SMART SET up to the April number, it will grow on its merits until some time you will have an edition of over a quarter of a million, assuming that there are that many people who can recognize merit when they see it, and I think there are. Please accept my hearty congratulations.

From the Springfield *Republican*:

THE SMART SET magazine . . . has lately made declaration of turning new ground and of not being shackled by any of the conventions which for the sake of argument it is assumed hamper other American periodicals. The April number makes considerable effort at individuality and snap, while contributions from Bliss

Carman and others lend it no little real literary quality. . . . In the final article or proclamation, "A word to authors," the editor becudgels American magazines and American authors impartially, declaring that "the old maids of both sexes have always influenced more or less American literary art, with the result that we have not kept pace with the literature over-seas. Our best writers have been discouraged and their work has been stultified." The editor also cannot believe that "the reading public of America is wholly satisfied with the offerings of the average magazine." Therefore, THE SMART SET, "beginning with this issue," is to strike out to meet the need. It is possible to detect what may be perhaps an effort at advertising, and yet there is much truth in the assertion that American magazine fiction has tended to become conventional and upon the whole rather stilted in type. The effort of THE SMART SET to inject a new note may be interesting to observe.

From B. W. Huebsch, Publisher:

The newer SMART SET arouses a conflict between tradition and reason. Though every ancient prejudice stiffens at your policy, every intellectual fibre responds to the ringing note of our literature being set free. Your aim is to entertain, but your greater accomplishment lies in digging a grave for artistic chauvinism and insularity.

From San Antonio, Texas:

It may perhaps take some time for the orthodox element of your readers to cultivate a taste for the pungent humor of the Owen Hatteras type. It is indeed a bold stroke, and creates a new era in the forward march of progressive mind culture.

From a prominent Philadelphia lawyer:

Several days ago I paid twenty-five good cents for the May SMART SET, and being sort of an ass, started to read from stern to bow and came early in the process to an appreciation of Mr. Owen Hatteras. Finding that he was highly recommended as one whose writings were complacent with the ideals of your publication, I proceeded to devour his *potpourri* of ideas, and the more I read the more I thought. . . . I first found a so-called "Litany"—this is very funny—that is, the ideas were funny, but isn't it profane? Don't you really think it is? What has God to do with patent leather shoes in the morning, for instance? The next growl is as to the "worst habit" of "going to church." This also strikes me as not being the sentiment that you honestly want me to believe and contrary to the ideas of those persons whom you really want to interest seriously. And again is the ability to enjoy life proportionate to one's disregard for one's soul? I thought so in my younger days—I do not think so now.

But why do you ask me to take this magazine to my home and put it in the hands of my children? Maybe you don't; perhaps you want

me to smuggle it in and have sort of a bacchanalian revel *à la solitaire*. Is that the idea?

Your sex stories are all right and ring true, but if Mr. Hatteras can't respect God, for Heaven's sake let some of us old-fashioned people do so.

From a law office in Nowata, Oklahoma:

I perfectly understand that THE SMART SET has never been a preacher of morals, but there is a limit beyond which decency should forbid any publication going, and I think that limit has been passed by the story appearing in the last number of the magazine, "When the Great Trap Sprang." I am amazed that any white man—I presume you are white—would have permitted the publication of that disgustingly nauseating trash.

I shall never read THE SMART SET again.

From a literary critic in high standing:

I want to congratulate you upon the tremendous improvement you have been making—particularly in the last few numbers. There is a new spirit that seems to animate and revivify your pages; a spirit that is both impudent and sane, buoyant but never merely boyish. The humor is fresh without ever being cheap; the note of sex is struck sharply but sincerely—it never degenerates into salacity. . . . And the quality of your short stories is little short of superb! When I read "The Amateur Bohemian," by George Bronson-Howard, in the April number, I did not expect to see it surpassed by any other magazine in years. . . . But you've gone and done it in the very next number. "Daughters of Joy," by Barry Benefield, is to my mind one of the most tense and tremendous things I have ever read. It is not a pretty thing but it's a big one. . . . This is man's-size stuff, and I'm sure your thousands of readers will rejoice with me that a story as splendid as this has been given to them. It is cheering to think that one magazine is, at least, no longer feeding us with thin literary slops and treacly fiction, and that work as valuable and virile as Mr. Howard's and Mr. Benefield's is at last getting into print.

The San Francisco *Wasp*:

It will be interesting to watch the daring experiment which Willard Huntington Wright is making with THE SMART SET. He is taking a risk no less hazardous than that of publishing original work by American authors assured of the right to say things in a way of their own and regardless of whether they soothe or ruffle the conventionalities.

Wright has all the instincts which go to the making of a brilliant publication, but as to whether it will be permitted to become a commercial success is another matter. There are few reasons why it should not succeed. The editor is not so brilliant a writer himself as to be a bad judge of good work in others.

Breaking the Bonds of Habit

Most of us cling to the things of life which please the senses, and continued indulgence leads to fixed habits—some good, others exacting a heavy penalty.

If any habit, such as coffee drinking, is found to interfere with one's welfare and comfort, it's time to break away.

Medical opinion and the research of pure food scientists agree that the coffee habit is extremely harmful to many persons.

It is hard to induce people to give up coffee, but if they are given the pure-food drink

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they will find a distinct gain in health without loss of satisfaction or pleasure.

This nourishing table beverage, made from choice wheat and the juice of Southern sugar-cane, possesses a rich Java-like flavour, but is absolutely free from the coffee drug, *caffeine*, or any other substance which could prove injurious to the most sensitive organism.

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is world renowned wherever the elite dominate and her famous GANESH PREPARATIONS and appliances succeed in restoring a natural condition of the skin and a consequent healthy and fresh complexion.

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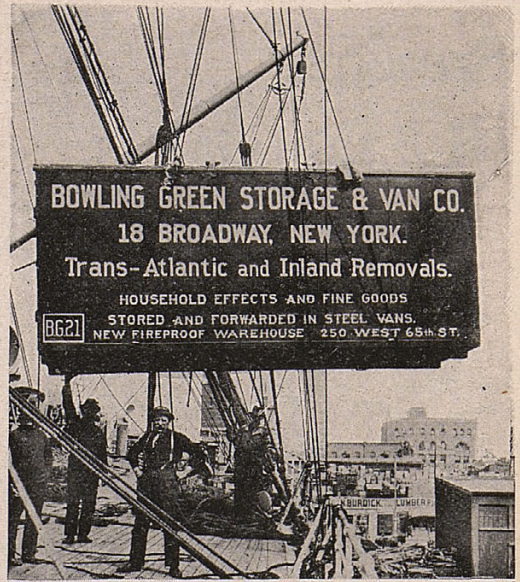
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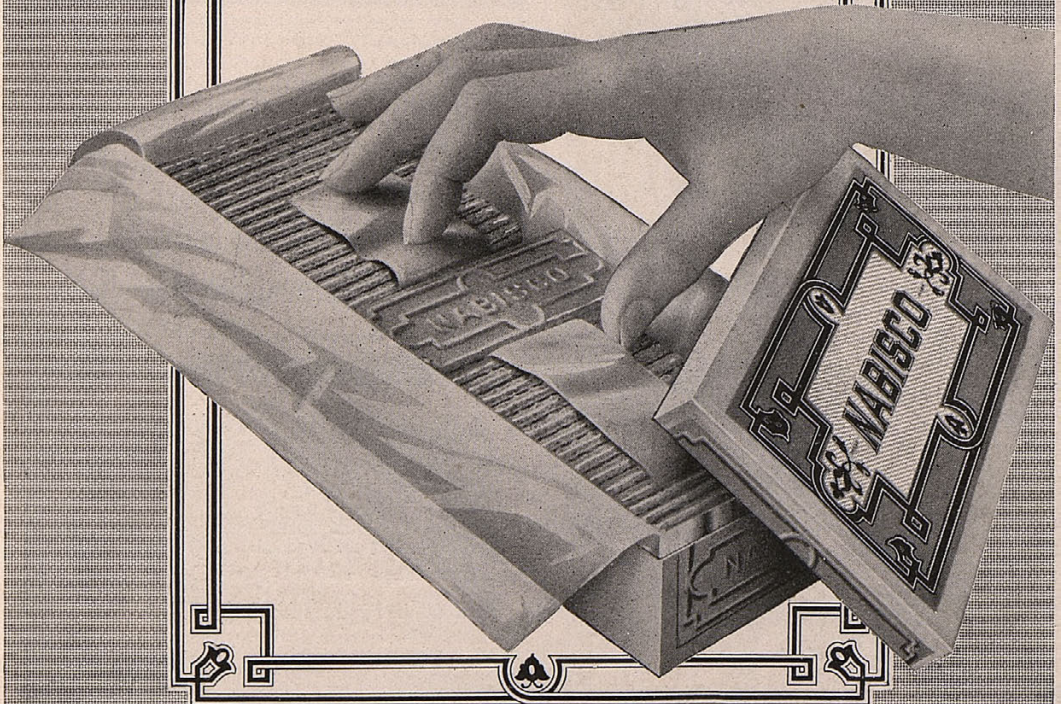
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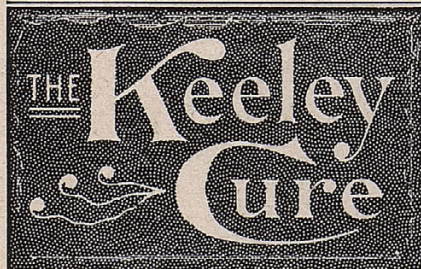
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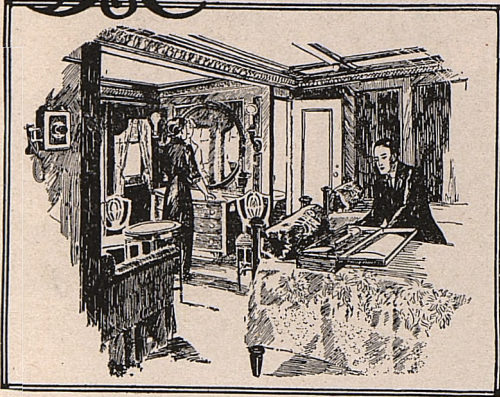
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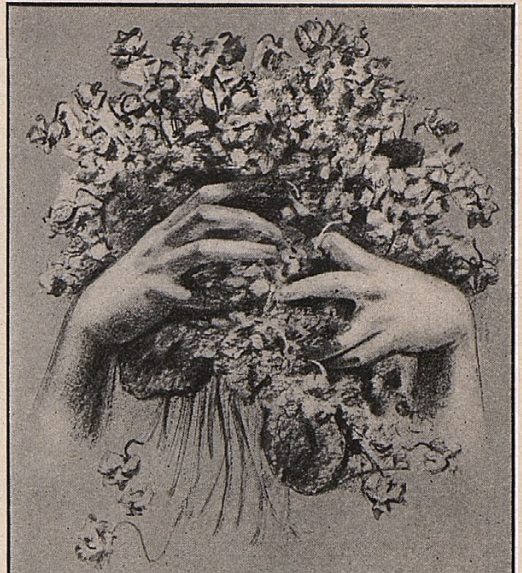
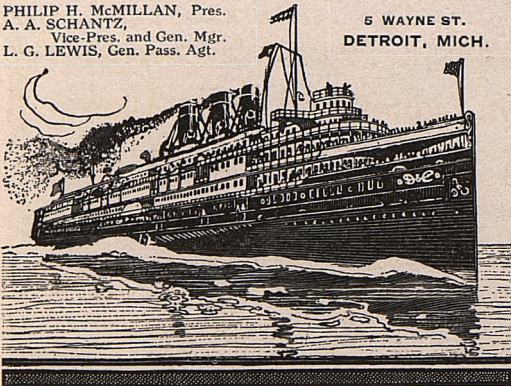
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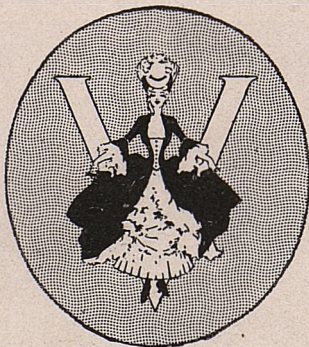
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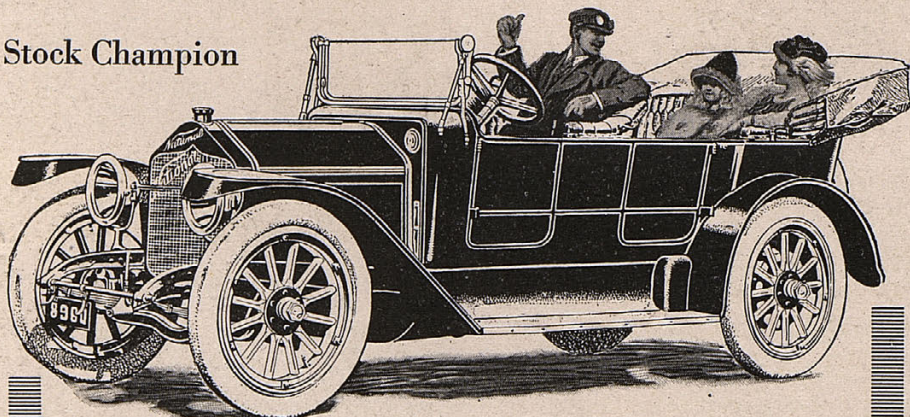
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